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THE

WESTERN MARTYROLOGY;

OR, BLOODY ASSIZES.

CONTAINING THE

Lives, Trials, and Dying Speeches

OF ALL THOSE EMINENT PROTESTANTS

THAT SUFFERED IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND, AND ELSEWHERE, FROM THE YEAR 1678 TO THIS TIME;

TOGETHER WITH THE

LIFE AND DEATH OF GEORGE L. JEFFREYS.

TO WHICH IS NOW ADDED, TO MAKE IT COMPLEAT,

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BARBAROUS WHIPPINGS OF SEVERAL PERSONS IN THE WEST.

Also the TRIAL and CASE of Mr. JOHN TUTCHIN (the author of the *Observatory*), with the Cruel Sentence passed upon him; and his Petition to K. James to be Hanged: never before printed.

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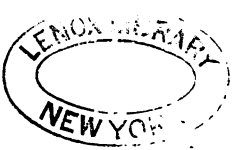

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To the Memory of those Worthy *Protestants* who suffered in the *West*, and elsewhere, from the Year 1678, to this present Time.

SINCE that free Agent who conducts the World,
His Wheels of Providence has backward whirl'd,
And by the Turn Men to their Senses brings,
To loath their Idol-Priests and Idol-Kings,
(Finding a Popish Promise proves all one,
From an *Ignatian* Chair, and from a Throne.)
Since o'er-indulgent Heaven has been so kind,
To op'n our Eyes by Miracles, we find
All Men admiring they've so long been blind;
Surpris'd, they should so long their Friends oppose,
And with their credulous Trust caress their Foes.
Amidst the numerous Wonders of the Time,
'Tis no small Wonder (not to say a Crime)
We reverence no more their Memory,
Who for their Country's Welfare dar'd to die;
Whose quarter'd Limbs imbru'd with Native Gore,
Still cry for Vengeance on the *Western* Shore.
Why should we with ignoble Triumph tread
Upon the silent Ashes of the Dead?
And with insulting Feet their Dust profane,
Whose free-born Souls spurn at a slavish Chain;
Souls (not so sensless, so supine as ours)
That early saw the Drift of *Romish* Powers,
Early disdained those Yokes with generous Scorn,
Which our more servile Necks have tamely born;
That saw the hovering Storm approach from far,
Threatning a thousand Mischiefs (worse than War)
And boldly rush'd upon th' impetuous Waves,
Rather to die like Men than live like Slaves;
To save their Native Country bravely try'd,
Fail'd in th' Attempt, and then as bravely dy'd.

In vain would envious Clouds their Fame obscure,
Which to eternal Ages must endure:
In vain do virulent Tongues attempt to stain
The Solid Glory Noble Patriots gain:
If ill Designs some to the Battle drew,
'Tis impious to condemn all for a few:
If fawning Traitors in their Councils sate,
'Tis base to mock, rather lament their Fate:
Tho' God (for *England's* Sins) refus'd to bless
Their brave Designs with the desir'd Success:
'Tis an unequal brutish Argument
Always to judge the Cause by the Event;
Thus the unthinking giddy Multitude
A suffering *JESUS* criminal conclude.
Well 'tis enough, Heaven now crowns with Applause,
And gives Protection to that righteous Cause;
Nay, did ordain that Spot to be the Scene,
Where the Cause dy'd for't, to revive again.
Great *Nassau*, favour'd by the Powers above,
(Their special care, and their peculiar Love),
An *Atlas* to our sinking State does prove:
Auspicious Stars on all his Councils smile,
That breathe the vast Blessings on our joyful Isle.
And now methinks their *Manes*, who of late
Fell worthy Martyrs of our bleeding State,
Reproach us with Ingratitude, and say,
'Is nothing due unto our murther'd Clay?
'Unto our murther'd Names is nothing due?
'Who sacrific'd both Lives and Names for you?
'Does no Tongue deign to move in the Defence
'Of wounded Honour, and wronged Innocence?
'If th' Alwise God (tho' just) dont yet see good
'With swift Revenge t' appease our crying Blood,
'Save us at least from Envy's darker Grave,
'And let our Fame a Resurrection have.'
Great Souls, too great for our inferiour Praise!
You for yourselves the Noblest Trophies raise;
Your Dying-Words your Monuments become,
More bright, more lasting, than a Marble Tomb;
To future Times your Fames shall freshly bloom,
And speak aloud till Envy finds no Room. *By* J. S.

THE INTRODUCTION.

NOTHING can be plainer to any Man that is but moderately vers'd in History, than that upon any Turn of Affairs, whoever has won or lost, or whatever Party is uppermost, the great Enemy of Mankind has some Way or other advanced his own Interest, and got some plausible Argument for Atheism or Profaneness. And the Reason of it is evident, for those who are in the highest Stations, by a weakness incident to most, we might, perhaps, say all of Mankind, are apt immediately to conclude themselves the Beloved of Heaven, and that Providence favours only them, as it did the *Jews*, to the neglect, if not detriment of the rest of the World. But no sooner is the Wheel turn'd, and either by the inscrutable Providence of God, or the Wickedness of Men, or their own Male-Administration of Affairs, those who are uppermost thrown out of the Helm, to make Room for the next set of Governours, when those who ascend, take the same Notions with their Predecessors, while such as are gotten under, with all whom Interest or Guilt or Prejudice more closely united to the former Administration, grow discontented and uneasie; and if their Designs and Expectations are more and more frustrated, morose and melancholy; the more devout among 'em will be sure to call whoever suffer in Opposition to the established Government, Heroes and Martyrs; and be ever prophesying of some sudden Turn, and visible Appearance of Heaven to confound their Enemies. But the profane or hypocritical Party, which we may, without Breach of Charity suppose very large on all sides, very naturally run into the other extream: They'll fly out into frets and passions; and because God does not think fit to govern the World according to their minds, impudently pronounce, That there is no God at all, That Religion's a meer Cheat, and Heaven and Hell but Priestcraft and Fable.

But notwithstanding the Difference in Opinion, and all sides arrogating as much as possible to themselves, there are yet hardly any Men to be found so senslesly sceptical, as to deny the Differences of Right or Wrong, Good and Evil. That it hugely alters the Case to consider, whether Opposition has been made against a lawful or unlawful Power; whether the Means be legal or no, or the reasons sufficient to countervail all the Mischiefs that may arise from such Undertakings: Whether such as do it have any Right or Concern to warrant their Actions; whether for or against, in Defence or Opposition to the laws of Nature and Nations: Whether those that suffer, meet with their Misfortunes in the discharge of their Duty, or opposing others in theirs. Or if the

Quarrel be Religion; Whether that Religion on which it is grounded, be a False or a True one. And 'tis from the Examination of such Particulars as these, whence 'twill appear, whether they are Patriots or Rebels, stubborn Enthusiasts, or holy Martyrs.

Now as oft as the Iniquity of the Times encourages Vice, and depresses Vertue, raises those who are content to be Slaves themselves, so they may but make others so, and trample on others, while they are kicked themselves; while it industriously opposes the very Sparks of Ingenuity and Liberty, and takes off, as fast as possible, either by clandestine Plots, or open Cruelty, whoever dare be any Braver, or Better, or Honester than their Neighbours; while Providence all the while seems to nod, and sit an unconcerned Spectator of the Ravage that's made in the World; then there's no little Danger, lest even those who are truly, though weakly, religious and vertuous, should yet be hurried away in the Stream of sour and melancholly Thoughts; be tempted to think with the *Royal Prophet*, that all Things were carried *cæco impetu*, that they have cleansed their Heart in vain; and be almost ready with him, to condemn the Generation of the Righteous.

'Tis a Question whether ever any Age in the World gave more Advantage and Colour for these kind of Thoughts, than this last, wherein we have had the sad Experience of Debauchery and Villany rampant and triumphant, and to all Appearance, most prosperous and happy; wherein 'twas much more dangerous, either to be distinguishingly vertuous or to forsake Villany, than to continue in one and laugh at t'other; when so many of the Flower of our Nobility and Gentry, either lost their Lives, or Estates, or Liberties, or Country; whilst a Crew of Parisites triumphed and fluttered in their Ruins. To see a *Russel* die meanly and ignobly in the Flower of his Age; an *Essex*, or a *Godfrey* sacrificed to the insatiable Ambition and Revenge of their Enemies, who yet not content with their Lives, would, like the *Italian*, stab on after Death; and though they could not reach their Souls, endeavour to damn their Memories. These, and too many other such melancholy Instances would be ready to make a short-sighted Man exclaim with *Hercules* in the *Tragœdian*, That Vertue is but an empty Name, or at least could only serve to make its Owners more sensibly unhappy.

But although such Examples might a little work on a weaker Vertue; that which is more confirmed and solid, can more easily resist it. 'Tis not impatient nor uneasie, but still believes that Heaven is awake, that the Iron Hands of Justice will at length overtake the Offenders, and by their Destruction vindicate the Honour and Innocence of those whom they have ruined. It considers any Riddles in Providence as a curious piece of Opticks, which, if judged of either before 'tis finished, or by Piece-meal, here an Eye, and there another distorted Feature, appears not only unpleasing, but really dreadful; which yet, if viewed when 'tis compleat, and taking all the Features together, makes a Figure sufficiently regular and lovely.

Who almost could have imagined, without some such Reflections as these, that those brave Men we have seen for some Years past pick'd out, and cut off one after another with as much Scandal and Obloquy

as cou'd be thrown upon 'em by the ungenerous Malice of their Enemies; when the very Attempt to clear their Reputation has been made almost Capital, and involved those who had Courage enough to attempt it in little less Mischief than what they themselves endured: That ever these *Phœnixes* should rise again, and flourish in their Ashes! That so many great Pens should already have done some of 'em Justice, and the World as much to all the rest! And with how much more Joy, if 'twere possible, would those Heroes have received their Crowns could they have foreseen their Deaths would have tended so far, to work up the Nation to such a just Resentment, as would at last have so great an Influence as we find it had, on our late glorious Deliverance.

But since we have yet no form'd History of all those who have suffered under the Cruelty and Injustice, not to use so harsh a Word as Tyranny, of late Years; since such a Design may be of no little Use, both to shew what our former Discords have cost us, and to vindicate the Memories of the Sufferers, as well from the Malice of their Enemies, as hasty Kindness of their Friends: And besides, to leave Posterity so many great Examples of those who preferred their Liberty and Religion before all else that was dear in the World; and because they could not live free, died so. For such Reasons as these, this Work is undertaken, which, if it deserves the Acceptance of the Reader, no doubt will find it; there being few good Books written which have not been favourably received in the World.

If any be so weak to object, That the Subjects of this History are ill match'd, some of 'em being of one Communion, and some of another: It might be enough to send 'em to *Fox's* Martyrology for an Answer, (though some few Years since 'tis granted this Objection would have look'd more dreadful) where they may find *Hooper* and *Ridley* differing in their Opinions, but yet agreeing at the Stake, and accordingly ranged by that great Man in the same Noble Army.

The Kindness and Gratitude of the Courts of *England* and *Rome* made no Distinction between 'em; nay, not so much as to eat either of them last, but as Occasion served, took one or t'other. *Fas est ab hoste*——and since they made no Difference in their Deaths, altho' they endeavour'd it as much as possible in their Lives; since there's no Doubt there's none betwixt 'em now, but they all agree in Heaven: I see no Reason why any Party should envy the other that Glory which for suffering in the same Cause, they so equally deserve.

There has been formerly some Discourse about Town of a weak or malicious Design a foot, to publish an History of Persecutions, and charge it on one particular Party of Protestants: But as such a Thing would be most pernicious to the Common Cause, so God knows, if it should go round, it would be endless. This Design is quite contrary, as 'tis hoped its Effects will be. 'Tis to lay the Fault where it ought to be, and to make those Friends who have been too long impos'd upon, almost to each other's Ruin.

Others may be offended with the Title of Martyrs and Martyrdom, which so often occurs in the following Paper; both because some of those concerned were accused for Plots against the Government, and others were in actual Arms. But 'tis possible for a Person at the same

Time to be a Church and State Martyr. *Naboth's* Accusation was for speaking blasphemous Words against God and the King. The Apostles of our Saviour, and the Christians afterwards, were accused as those who turned the World upside down, and Enemies of the Empire. These Answers, 'tis owned, may be accommodated to any Party, being general Things; but in the Body of the Discourse we hope to fix 'em, and to prove in particular of the Persons mentioned, that they deserved that great Name, both on Account of the Cause, and their dying so unjustly, many Ways, from the Perjury of their Accusers, or the Inequality of their Judges, or Corruption of Juries; and that really because they would not yield themselves, but made a vigorous Opposition against Popery and Slavery. For the *Western* Martyrs, we intend a distinct Account of 'em at the Beginning of those Transactions.

One Thing more that may choak such as have a Mind to quarrel, is the particular Faults, and in some, or at least, one Instance, vicious Habits, and ill Life of those to whom we give that high Character. But if little Failures, if Heats and Weaknesses were any valuable Objection against the Worth or Honesty of a Person, 'twould be impossible to make any tolerable Defence, even for many of those great Men who were the happy Instruments of our Reformation: Tho' it may seem an Excuse dull and common, yet there's none who doth not find it necessary on his own Account, That Allowances are to be made for the best of Men. *Cranmer*, and the rest of our Reformers, as the Learned Dr. *Burnet* observes in his Letter to Mr. *Thevenot*, Tho' we piously believe 'em Saints and Martyrs, yet never pretended to be infallible: They were Men, and so were these, tho' they suffer'd for the same Causes, and almost in the same Manner. For such as liv'd ill, if there is more than one Instance, this certainly will be sufficient, that they died well, and gave all the Tokens of a hearty Repentance for their not having lived up to so good a Profession.

Let us then do 'em Justice now they are dead, who so nobly defended the Cause of our holy Religion while they were living, and at last so freely and joyfully at their Death, sealed it with their dearest Blood. If in any Accounts met with here, some Person should find some particular Words or Phrases not so usual with 'em, let 'em not be so weak or unjust to condemn them as Cant or Nonsense. What Reason is there why every Man should not express himself in that Way which likes him best, and with which he has been most acquainted? And what matters it if I'm discours'd to in a *Yorkshire* or a *London* Dialect, so I talk with an Honest Man, and our Sentiments agree, tho' our Words may a little differ? Especially when, as before was remark'd, all of 'em suffer'd for the same Cause, and with this considerable Circumstance, that the first, and some of the last Victims of Popish Cruelty were entirely agreeable in their Judgments, as to the Manners and Merits of their Deaths, Sir *Edmond-bury Godfrey*, who begins the Rubrick, having notoriously declared some Days before his Death, That he believed in his Conscience he should be the first Martyr: And some of those who went last to Glory, as will appear below, mentioning this as one of their greatest Comforts, That they should, in After-Ages, be enrolled among the rest of the Protestant Martyrs.

THE

Western MARTYROLOGY:

OR, THE

BLOODY ASSIZES, &c.

SIR *EDMUND-BURY GODFREY.*

HAD the Person who wrote that Scandalous Libel upon Sir *E. B. G.* which he calls *The Mystery of his Death*, but always confin'd himself to as much Truth and Reason as we met with in the very First Lines of his Preface to it, he might have gone both through the World and out of it, with more Reputation than now he is like to do—[*There will* (saith he) *be a Time when Truth shall be believed and the Witnesses of it justified.*] But notwithstanding all his boasted Sagacity in winding Alterations at such a Distance, we may safely affirm, that when he writ that Sentence, he little thought 'twould ever have been applied in this manner—That *Truth* would come to Life again after all the Care he had taken to stifle it, and the highest Judicatures in the Nation in One Day remove all the Black Dirt which so many Years he had been throwing on its *Witnesses*, and in so publick and authentick a Manner *justifie* 'em again. 'Twas in the Heat of those Mischiefs and Miseries, which all thinking Men cou'd long before easily foresee would be the Consequences of such

Notions as he broached, and were too greedily swallow'd, that he publish'd the Book before mentioned, at such a Time when he knew 'twas in One Sense *unanswerable*, wherein he pretends both to confound all the Evidence given in before the Parliament and Publick Courts of Justice for Sir *Edmond's* being murthered with Papists; and over and above—That he was a Self-murtherer —No better than a Second running him through with his own Sword after his Death. 'Tis some plausible Insinuations he has there heapt together which will make it necessary to be a little larger on him than those who came after; especially since he *led the Way* both to the Sufferings of the Protestants, and Malice of their Enemies.

Sir *Edmond-Bury Godfry*, was born of a good Family; his Relations are sufficiently known, and as justly respected in the City of *London:* But 'tis not the intention of this Piece to write the Lives, but the Deaths of those who are the Subjects of it; at least no more of one, than is requisite for describing the other.—The occasion of his Knighthood is reported to be the good Service he did in giving Directions for quenching a Fire which happen'd some Years past at St. *James's;* which Honour the then Duke of *York* obtain'd for him, having been under a great Consternation at the apprehension of the Danger. This very probably might be the beginning of his so great *Intimacy* with the Papists, which Sir *Roger* so often hints in his History, and which afterwards cost him so dearly.

He was a Person of known Vertues—For the Instances of his *Secret Charity* the World is oblig'd to that Reverend and Learned Person who preach'd his Funeral Sermon. For his *Piety* and *Integrity*, even his worst Enemy here gives us several Instances thereof; that particularly, when after those Prophetic bodings of his approaching Martyrdom, he took care to settle all things, and adjust Accompts exactly, and even in Parish Matters to right such as he thought had formerly been injur'd. Lastly, how vigilant and careful he was in the Execution of that Office the Law had intrusted him with, his Death as well as his Life may testify.—One thing cannot, without great Injury to his Memory, be omitted—'Tis his extraordinary Conduct and Courage in the time of the plague in this City, whence he never stir'd all the while, it rag'd so dreadfully; but reliev'd the Poor,

and fed them daily with his own Hands: Nor did he neglect Justice while he was exercising Mercy, but to the Amazement, and almost Terrour of the Beholders, Pursu'd a Malefactor, who had taken Sanctuary in a Pesthouse, thinking none wou'd be so desperate to follow him, and with his own Hands fetch'd him thence, when the other Officers dar'd not venture after him.

'Twas either his Acquaintance among the Papists, before intimated, and hence his being consequently better known by those who were of that Party, or his industry and indefatigable care in the Discharge of his Office, or both, to which we may rationally attribute the addressing of the first Discovery of the Popish Plot to him, rather than any other.

The clearest Method for the Description of his Martyrdom, will be first to enquire into the Occasion of it. And then the Manner, Circumstances, and Authors; and lastly the several Endeavours that have been used to clear the Papists of that indelib'e Guilt which sticks upon 'em from so horrid a Villany.

For the occasion of his Martyrdom, what was said in the Summing up the Evidence concerning him, but modestly and on Supposition only, we may yet venture to affirm positively—*This Protestant Magistrate was certainly murder'd—because he was a Protestant.*

But the particular and special Reasons were these following:

1. He had taken Examinations about the Popish Plot, and those not only (as the Attorney-General said in the Trial of the Assassines) *perhaps*, but *undoubtedly* more than are now extant. Mr. *Oates* addressed himself to him with his Depositions—he had taken them, and enquired something closely into the Design, as his Manner was in any Thing which belong'd to his Office. This the Papists very well knew, and therefore found it convenient to be rid of a troublesom busie Man, who now he was engaged in the Business, was likely to pierce to the Bottom on't—and he being once out of the Way, the Evidence might very easily have been dispos'd of to their Satisfaction.

But here those, whose Interest 'tis to get clear of such a Charge, object very pertly—*What Need, or what Advantage, in taking off a Justice, when the same Things were deposed in other Places?*

2. The Second Reason or Occasion for this Murder will easily answer that Objection. They not only bore him Malice for

what he had already done in *Oates's* Case, and might probably be ignorant of those secret passages transacted before King and Council, in Relation to *Oates's* Depositions—but were sensible of a deeper Reason than all this, and which brought them into more Danger than the other.

See it in the Lord *Stafford's* Trial, *p.* 22. and 24. Mr. *Dugdale* had received a Letter the very Night on which this Gentleman was martyr'd (of which more anon) with these Words in't—[*This Night Sir* E. B. G. *is dispatch'd.*]—This came from the Papists to *Ewers*, a Popish Priest at my Lord *Aston's*, who, after he had read it, communicated the good News to Mr. *Dugdale*, telling him *One of their Enemies was taken out of the Way.*—He being desirous to know how Things went, ask'd *what was the Reason they took away his Life? Ewers* tells him—*There was a Message sent to Mr.* Coleman, *when in* Newgate *to desire him that he wou'd not reveal any Thing of the Plot; which Message came from the Duke of* York.—To which *Coleman* replied—*What was he the nearer—for he had been so foolish as to reveal all to Sir* E. B. G. *already?* But upon the Examination of *Oates* before Sir *E. B. G.* he was afraid he would come in as Evidence against him, having shewn himself eager in the Business.—To which the Duke of *York* sent Word again,—*If he wou'd take Care not to reveal, but conceal it, Sir* E. B. G. *shou'd not come in against him.*—And the next News was—that he was *dispatch'd.*

Now this effectually takes off the former Cavil; and this Sir *Roger* cou'd not but be sensible of; and concluding so unanswerably against what he built so much upon, e'en lets it fairly drop, and mentions not a Syllable of it in all his Book.—Which Evidence of Mr. *Dugdale's*, is beyond Contradiction confirm'd by several Hints unluckily given in Sir *Roger's* own Depositions—*p.* 187. where Mr. *Wynnel* deposes Sir *E.* told him—*Coleman wou'd die*—and mention'd *Consults about a Toleration*—Adding further—*That he was Master of a* dangerous Secret *that wou'd be fatal to him.*—Hence nothing can be plainer to any reasonable Man, than that Sir *Edmond* was acquainted with Mr. *Coleman* as well as Dr. *Oates*, and knew even the *minute Circumstances* in those Letters which afterwards were brought against him, and stood in Fear of his Life for that very Reason, as for the same he afterwards lost it.

"One of the assassins threw a twisted handkerchief round his neck, and drew him behind the rails."—P 5.

For the Manner of his Death, those who were Accomplices therein shou'd best know it; and the Objections against their Evidence the Reader may find clear'd if he'll take the Pains to look a little lower.—After the poor Gentleman had several Days been dog'd by the Papists, as Dr. *Oates*, Mr. *Prance*, and Mr. *Bedlow*, unanimously swear, and which he as good as acknowledged to Mr. *Robinson*, as appears on the Trial of his Murtherers, they at last accomplished their wicked Design on *Saturday*, Octob. 12. 1678. and under a Pretence of a Quarrel, which they knew his Care for the publick Peace wou'd oblige him to prevent, about Nine at Night, as he was going Home, got him into the *Water-Gate* at *Somerset-House*. When he was thus trapan'd in, and got out of Hearing from the Street, toward the lower End of the Yard, *Green*, One of the Assassines, threw a twisted *Handkerchief* round his Neck, and drew him behind the Rails,—which, notwithstanding his Age and Weakness, are objected against its Probability; taking him thus at a Surprize, and in the Dark, 'twas easie for him to do, especially Three or Four more of 'em immediately falling in to assist him, there they throtled him; and lest that shou'd not be enough, punch'd and kickt him on the Breast, as sufficiently appear'd when his body was found, by the Marks upon it; and lest he shou'd not be yet dead enough, another of 'em, *Girald*, or, as I find him called in other Places, *Fitz-Girald*, wou'd have run him through, but was hindered by the Rest, lest the Blood shou'd have discover'd 'em: But *Green*, to make sure Work, wrung his Neck round, as 'twas found afterwards on the Inspection of the Surgeons.

For the Disposal of the Body, they all carried it up into a little Chamber of *Hills*, another of the Murtherers, who had been, or was Dr. *Godwin's* Man, where it lay till *Monday* Night, when they remov'd it into another Room, and thence back again till *Wednesday*, when they carried him out in a Sedan about Twelve a Clock, and afterwards upon a Horse, with *Hill* behind him, to support him, till they got to *Primrose Hill*, or, as some say 'tis called, *Green-Bury-Hill*, near a Publick House, called the *White House*, and there threw him into a Ditch, with his Gloves and Cane on the Bank near him, and his own Sword run through him, on Purpose to persuade the World he had kill'd himself. Very

politickly making Choice of a Place to lay him where they might both think he wou'd be sometime conceal'd, and near where he had been seen walking the same Day, if the Affidavits to this Purpose in Sr. *R's* Book may be reposed upon.

All this Mr. *Prance* swears upon the Trial of his Murtherers, with whom he acknowledges he had several Consults before at the *Plow*-Alehouse, and other Places, concerning it: Whose Evidence is confirm'd, not only by innumerable other Circumstances, but Mr. *Bedlow's* Confession, who was to have been present at the Action, had not Remorse of Conscience hinder'd him, having been engaged by the Conspirators for a great Reward, and was afterwards to have a considerable Part of it for carrying off the Body, which he swears he saw in the very Room whither *Prance* says 'twas remov'd on the *Monday* Night. —But even here too he fail'd 'em—So 'twas done without his Assistance in the Manner before described.

And very sure, no doubt, the great Plotters thought they had now made their Business: For we are not to fancy these little Villains attempted such an Action of their own Impulse; the great Spring we had before in *Dugdale's* Story of *Coleman*, from whence those large Sums must proceed which *Bedlow* mentions. Now, I say, they thought the Business was as sure as the *Jews* had made the Sepulchre—having seal'd all the Mouths of the Parties concern'd, with Oaths and Sacraments, Solemnities commonly abus'd by their Party to the foulest Villanies—But neither that, nor the Darkness of the Night, nor the Distance of Places, cou'd hinder the Divine Justice from looking through and discovering the Villains concern'd, and bringing 'em to Punishments worthy their Wickedness. — The Manner thus, — His body being found by some who accidentally walk'd that Way, and generally suspected from his former discourses, and many Probabilities, that he was murder'd by the Papists, the King issued out a Proclamation with a Promise of Indempnity and 500*l.* Reward to any who wou'd discover it. On this Mr. *Bedlow* writ a Letter to the Secretary from the Country, concerning his Knowledge of something considerable in that Matter; and being, sent for up to Town, reveal'd whate'er he knew of the Business. And a little after, *Prance* being accidentally seiz'd by a Constable and then in the House of Lords *Lobby*, was known by Mr.

Bedlow, having seen his Face on that *Monday* Night, when at the same Time they saw the Body; and who on Examination discover'd also what his Share was in the Murther: And tho' he afterwards denied it, for Fear of losing his Trade, and such other Motives, as he himself confest, yet in a Quarter of an Hour he returned again to his first Evidence.

But the most difficult Task will be what yet remains—the clearing those Objections, and some of 'em plausible Ones, and which have led away too many well-meaning Men, against the Truth of this recited Evidence; as well as some insinuations spred abroad, and made the most of to persuade the World this worthy Gentleman was guilty of his own Death.

But here it can't be expected that a private Person, who has not the Advantages of Sir *Roger,* to have Warrants from Two K's and all Persons and Papers before him relating to that Business, and who had Wit great, and Honesty little enough to pick out, and leave in, what was for his Turn; that such an one shou'd be able to go through so many Hundred Pages as his Book consist of, and answer every Particular therein. 'Twill be Satisfaction enough to any rational Man to touch some of the Plots and Fetches made Use of from one Time to another to wash the Blackamoor white, and clear the Papists from this Villany: To answer the main Objections against the Evidence, and bring some corroborating Circumstances for the Truth on't. And lastly, To shew Sir *Edmond* could not murther himself in that Place and Manner as is pretended.

The first of the Methods they used to sham off this Murther, was by early Reports they spred about, even before his Body was found, That he had *kill'd himself.* Now this Sir *Roger* himself can scarce have Brow enough to affirm 'twas done by the Brothers to save the Estate, since 'twas a very odd Way, certainly, to do that, by letting the World openly know that he was a Self-murtherer. That such Reports were spred, we shall by and by prove, and that from Sir *Roger's* own Book, without the Trouble of consulting the Paper-Office,—and who got by't, who shou'd do't, whose Interest was't to do't, but the Papists, altho' the particular Authors may be unknown?

Among the many Evidences of his Death, being known at so many distant Places before 'twas publick here, there are Two

come up exactly to the Matter in Hand. The First—which was recited by the Reverend Dean of *Bangor*, now Bishop of *St. Asaph*, in his Funeral Sermon, and which, it seems, he had of One Mr. *Angus*—who the same day Sir *Edmond* was found about Five a Clock on *Primrose Hill*, being in Mr. *Chiswell's* Shop in *St. Paul's* Church-yard about One or Two, there was a person unknown to him past by, and clapping him upon the Shoulder, ask'd him [*If he heard the News that Sir* E. B. G. *was found dead, with his own Sword run through him.*]

The second is of Mr. *Goldsborough*, Clerk of the House of Commons, who being in a Barber's Shop on *Tuesday* Morning while he was missing, a person came in open-mouth'd [*That Sir* E. B. G. *was found;*] and being ask'd where, reply'd, [*He had kill'd himself upon* Primrose-Hill ;] where upon *Thursday* following in the Evening the Body was indeed discover'd.

The Second considerable Attempt made the same Way, was by one *Magrath* an *Irishman*, the Famous *Celiers*, who foretold both the Prince of *Wales*, and a great many more after him ; the Jesuits in *Newgate*, and others, who pretended to prove Sir *E. B. G.* hang'd himself, and his Clerk *Moor* cut him down—But being examin'd at the Council-Board, it prov'd only a malicious and false Contrivance.

'Twill be very well worth the while to remark that Mrs. *Mary Gibbons* was one of the Persons deeply engaged in this Design among so much other good Company; and that Mrs. *Mary Gibbons* is one of the main Evidences Sir *Roger* makes use of in his Book—Tho' this Sham was then so thin laid, and this Person so well known, that even *Farewell* and *Pain* were asham'd to make Use of either in their letters to *Prance* on this Subject, but protest very Solemnly, *That none of those, neither* Celiers, *the* Newgate *Priests, nor Mrs.* Mary Gibbons, *or other Papists, or Popishly affected, knew any thing of the Matter, but were all Strangers to it.*

When this Contrivance was found out by all the World to be as very a Sham as *Celiers's* being with child in *Newgate*, or some Body else in another Place, yet was not the infatigable Zeal of that Party discouraged ; but Mr. *Farewell*, a person intrusted in managing the Estates and Lands of the Jesuits ; and *Pain*, Brother to the Famous *Pain* who wrote St. *Coleman's* Elegy, set

a new Project on Foot to the same Purpose in some Letters sent to *Prance*, and Printed by N. *Thomson;* which indeed, if we look closely into 'em, will appear to be Sir *Roger* in little, there being the self-same Expressions in one as the t'other, and his Mystery seeming to be hardly more than their Letters spread a little thinner.—The Blood gubling out of the Wound—Bedlow's *and* Prance's East *and* West *Contradictions,—The Wax dropt on his Cloaths after he was found,* and several other Things the self-same in both of 'em. And I remember, at that very Time 'twas shrewdly suspected and rumoured about Town, that the same Person lay behind the Curtain, and thrust their Cats-Feet into the Fire, who has since appeared publickly in Prosecution of the same Cause.

Before their Trial they reckoned their Witnesses by the Hundred, pretending to make his Self-murther as clear as the Sun. When they came to it, and had all the fair Play imaginable, *Pain's* Heart failed *him*, and he pleaded *Guilty.—Farewell* made so poor a Defence, and the Matter was so clearly proved against 'em, that *Farewell* and *Thomson* were both fined by the Court, and sentenced to stand in the Pillory, with this Inscription over them, [*For Libelling the Justice of the Nation, by making the World believe that Sir* E. B. G. *murthered himself.*] Where how abundantly they were honoured by the Spectators, all who know anything of the Story can't but remember.

Thus it lay for some Time, and no Person was so hardy to make any farther Attempts that Way while there was any Possibility of having Justice against 'em: But when the Sheriffs, Juries, nay, King and all were *changed;* when that past which poor *Oates* and all the World have Cause to remember; when, if *Prance* would not *unconfess*, he knew he must tread the same dolorous Way that *Oates* had gone before him and had now done all that could be desired; then Sir *Roger* took up the Cudgels, and published his Book, called, [*The Mystery of Sir* E. B. G's *Death unfolded;*] Or, which would have been a fitter Title, [*The Second Edition with Additions of* Farewell's *and* Pain's *Letters.*] The Main of what he advances there, will be answer'd in clearing, as was proposed, the Objections against the Evidence relating to that Matter.

If the ill Character of the Persons who gave it be urged to in-

validate their Testimony, as this does not reach all of 'em, so it has been often answered—*Who but such were fit for such Villanies?* If their seeming Disagreement in some Part of their Evidence, what greater Argument that 'twas no Combination? If *Prance* retracted—we are told by Sir *Roger* himself, *That he was a white-liver'd Man*, and so might be frighted out of Truth as well as into it. And indeed on that very Reason 'twas long before suspected, that if he should ever be bore hard upon, he would not be able to stand it.

[*But the Papists would never kill him, because he had obliged 'em*]—As if Gratitude was a Popish Virtue, or Charity, any more than Faith were to be kept with Hereticks: Those that think so let 'em look back, and see if the last Reign be enough to convince 'em.

It may be urged on, Here are several Testimonies in the Trial of the Murtherers, and since, that invalidate the Evidence there given,—*Warner* and his Wife and Maid about *Green—That he was at Home all that Evening when he was accused for committing it.*—'Twould be enough to oppose to this, their Confession to Captain *Richardson—That they could do him no good.*—But besides this, Mr. Justice *Dolbin's* Observation on the Trial clears it effectually—*They swore to the* Saturday *Fortnight after* Michaelmass-*Day, which was*, says the Justice, *the 19th of* Octob. *not the 12th, on which the Murther was committed.*

If *Broadstreet* and others testifie they were in the Room where the Body was laid, and *Hill's* Wife so rubs up her Memory, that after so many Years she remembers what she could not upon his Trial—*That she, and he, and their Child lay in the Room all that very Time when the Body was said to be there*—'Twould not be a Shift, but an Answer—*That they were Papists that swore it, who can swear any Thing.* But besides, *Broadstreet* acknowledged before the Duke of *Monmouth, That* Hill *was gone from his Lodgings before this Time*, as was proved on the Trial. Mrs. *Tilden* says, *There was but One Key to their Door.* Mrs. *Broadstreet* at the same Time, with what she own'd about *Hill, That there were Six or Seven*—Contradictions in others, we see, as well as the King's Evidence; and these being much homer, and more irreconcileable than theirs, must of Necessity destroy the Belief of what else they testifie.

But the Home-thrust is—[*The Centinels saw no Sedan carried out*—] This the printed Trial easily sets right. The Centinels were *Trollop* and *Wright*. *Trollop* staid till Ten, and saw a Sedan go in, but none out again: *Wright* till One, but saw none go out. It must be in *Trollop's* Time, being as *Prance* says, about Twelve. — The Centinels being then at *Bury's* Lodge smoaking and drinking. *Trollop* says on the Trial, he *was never at the Lodge*, but so does not *Wright*, as any one may see by consulting it, he being never asked the Question.

'Twill give a great Light into this Deed of Darkness in the next Place, to consider several circumstantial Evidences, which would, of themselves, go very far to prove that Sir *E. B. G.* was murthered by the Papists, and that in the very Place and Manner which has been already described.

The First of these from Sir *Edmond's* own Mouth, which has been already hinted, but shall here be farther cleared.

'Twas indeed so notorious, that Sir *E. B. G.* had boding Thoughts, and a Sort of a Prophetical Intimation of his Death, and that by the Papists; and discoursed of so publickly and generally, that Sir *Roger* could not deny all the Matter of Fact, but endeavours to avoid the Force on't; when he says, as is witnessed by several—[*On my Conscience I shall be the First Martyr*] This he interprets—[*I doubt I shan't live long.*]—Sure, though he says in one Place, *The Man was no Fool*, yet he must be supposed to be no better, any more than all the Readers, if neither he nor they made any Difference between being hanged and martyred. But the very Reason of this Interpretation was for what Sir *R.* dearly loved—That he might have Opportunity for a Reflection on the Parliament—*He feared*, says he, *that the Parliament would call him to Account, and that nothing would satisfie 'em but his Life, for not discovering it sooner.*—In Opposition to this, any impartial Man need but consider what follows. Esquire *Robinson*, on the Trial of the Murderers, witnesses that he had a Discourse with Sir *Edmond* a little while before his Death about the Plot then newly talkt on—Says *Robinson—I wish the Depth of the Matter be found out.*—Sir *E.* answers, *I am afraid it is not.—Upon my Conscience I believe I shall be the First Martyr.*—He acknowledged he had taken several Examinations about it, but thought he shou'd have little Thanks for his

Pains. The Esq. askt him—*Are you afraid?* [*No*, said he, *I do not fear 'em, if they come fairly; and I shan't part with my Life tamely.*] Well, Sir *Roger*, Is all this the Parliament? Was he afraid the Parliament would send a Party to dog him, and set upon him? And that he did not fear the Parliament, but if they came fairly, would not part with his Life tamely?—No; any Man that has but half an Eye, unless that too blinded with Prejudice, may see the Meaning on't; and that he apprehended Danger only from the Papists, against whom he had taken several Examinations.

The next is of *John Wilson* the Sadler, who swears, Sir *Edmond* talking with one Mr. *Harris*, then told this Informant, [*That he was in Danger for what he acted for the Discovering of the late Plot against his Majesty.*] See how ingeniously this is answered—[*His Apprehension was from the Parliament, not the Papists;* and *for* Concealing, *not* Discovering *the Plot.*] These very words Sir *Roger* has in his Book, *p.* 281. Now whether this is not a direct *Statuimus*, i. e. *Abrogamus*, What Sir *Edmond* calls *Discovering*, for Sir *R.* who knows his mind better, now he's dead, than he himself did while alive, to tell us he means *Concealing*, which is quite contrary—and how fair a Way of Answer 'tis, let any of his best Friends be Judges.

'Twould be tedious to bring any more, when this does effectually, as to his own Judgment. Only 'tis remarkable, that these very Things are sworn upon the Trial by Mr. *Oates*,—that Sir *E. B. G.* had told him—[*He had received Affronts from great Persons for being so zealous in the Business—That he had been threatned—That he went in fear of his Life from the Popish Party; and that he had been dog'd several Days,—but feared 'em not if they came fairly to Work.*]

For other Evidences of his Murther by the Papists, that which indeed made the greatest Noise, was, his Death being heard of so far off, and in so many different Places, before 'twas known in *London*. This, Sir *Roger* tells us, *was on Purpose spred by the Brothers to throw it on the Papists:* But here's this in Opposition: *Dugdale*, against whom he makes no objection, but allows his Evidence, makes Oath in my Lord *Stafford's* Trial, and other Places,—That this News was brought to one *Ewers*, a Priest, in a Letter which he shewed him, dated the very Night 'twas

done,—which had these Words in't—[*This very Night Sir* E. B. G. *is dispatch'd.*] Now I'd fain ask—Had these Brothers Correspondence with the Priest? Would they use such a word as that [*Dispatch'd?*—] Did they write to *Ewers* too, and bid him tell *Dugdale*, That this *Sir* E. B. G. *was a busie Man and fit to be taken out of the Way?*—As *Dugdale* swears he did.—Could *Dugdale* conspire with *Oates* so long before they knew one another, and while he was himself a Prisoner in *Staffordshire?* And where all those perjur'd who witness that Mr. *Dugdale* did report this before it could be known by any but the very Conspirators?

That 'twas done in that very Place, at *Somerset-House*, Providence has left strange Confirmation.

The First is—*Bury* the Porter's refusing to admit any Persons into the Gates about that Time, the *12th*, *13th*, *14th* of *October*. Nay, that he had denied the Prince himself Admittance (Prince *Rupert*, I suppose, it must be) and pretended Orders for so doing. But these Orders he never produced.—And more, like a true Papist, denied Matter of Fact when charged with it; and tho' he had acknowledged to the Council he had never such Orders before, when Sir *Thomas Stringer* came to witness it, positively denied it.

Two more very remarkable Affidavits there are, which give mighty Strength to all the former: One of *Spence* (Captain *Spence* he is called in some Copies) and the other of *John Okeley*. *Spence* was a tall, black Man, much like Sir *E. B. G.*, as was witnessed by those who knew him; to all which Sir *R.* only answers,—*He has been told otherwise.* This *Spence* passing by the same Water-Gate at *Somerset-House* about Seven at Night, Two Days before Sir *Edmond's* Murther, was drag'd in thither, being seized by Five or Six Men—but one of 'em, when they had him in, cry'd out—*This is not he*—on which they immediately let him go.—Here's a plain Evidence of their Intentions, and a Confirmation of what *Bedlow*, *Oates*, and *Prance* sware of Sir *E's* being dog'd so long before.—All that's answered to't is—*That there was a Suit of Law depending between this* Spence *and Mr.* Broadstreet—and therefore forsooth, he must forswear himself, and wilfully damn his Soul only for a circumstantial Evidence and Reflection on *Hill* himself Three

or Four Years after he was hang'd, and so on his Master, Dr. *Godden*, and thence again on Mrs. *Broadstreet;* and all this when it had no Influence at all on the Suit of Law, or them who sued him.—But enough of this.—Let's now take Notice of the next.—'Tis one *John Okeley*, who that very night, *Octob.* 12. going by *Somerset-House*, at the Water-Gate, about Nine a Clock, saw there Sir *E. B. G.* whom he knew very well, living in the same Lane with him—he past close by him, pulled off his Hat to him, as Sir *E. B. G.* did to him again;—when past him, he turned about, and looked on him. And this he told to several Persons, which witness the same.—To this, the main of what Sir *R.* objects is,—*'Twas dark, and how should he know him?* Certainly, any one that knows *London*, cannot be ignorant that we have Lights in the Streets at Nine at Night: And 'twas morally impossible, that one who knew him so well, who looked upon him, who put off his Hat to him, as he to him again, and who after all this look'd back upon him—that such a one should be mistaken in the Person.

The last Thing to be proved is—*That Sir* E. B. G. *did not, and could not murder himself in that Place, as is pretended by his Enemies.* He was first missing on *Saturday*, and therefore according to their Account, his Body must have been in the Place where 'twas found till that *Thursday* Night. But had it been there on *Tuesday* or *Wednesday*, the Pack of Hounds which hunted there, both of those Days, must have found him. Sir *Roger* tells us,—*They might have been on the other side of the Ditch, or beat the Place carelessly without finding it.* But Mr. *Faucet's* Deposition is,—*That he beat that very Place*—which sure he was capable of knowing, having been himself there to see it after the body was found. He repeats it, and says Twice,—'Twas in *that very Place,* And *Harwood* says as much, who hunted the Day after.—One Circumstance there is, which makes this Evidence yet more conclusive. 'Twas deposed in the Trial of *Farewell,* and several other Places, that the Body stunk extreamly when 'twas found, which was but the next Day after. Now I'd ask any unprejudic'd Man, Whether 'twas so much as possible that this very Place should be beat Two Days after one another, and the Hounds not scent the Body, even tho' the Hunters might perhaps oversee it?

But besides this, there was yet a narrower Search made on another Occasion in that same Field. The Story is told in a Paper, call'd, *An Account of the Murther*, published by *Thompson* himself, who, with *G. Larkin*, another Printer, was present, and avouch'd the Matter of Fact on their own Knowledge. 'Tis this,—*That while the Body lay at the* White-House, *and the Jury were about it, one of the Jurymen themselves declared,—That a Servant of his Mother, a Butcher, and two Boys, made a very strict and narrow Search in all Parts of the Ground for a Calf that was lost there, and this both on* Monday *and* Tuesday—*and at that Time there lay no dead Body, Belt, Gloves, or any thing else there.*—But were all these too on the wrong Side of the Hedge? Or where did they look for this Calf, in the middle of the Field, or in the Ditches and Hedges, where 'twas impossible they could have mist of the Body, had it been there?

There's one great Objection which Sir *Roger* makes very much of in this matter—tho' not quite so strong now, as 'twas some Years since; and that is—*There was no Popish Plot at all, therefore no Popish Murther,*—which he expresses in his own peculiar *Merry-Andrew* Way—*They hang both upon the same String, and whoever overthrows the one, trips up the Heels of the other.* Nor indeed is he singular in his Opinion, as to a great Part of it—for my Lord Chief Justice *Pemberton* says, on the Trial of *Farewell*, I think, 'twas,—*If they could have made it out that he had killed himself, all of them would have cried out, the Popish Plot was a Sham raised by the Protestants against the Papist, and all the Plot must have gone for nothing.*—But now to retort the Objection—If there was a Popish Plot, 'tis a terrible Argument that there was too a Popish Murther. But that there was one, we must be forced to believe, till we find these Things, among many others, answered.

1. *Coleman's* Letters—and that Expression—*The Extirpation of this* Northern *Heresie.*

2. The Letter produced in *Harcourt's* Trial, wherein the very Consult of *April* 24 is mention'd,—and *A Design then on Foot among 'em, which they were to manage with all imaginable Secrecy.*

3. The positive Oaths of so many Men. Some of 'em of a

fair Character and blameless Conversation; others no more able to invent such a Plot, than their Enemies to disprove it.

4. The Endeavours of the Papists to assassinate, disgrace, buy off, or any Way divert the Evidence against 'em; which they were not such Fools to do for nothing.

5. The Behavior of the Witnesses ever since. One of 'em testifying at his Death, after the Sacrament: Another by his Life, their Malice reaching to his Barbarous Murther. A third with his Blood, and so much as wou'd have perhaps cost any two or three other Men their Lives, to the Truth of their Depositions.

And lastly, What Transactions we have felt and seen since King *James* came to his Throne, till his Departure, are no great evidence that all that Plot was a Forgery.

From these Things 'tis plain there was a Popish Plot: From these, and what went before, that this was a Popish Murther.

There needs no Exaggeration of the Fact, nor Tragical Exclamations. 'Twas as foul as Hell could make it, and perhaps we have not yet seen the full Revenge that Heaven intends for those who were concerned in it; tho' 'tis after so long a Time miraculously begun, and will in due Time be accomplished.

Two *Anagrams* there were made on this Brave Gentleman, which, for the peculiar Luckiness of 'em, it may not be ungrateful to the Reader, to have 'em inserted.

SIR *EDMUND-BURY GODFREY.*

Anag.

I FIND MURDER'D BY ROGUES.

Another.

BY ROME'S RUDE FINGER DIE!

Having thus vindicated the Memory of this great Person, without any mean Expectation, either of Applause or Reward, who was the First Martyr for our Holy Protestant Religion; we shall address what has been written on this Subject, not only to Posterity, as Sir *Roger* very wisely does, where he shall never

hear his Fault, but to all the sober, unprejudic'd Men of the present Age, and so dismiss it, and go on to the Rest for whom he only made Way, after we have presented you with one of the last Pieces of Wit the Age has yielded on Sir *Edmond's* Death. 'Tis a Part of that ingenious Poem call'd *Bacchanalia*, or *The Drunken Club.*

Well, *Primrose!* May our *Godfrey's* Name on thee
Like *Hyacinth* inscribed be!
On thee his Memory flourish still,
Sweet as thy Flower, and lasting as thy Hill.
Whilst blushing *Somerset*, to her
Eternal Shame, shall this Inscription wear,
"The Devil's an Ass, for Jesuits on this Spot
"Broke both the Neck of *Godfrey*, and the Plot.

MR. *ARNOLD.*

BUT though the Providence of God was pleas'd, no doubt for wise Reasons, to suffer this last worthy Person to fall a Victim to the Malice and Cruelty of our Popish Enemies; tho' there was perhaps a Sort of a sad Necessity—that this *One Man should die*, to alarm a stupid Nation, and rouze 'em from that careless believing Temper which since that has gone so far towards their Ruin; and tho' 'twas to cost *England* more and nobler Blood, before its entire Deliverance; yet the Government of the World is not so absolutely given up to the Disposal of him who is called the *Prince* of it, as that in every Attempt, Villany should be triumphant, and Vertue miserable. However kindly 'twas meant, the Stroak here was not home enough, and Mr. *Arnold* proved only a Confessor, tho' they intended him a Martyr. One would have thought their ill Success in taking off one Justice of Peace, should have cooled their Fury a little and hinder'd 'em from venturing upon another.—But this 'tis when Men list themselves of a Religion where they must be given up

to Salleys and Transports of a blind Zeal and refuse the Conduct either of their Senses or Reason.

Mr. *Arnold* had been a vigorous Prosecutor of the Priests and Jesuits which sculkt about in his own Country of *Wales*. This was a Crime not to forgiven, nor any ways attoned for, by less than his Destruction. In Order to which he was assaulted by several Villains, fit for such a Business, in a little dark Lane near the *Temple*, as he was passing through it pretty late in the Evening; and had no doubt dispatched him; and either found some Way to make the World believe he had done it himself, as they would have done in the former Instance, or started some other Sham to have remov'd the Odium from their own Party. But the Gentleman, having had Apprehension of some such Accident, made better Use of it than Sir *Edmond* before him; and having luckily a Suit of private Armour on, received several Stabs the Villains gave him, upon that, and so saved his Life. But they finding their Attempts that Way unsuccessful, were resolved to take another Course with him, and having got him down, with some desperate Weapon or other fit for the Purpose, made several Trials to cut his Throat, and gave him some dangerous Wounds about that Part; which while he was strugling with them to preserve, a Boy providentially goes by with a Light, which their Deeds of Darkness not being able to endure, they all ran away, and left Mr. *Arnold* weltering in his Blood, who yet, by God's Providence, recovered again, and lived to see Justice done to one of the Villains that used him in that barbarous manner: His Name was *Giles*, and was discovered by a Wound in his Leg, which one of his Accomplices ran through in the Scuffle, as he was making a Stab at Mr. *Arnold*. He was tried for the Action, found guilty of it, and sentenced to stand in the Pillory for the same, which was accordingly executed, with a liberal Contribution over and above from the enraged Rabble, who sufficiently made up for the Gentleness of his Sentence, though as severe a one as our mild Laws could inflict upon such Offenders.

MR. *COLLEDGE.*

NO Body can doubt but that 'twas now very much the Interest of the Papists to get off, if possible, that foul Imputation of a Plot which stuck so deep upon 'em; which had been confirmed by Sir *Edmond's* Murther, *Coleman's* never to be forgotten Letters, *Arnold's* Assassination, and a great deal of Collateral Evidence, which fell in unexpectedly, many of those who gave it being utterly unacquainted with the first Discoverers. After several unfortunate Attempts they had made to this Purpose; after the *Living* had perjured themselves, and the *Dying* done worse, to support their desperate Cause; after Attempts to *blast* and *ruine* some of the Evidence, and *buy off* others of 'em, in both which, publick Justice took Notice of, and punish'd 'em: Being of a Religion that sticks at no Villany to serve an Interest, and certainly the most indefatigable and firm People in the World, when they set about any Design, especially where *Diana* is concerned, not being yet discouraged, they resolved to venture upon one Project more, which proved but too successful, to the Loss of the Bravest and Best Blood in the Kingdom; and that was to brand all those who were the steddiest Patriots, and so their greatest Enemies, of what Rank soever they were, with the odious Character of *Persons disaffected to the Government*, or, in the old Language, *Enemies to* Cæsar: They pretended to persuade the World, that after all this great Noise of a *Popish Plot*, 'twas only a *Presbyterian* one lay at the Bottom: This they had endeavoured in the *Meal-Tub Intrigue*, the Names of most of the worthy Persons in *England* being cull'd out to be sworn into it: But this miscarrying (like the Mother on't, Mrs. *Celliers* Miscarriage in *Newgate*) they had by this time taken Breath, formed new Designs, and procured new Witnesses, which might do Business more effectually, and, tho' they could not write nor spell their Names, and so were not very well skilled in Book-learning, yet at Buke blawing they were admirable; by which character you may easily guess they were *Irishmen.* Nor did they want Fools to believe, any more than Knaves to manage this Design; by their continued unwearied

contrivances a great many easie, and some well-meaning People having by this Time been wrought upon to believe almost as implicitly as they themselves, whatever the Priests would have 'em. One Thing, whatever happened, they were pretty sure of, That whether this Plot were believed or no, they should carry on their Intrigue by it: If 'twas, they had what they wished: If it should be discovered, 'twould yet confound and amuse Peoples Minds, and make 'em so sick of Plot upon Plot, that it might make 'em almost stagger in their Belief of the other. They had besides all this, a strong Party at Court to favour their Enterprizes. The King was the Duke's, and the Duke—all the World know whose. 'Twas necessary to flesh their Blood-hounds by Degrees, to bring People on by little and little, to attempt some of inferior Rank for a Beginning, and not split the Cause for want of good Management. And who so fit as poor *Colledge* to be the First Victim of their Perjury and Malice? By whose Death, besides being rid of a troublesome Fellow, and breaking the Ice to make Room for those to follow; they might also expect this advantage, That the *middle sort* of People would be discouraged in their just Hatred of Popery and Papists, and Prosecution of the Laws against them.

'Twas by such Methods as these that Mr. *Colledge* did signalize himself in the World. Being a Man of Courage, Industry, and Sharpness, he made it much of his Business to serve his Country as far as possible, in searching after Priests and Jesuits, and hunting those Vermin out of their lurking Holes, in which he was very serviceable and successful; and for which, no doubt, they did not fail to remember him. The first Time we meet with him in public, is, I think, in *Stafford's* Trial, where he's brought in for Mr. *Dugdale*, as a Collateral Evidence. But by that Time the Wind was a little upon turning, and the Tide of popular Aversion not being so strong against Popery, being by the Cunning of our common Enemy diverted into little Streams, and private Factions; and Arbitrary Power driving on, as the best Way to prosecute the Designs of *Rome;* to which the City of *London* in a particular manner made a vigorous Resistance; which displeasing the grand Agitators, no Wonder they endeavoured, as much as possible, to do it a Mischief; their Kindness to it having been sufficiently experienced in 66.

and even since. In Order to which the King was pleased, by the Advice of his *Ghostly Brother*, to alter the common and almost constant Course of Parliaments, and call one at *Oxford* instead of *London*. Many of the Members whereof, and especially those of *London* were apprehensive of some Design upon 'em there, having formerly in the *Gun-powder Treason*, and ever since, sufficiently found the *Love* of the Papists to Protestant Parliaments, and knowing very well what they were to expect from their Kindness, if they should be attempted upon by 'em, and found defenceless. And more Ground of Suspicion they had, because, as *Colledge* protests in his Speech, there had been Affidavits judiciously made of a *formed Design* against 'em, being besides removed away from the City of *London*, which had always so much of the *English* Blood in it, as heartily to love Parliaments, and for that Reason would have ventured all for their Defence. From these and such like Reasons 'twas, that several of the Parliament Men went accompanied with some of their Friends, well armed and accoutred, to *Oxford*, of which Number this Mr. *Colledge* was one, he waiting on my Lord *Clare*, *Paget*, and *Huntington* to *Oxford*; where the Parliament, foreseeing what has since happened, would have gone on where they left off in former Sessions, which causing great Heats, every Body knows how abruptly they were dissolv'd not long after their meeting. 'Twas now grown the Entertainment of every Coffee-House, and the Subject of every *Buffoon's* Pamphlet to expose and vilifie Parliaments as much as possible, and the very Name of it was now grown as odious to some Men, as that of Protestant. Mr. *Colledge* had, besides all his other forementioned Crimes, been, as he declares in his Speech, a great Honourer of that August Assembly, and had been in former Sessions engaged by some of the Honourable Members to search the Places adjoining the Parliament-House, lest there should be a new Gun-powder Treason hatching for 'em; from whence, as he says himself, he believes he got that popular Name of *Protestant Joiner*.

All these Reasons together were more than enough to get him taken out of the Way; and for the Performance thereof, *Heins*, *Macnamarra*, and one or two of the Apostate Evidence of the Popish Plot, informed against him. Nor is it a Wonder

that after so many Attempts, some of those Men should be prevailed with to prove false; but rather, that under so many Temptations any of 'em resisted, or were not *sooner* Villains. These Persons swore such *Mad Things* against him, of taking *Whitehall*, and pulling the King out of it, and such other odd wild Stories, that partly from the Improbability of the *Matter*, and partly from the ill Character of the *Persons* who witness'd it, the Jury here in *London* refused to find the Bill, but returned it *Ignoramus*. On which, contrary to all Justice, and President, and Law, and Common Reason, which forbids a Man should be twice in Danger of his Life for the same Offence; the Business was removed to *Oxford*, where how little Civility or common Justice he met with in his Trial, was then notorious to all the World: a Person being check'd, for giving him but Assistance and Notes in the way of his Calling, to make his Defence when his Life was engaged: Yet tho' even these Notes were denied him, none that heard the Trial, or so much as read it, but must grant, that he made a very extraordinary Defence, and much more than could have been expected from a Man of more Learning. But he might have spared all his Labour; the Business was, no Doubt on't, resolved upon before, and he was found Guilty, Sentenc'd, and Executed *according* to *Order*. To look back once more, and enquire a little deeper into the very Original of the Matter: That there was a Design laid to bring in most of the worthy Patriots of *England* into a Sham-Plot under the odious, scare-crow Name of *Presbyterians*, not only the *Mealtub* Attempt, and several others of the same *Batch*, makes sufficiently appear; but the late Essay of *Fitz-Harris* above all the rest was enough to satisfie the most prejudiced Persons. He had conspired with some others to write a scandalous Libel against the King, which was to be laid on such as they'd call *Presbyterians*, and this to be sent to their Houses, or conveyed into their Pockets, and there to be seiz'd, and the Persons prosecuted thereupon. This Business the *Oxford* Parliament had before 'em, and began to smell out who set it on Foot; and being resolved to find the Bottom on't, lest he should be hanged up on the sudden to prevent his Confession, (he now beginning to melt a little) as *Hubert*, who fired *London* formerly, was, they *impeached* him, to keep the Examination of that Matter to themselves.

'Tis to long too run over the Proceedings against him, and the Court-Parties subtle Contrivance, to Hang, Draw, and Quarter him, and so to hinder effectually his *telling any more Tales.* 'Tis sufficient to observe, that this Design was prosecuted for several Years after, and poor *Colledge* was to bear the Brunt on't, as has been already declared.

If we reflect yet further on the manner of his Trial, and not look on to any others, one would be apt to think 'twas impossible a Man could be destroyed with more Injustice and Barbarity than he was, *or that twelve Men who look like Christians,* could be found out, who wou'd hang a Man upon *such* Evidence as was given against him.

When a Criminal shall be kept close Prisoner in the Tower, without having sufficient Means to make his Defence till he come to his Trial: When, as has been said, he shall be rifled of his Notes, by which he could only save his Life, on which he depended, and that just before he came to his Trial; though assisted therein by that very Council assigned by the Court for him: When he shall in vain demand 'em again, and call Heaven and Earth to witness, that he's meerly cheated of his Life for want of 'em: When all his Redress is such a frivolous Excuse, as not only a Judge, but any honest Man, would be ashamed to make Use of—Nay, such a Sort of a one as is commonly made *before* the Judges, but seldom by 'em—That 'twas somebody else did it,—That the Court, the *Chief-Justice,* had 'em not, nor did take 'em from him; when the very Person stood by who rob'd him of 'em; and yet he could have no Reparation: When the King's Council must whisper the Chief-Justice on the Bench, and the Court must be adjourned, on Purpose to examine those Minutes which the poor Man had got together to save his Life, and even from them get an Opportunity to take it away, altering the manner of their Prosecution, strengthning and bolstering their Evidence where they found it weak and contradictory: When all the Evidence against him, were not only such as an honest *London Jury* would not believe, though a Country one, directed by the King's Council, could make a shift to do it; but were every one of 'em, who witnessed any Thing material, confounded by such home Evidence, as, if any thing in the World could do it, did certainly invalidate and annul their

Testimonies: when one of them swears horridly, *He cared not what he swore, nor whom he swore against, for 'twas his Trade to get Money by swearing.—That the Parliament were a Company of Rogues for not giving the King Money, but he would help him to Money out of the Fanaticks Estates,* which is explained by what *Smith* says,—*That if the Parliament would not give the King Money, but stood on the Bill of Exclusion, 'twas Pretence enough to swear a Design to seize the King at* Oxford. When this same *Heins* very pleasantly says, *'Twas a Judgment upon the King and the People, and the* Irishmens *swearing against 'em was justly fallen on 'em, for outing the* Irish *of their Estates.* When others of 'em swear, That since the Citizens deserted 'em, they would not starve; that they would have *Colledge's* Blood; That tho' they had gone against their Consciences, 'twas because they had been persuaded to't and could get no Money else; and when they had said before they believed *Colledge* had no more Hand in any Conspiracy against his Majesty, than the *child unborn;* When they would have hired others to swear more into the same Plot; when the Bench was so just and kind Counsel for the Prisoner, as to tell the Jury, the King's Witnesses were on their Oaths, the Prisoner's not, and so one to be credited before the other; in which Case 'tis impossible for any Man living to make a Defence against a perjured Villain. Lastly, When the Prisoner himself very weightily objected—That there was no proof of any Persons being concerned with him in the Design of seizing the King; and 'twas wisely answered,—That he might be so vain as to design it alone—A thousand times more Romantick Improbability, than an Army's lying concealed at *Knightsbridge,* and of the same Stamp with *Drawcansirs* killing all on both sides. Taking all these Things together, hardly ever was a Man at this Rate *banter'd* out of his Life before any Judicature in the World, in any Place or Age that History has left us.

Nor ought the great Service he did to the Nation in general to be ever forgotten; since notwithstanding all the Disadvantages he was under, the publick Stream running so violently against him and his Witnesses and the Surprize which such strange Treatment, when he was on his Life, might cast him into, he yet made so strong a Defence, by shewing what Sort of Wit-

nesses were brought against him, hindring them ever after from being believed, and thereby certainly saved many anothers Life, tho' he could not his own.

Nor can the undaunted Courage, and firm Honesty of the Man be hardly ever enough admired. Since besides what he shewed in his Defence, after he was condemned, as he himself said, as good as without a Trial, he boldly askt, *When he was to be executed?* Without any the least seeming Concern. And tho' he had Time considerable before his Execution to consider on't, refused to save his Life so meanly as to make other innocent Mens the Price of his own; without which Design they had hardly been so kind to have given him so long a Reprieve.

As for his *Behavior at his Execution:* 'Twas such as convinced more than a few of his greatest Enemies, and made 'em entertain a much better Opinion of him than before. From his *Last Speech* we shall remark several Passages as another Argument for his Innocency. But before we proceed any further in 'em, 'twill be needful to fix one Assertion, which we may presume few modest unprejudiced Persons will deny, and which we shall have Occasion to make further Use of.—'Tis,—That a Protestant, who believes an Heaven and Hell, and is not a Man of no Principles, or Debauched and Atheistical, would go out of the World, into the Presence of that God who must judge him, with a lie in his Mouth.—This none will deny, but those who have a very great Kindness for the *Papists;* and yet of all Men in the World such as these must not offer to do it, —since 'twas the very Argument they made Use of for the Innocence of the Jesuits, and other Traytors. Though on that Side we know there are unanswerable Arguments not to believe them; their Religion recommending *Perjury*, and all Sorts of Villanies to 'em as meritorious when Holy Church is concerned. Their Church besides allowing 'em Dispensations *before*, and Absolution after, and Purgatory at the worst, whence a few Masses would fetch them out again.—Things being thus, what can a Man of Modesty say to Mr. *Colledge's* Protestations over and over, both in Prison, and at his Death, that he was perfectly innocent of what he died for? [*I did deny it then* (says he, that is, before the Council) *and do deny it upon my Death: I never was*

in any manner *of Plot in my Days; nor if I had had any such Design as these have sworn against me, I take God to witness, as I am a dying Man, and on the Terms of my Salvation, I know not one Man upon the Face of the Earth which would have stood by me.*] And lower, [*I knew not of any Part of what they swore against me, till I heard it sworn at the Bar.*] Again, [*All the Arms we had was for our Defence, in Case the Papists should have made any Attempt by way of Massacre, &c. God is my Witness this is all I know.*] And in his solemn Prayer, and some of his almost very last Words—['*Tis thee, O God, I trust in.—I disown all Dispensations, and will not go out of the World with a Lie in my Mouth.*]—And just after to the People, [*From the Sincerity of my Heart, I declare again, that these are the very Sentiments of my Soul, as God shall have Mercy upon me.*]

Now upon the whole, I'd ask any sober Man, what he would answer to this, and how he can forbear, without the greatest Violation to all Principles of *Good Nature* and *Ingenuity* to pronounce this Person innocent?

Thus died Mr. *Colledge*, whose Blood, as he himself desired it might, sufficiently spoke the *Justice of his Cause*, who seemed in his Speech to have some Prophetick Intimations, *that his Blood would not be the last*, as indeed it was not, but rather a *Prelude* to that which followed, the Edge of the Laws being now turned against all those who dared defend it.

He has one Daughter yet living, whose Gratitude and Generosity to those who were kind to her under the Misfortunes of her Family, is at present the Wonder and Entertainment of the Court of *England*, and whose brave Soul speaks her the true Child of such a Father.

For his Character, How great and undaunted his Courage was, both his Trial and Death testifie. He was very vigorous and earnest, almost to a Fault, in his Undertakings. But certainly there are so few who err on that Hand, that we may without Flattery account this his warm Zeal for his Country, if it did a little exceed, a happy as well as very pardonable Error. He was extraordinary Ingenious in his own Trade, and employed amongst great Persons for his *Dexterity* therein. He had an entire Love for the City of *London*, and stood up for its Honour

and Priviledges as highly as any Man living. He had a Soul so very great and generous, that many who knew him well, have said, considering his Education, they wondered how he came by it. He was a Man of very good sound Sense, considerably more than those of his Rank generally have, which he had much improved in his latter Time by Conversation with Persons of Honor and Quality. In fine, he lived sufficiently beloved by those who knew, and did not fear him ; and died lamented by his Friends, and admired and esteemed by his very Enemies.

Some Time after his Death his Picture was sold about Town, which, as I remember, very much displeased the Observator. Under it were these Lines engraven,

By *Irish* Oaths, and wrested Laws I fell,
A Prey to *Rome*, a Sacrifice to Hell.
My guilty Blood for speedy Vengeance cries ;
Heaven, hear and help, for Earth my Suit denies.

Part of a Poem writ by Mr. Stephen Colledge, *a while before he was sent to* Oxford, *where he suffered Death*, Aug. 31. 1681.

What if I am into a Prison cast,
By Hellish Combination am betray'd ?
My Soul is free, although my Body's fast :
Let them repent that have this Evil laid,
And of Eternal Vengeance be afraid ;
Though Racks and Gibbets can my Body kill,
My God is with me, and I fear no Ill.

What boots the Clamours of the giddy Throng ?
What Antidote's against a poisonous Breath ?
What Fence is there against a Lying Tongue,
Sharpen'd by Hell to wound a Man to Death ?
Snakes, Vipers, Adders do look underneath :
Say what you will, or never speak at all,
Our very Prayers such Wretches Treason call.

But Walls and Bars cannot a Prison make,
The Free-born Soul enjoys its Liberty;
The Clods of Earth it may incaptivate,
Whilst Heavenly Minds are conversant on high,
Ranging the Fields of Blest Eternity:
So let this Bird sing sweetly in my Breast,
My Conscience clear, a Rush for all the Rest.

And sure of this the World's so well aware.
That here 'tis needless more for me to say,
I must conclude, no time have I to spare,
My winged Hours do fly too fast away,
My (Work) Repentance must I not delay,
I'll add my Prayers to God for *England's* Good;
And if he please will Seal them with my Blood.

ARTHUR EARL *OF ESSEX.*

THAT Party, and those Persons who were engaged to manage the Designs before-mentioned, were now entered on the most *compendious Way* of introducing what they desired, as well as avoiding what their own Consciences, and all the World knew they deserved. Having those in their own Hands, who had the Executive Part of the Government in theirs; and finding, no Doubt, a sort of malicious Pleasure, as well as Advantage, in destroying People by those Laws which were made to preserve 'em; a Villany to be compared with nothing but the Treason of that *Monster of a Priest*, who gave the Emperor Poison in the Blessed Sacrament: Having wrought up the Nation, and all Parties therein, to a high Ferment, making one Side mad for Slavery, as if they had all been at *Constantinople* as well as their Sheriff, and learnt the Doctrine of the Bow-string; some of 'em treated, others cajoled, others frightned, and some few reasoned into the Belief of *Absolute Authority in Kings*, and Obedience Active as well as what is called Passive, to be paid to all their

Commands. Some honest, several learned, more witty Men joining in with all their Power to advance the Transactions at that Time on the Wheel. And on the other Side, exasperating that Party who were more tenacious of their Liberties, as much as possible against the Constitution which they saw so horridly abused both in Church and State, persuading 'em all the Clergy were for making 'em Slaves, and themselves and the Court great to ride upon 'em; whereas really it was only a Party, tho' too large, who made more Noise, tho' they had neither more Sense nor Number than those who differed from 'em; and by this Means rendring many of the Trading Part of the Nation especially, so dissatisfied with 'em, and eager against 'em, that they began to think they had Reason to fear as bad Effects thereof as they had experienced in the last Age, and so sided more closely with that Party whence they expected Protection. When Things were in this Posture, and a great many Persons either taken off from their Natural Love to a *lawful Liberty*, which is so much of the very Nature of an *Englishman;* the Managers of the great Intrigue which was to accomplish our Ruin, resolved after they had begun with *Colledge*, to rise higher, and fly at a *Nobler Game*, and take off all those whom they could not win over, or against whom Interest or Revenge had more keenly engaged 'em, and who were most likely to make the most vigorous Opposition against their Attempts. But finding the *London Juries* unmoveably honest, and no Way to accomplish their Designs on these Persons, while their Witnesses would not be believed, and no Way to get Juries fit for their Turn, but by having Sheriffs of the same Stamp; and finding the Party they had gotten, after all their Tricks, which many of those who then knew, are now ashamed of, visibly and fairly out-numbred by those who were not yet ripe for Slavery, they bethought themselves of one Way to rid themselves of that Inconveniency—which was by a *Quo Warranto* against the City of *London*, that they might more effectually, and with less Noise, have what Sheriffs they pleased; or in Effect, hang whomever they thought their Enemies, and not be forced almost to blush at those visible and sensible Illegalities with which they had forced those Officers upon the City.

This they had accomplished in the Year 1683, when Judgment

was given against the Charter of *London*, whose Liberties had been confirmed to 'em by *William the Conqueror*, and delivered down before from Immemorial Ages, and this by two Judges only in *Westminster-Hall*, tho' the greatest Cause, one may venture to say, that ever was legally tried therein.

Now by this Time they had, after so many former fruitless Endeavours, brought something of a Plot to bear; and with this Advantage above all their former, that there was really something in't, altho', as *Bays* says in another Case, *That Truth, which was notoriously blended with Lies and Perjuries.* The Occasion of it we may best meet with in *Holloway's* most Ingenuous Acknowment; [*By Arbitrary and Illegal Ways, and Force of Arms, they had got Sheriffs to their Mind,—Witnesses they had before, but wanted Jurors to believe them. Now they have got Sheriffs, who will find Jurors to believe any Evidence against a Protestant, and so hang up all the King's Friends by Degrees.—None being suffered to come near the King but those who have been declared Enemies to the King and Kingdom, who to save themselves, do endeavour to keep all Things from the King's knowledge, and persuade him against Parliaments, &c.*]

Thus much for the Occasion. The Design seems to be the same with what was intended at first, by many of those Great and Eminent Persons, both Clergy and Laity, in their late Appearance in Arms; tho' by the Providence of God, for the Security of the Nation, and Reason of State, it has since been carried farther than theirs was ever to have been. [*Seeing fair Means*, says *Holloway*, *would not do, but all Things on the Protestants Side misrepresented to the King by such great Criminals, and none more in Favour than those,—To take the King from his evil Council, and that* (as the late wonderful Turn was transacted, and as 'tis impossible to be otherwise in Business of so large a Concern, *by a general Insurrection in several Parts of* England *at once.*] All those who have had any Share in the present Transactions, which are upon the Matter all the Nation, have shewn themselves plainly of the same Mind with those who were engaged in this, on which the Dispute runs, as to the Reason of the Thing, and the Principles on which they proceeded—And their only Difference is about Matter of Fact, Whether Things were then at that Height as to need desperate

Remedies. If it be objected, That such Attempts are only glossy Pretences, vailed under the specious Name of the Publick Good—The Answer is as ready as the Objection, Is there any Difference between Reason and no Reason, Truth and Falshood? There is a Right, and a Wrong,—and if ever Liberties were invaded, and the Ends of Government vacated and annulled, never were the Foundations of such a Design plainer than on this Occasion—So that 'twas indeed, what was of it, a Counter-Plot, rather than a Plot against the Government and Laws of *England*, and that when no other Remedy could without a Miracle be expected.

That this was the Heighth and Utmost of the then Design, and that no brave good Man need to be ashamed on't, I think all, or most Men are by this Time pretty well satisfied. But alas! This would not serve the Turn of the Managers—Even this might not, or perhaps could not be, as certainly 'twas not, fairly proved against several, who suffered for it, This was a Thing so necessary and defensible, that there was Occasion of laying fouler Colours upon't, to fright and amuse the World, and let 'em stand by patiently, and see their Best and Bravest Patriots sink, with much such Prudence and Wisdom as the sheep in the Fable suffered those bloody Mastiffs to be destroyed, who so often broke the Peace between them and the harmless Wolves; and were afterwards in their Turns handsomely worried, and justly eaten up for their Reward. 'Twas convenient to make somewhat more of it—There must be an Assassination grafted on this Insurrection or else all would not be worth—an Halter: 'Twas the Business and Interest of the Popish Party, to render their Enemies as odious as possible to the People, of whom, for their steddy Zeal and Love to their Religion and Liberties, they had long been the Darlings. To accomplish this, 'twas very necessary to get some Persons to insinuate into their Counsels, to inflame Things higher, to make black and odious Proposals of Assassinations, and Murders, and such bloody Villanies as alarm the good Nature of an *Englishman* with the very mentioning of 'em.—Which yet some of the honester and wiser looking upon as mad hot Words only, or, if any more intended, having it in their power to prevent such Wickedness another Way, would not yet turn Informers nor ruin those Persons, who

in all Probability were only Trapans to ruin them. In all the Papers relating to this Matter, we shall find all Discourses of this Nature center'd in *West* and *Rumsey*. *West* was very much for Lopping Business—for killing 'em in their Calling—and was so full and eager for it. Though *Walcot*, *Holloway*, and all whoever heard it proposed received it still with the greatest Detestation imaginable, as a most base and bloody Action, which they never would have their own Hands imbrued in, nor their Posterity stained with. That all the great Persons, of Birth and Honour, were absolutely against so foul an Action, and abhorred it from their Souls, we may find, even without the forced Confession of their worst Enemies, by the Lord *Russel's* Concern when such a Thing was muttered, and the Duke of *Monmouth's* Answer—*God so—Kill the King! I will never suffer it.* The Account we have of it, is from him who should best know, and that's *West*, who in his discourse with *Holloway* on this Occasion, tells him of the *New-market* and *Rye-house* Design—That the King and the Duke were to be killed as they came by, for which they had provided Arms for Fifty Men — and were promised *Rumbald's* House, which lay in the Road. When asked, Who was to act it—who were to fire these Arms for Fifty Men,—Pistols, Carbines, and Blunderbusses? He could name but two Men, *Rumbald* and his Brother; who certainly must have been very dexterous to have discharged all those dreadfull Businesses themselves without Assistance, and is much such a likely Story as *Colledge's* being so vain to attempt seizing the King by himself, without any Assistance.

But if even these two Brothers, who very likely were pickt out by the Evidence for the King-killers, merely for their hard Names, the very Sound of which would be as shrew'd an Argument of their Guilt to Women and children, and with as much Justice, as some of the odd Names of the poor People in the *West* were made, at least a strong Presumption against 'em, and almost as moral as an *Innuendo*. If even these two were innocent of this horrid Business, who were the only Persons engaged therein, pray, What then becomes of the Assassination? And won't *Rumbald's* Blunderbuss bear laughing at full as well as *Pickering's* Carbine or Screw-Gun, and chawed Bullets? But if there be any Thing solid in that Observation in *Colledge's*

Case, *That a Christian, and a Protestant, won't forswear himself when he is just going out of the World;* if this fair Supposition may but be granted me, as I see not how it can be avoided, the Matter will be clear enough; *Rumbald* himself in his Speech at his Execution in *Scotland,* absolutely disclaiming and denying any Hand in any such Design. See his Speech, and Answer to his Indictment—*He desired all Present to believe the Words of a dying Man—as for having designed the King's Death, he never directly, nor indirectly, intended such a Villany; That he abhorred the very Thoughts on't; and that he blessed God he had that Reputation in the World, that he knew none had the Impudence to ask him the Question; and he detested the Thoughts of the Action, and hoped all good People would believe him? which was the only Way he had to clear himself; and he was sure that this Truth should one Day be manifest to all Men.*] So at his Execution—*I think it necessary to clear my-self of some Aspersions laid on my Name; and first, that I should have had so horrid an Intention of destroying the King and his Brother.*] Where he repeated what he had said to the Jury on the same Subject.

The Sum is,—If any Assassination, it must have been from the *Rumbalds:* If not by them as has been proved, then not at all. If no Assassination in this Plot, then nothing is left of Malignity in it, but a lawful and laudable Opposition to the Breach and Ruin of our good Laws and Government; and even that, as will be proved, not proved against most of those that by the Iniquity of the Times, suffered for the same.

We have been forced to give this fair and impartial Scheme or Idea of that Design, which was at that Time represented so formidable and dreadful, before we could handsomely proceed to the Death of this Noble Lord, or those others that followed him; and that as well from the Order of the History, as for his Vindication. And as has been remarked, 'Twas necessary for that Party who managed our Ruin, that the forementioned Business of the Assassination should be believed, and nothing like a real one actually performed, to gain Credit to a feigned one only pretended: For what could be a greater Argument than there was some black Wickedness at the Bottom, some Sin of an extraordinary Stain, like the Murder of Princes, bearing too hard

on his Conscience, that could possibly induce so great a Man to so unchristian an Attempt on his own Person? Hence they might, and no doubt did argue—Hence the very Rabble may easily reason—Certainly there was more in it than only just Consultations, and necessary Measures taken for the Publick Safety by the Peers of the Realm — by the King and Kingdom's best Friends, to deliver his Majesty from those Familiars that haunted him. There was more than this, and this Lord was conscious of it, or else certainly he had never acted what he has. Now this would effectually excite that Aversion which must necessarily follow from all honest Men, to a Party who cou'd be guilty of such horrid Designs. This must of Necessity, as in Effect it did, sway much with those Juries who were to sit upon the Lives of any accused or concerned in the same Business, had there not been more weighty Reasons to be produced below, towards the finding 'em guilty. Altho' 'tis certain, by their own Confession, the best Excuse they could make for innocent Blood particularly iu *Russel's* Case, was that Confirmation they had to the Evidence sworn against 'em by *Essex's* Murder. Besides there might be a barbarous kind of a Pleasure, in opening this Plot with a Scene so like that which began the Popish one; and that in all Probability, by the same Actors whose Hands were deep in the others.

There was a Gentleman killed, which contributed very much towards the Credit of that Plot, tho' in another Way. *Here* must be one to undergo the same Fate for the same Reason. And both of 'em too pretendedly to kill themselves.—Just one as much as another.

These Preliminaries being cleared, 'twill be now Time to come to the Person of this Noble Lord, his Family, and former manner of Life.

Every one knows he was of the Illustrious Family of the *Capels*, whose Father died for a Family, whence he deserved better Treatment for his Sake, and had received it, had he not fallen in the Hands of Popish Gratitude and Mercy; which his Enemies knowing too well, and doubting the Sweetness of Temper, which all the World ever acknowledged in King *Charles* the Second, would not give him over to their publick Revenge; in all Probability, resolved to take a shorter Course with him.

He had been some Years before in the highest Place under the King in *Ireland*, and there behaved himself with that Wisdom and Candor, inseparable from all the Actions of his Life—and lived above Blame, though not above Envy: Being recalled thence unexpectedly, and dealt with not very handsomly; which yet he bore with a Spirit like a Brave Man, and a Christian.

My Lord of *Essex* was a Person, whom, 'twas no Doubt the highest Interest of the Popish Faction, to have gotten out of the Way, even tho' there had been no such extraordinary Reason as has been mentioned. He had large Interest, a plentiful Estate, a great deal of Courage, understood the World, and the Principles and Practices of the Papists, as well as any Man, having been of several *Secret Committees* in the Examination of the Plot, for which very Reason there was as much Necessity for his dying as Sir *E. B. Godfrey's*. He was, besides all this, they very well knew, of *Inflexible* Honesty, and so true a Greatness of Mind, they could no more expect to gain him, than Heaven itself, to be on their Side.

As for the immediate Subject of his Death, the Manner and Circumstances thereof,—It must first be granted, and a very reasonable Demand it is, that for the present only supposing he was murdered only by the Papists, they would, we may be Sure, make it their Business to render the *Manner* of it as dark as the Hell in which it was contrived. Murders, especially of that Magnitude, don't use to be committed in the Face of all the World, and at Noon-day. When Power is engaged in any Villany, when the same power is still continued or created, and can be easily exercised in taking out of the Way the Traitors, though it loves the Treason; and when so many years have intervened since the Fact; 'tis no Wonder at all if Things are more in the Dark, than they would have been, had at that very Instant, Liberty been given to have enquired into it, which was so loudly and passionately demanded. But this we are yet certain of, tho' no more be yet publickly known in this Matter than what has formerly been Printed; and there may be several Reasons, both of State and Decency, which may perhaps make it convenient that Things should always be as they are; yet there are already such violent Probabilities, both that he was murthered,

and murthered by Papists; and of the other Side, such at least next to Impossibilities, in his acting it himself, that as long as the World stands, no modest Man will be able either to get by 'em or over 'em; nor the most Impudent or Cunning, to out-face, or give them an Answer.

For the Probability that he was murthered by Popish Contrivement, besides those already named, *Why* they should do it? Here are these following Arguments, *That* they did it: Their Principles too openly known to be denied: Their practices in all Ages, and this present,—Sir *E. B. G.* the very *Prototype* of *Essex*, *Arnold*, all the pretended *Legal* Murders, all that has since happened—But if 'tis said, some Papists are *better* and *braver* than others, Let's come nearer. Would those that formerly burnt *London;* those who have since broke all the Obligations of Gratitude and good Nature, nay Publick Faith, and the most solemn *Oaths* which 'tis possible for a Man to take—Who, if the Testimonies of such as have confirmed it with their dying *Breaths*, and last Drop of *Blood*, may be credited, who have encouraged, hired, paid Men for Attempts to be made on the lives of their Nearest, and too tender Relations; would such as these stick at a single Murther, a small *Venial Villany*, to advance their Cause, and merit Heaven into the Bargain? When Pretence of Justice, Necessity of Affairs, Reason of State, and so many more such Weights might be thrown into the Scales? More then all this—When such Persons as these were actually in the Place where this Murther was committed, at the very Instant 'twas done? All these together, with what is yet to follow, amount to as strong Arguments and *pregnant* Circumstances as the Nature of the Thing will bear, and mark out the Murtherers as plainly and visibly, as if they had come out of his Chamber with *white Sleeves*, and a long *Knife* in their Hands, bloody all over.

And indeed there seems Need of little more than relating bare, simple, indubitable Matter of Fact, and such as hardly any Body will deny, to satisfie any cool rational Man in the Business.

The Earl of *Essex's* Throat was cut in the Tower the 13*th* of *July*, about Eight or Nine in the Morning, at which Time the Duke of *York*, a bigotted Papist, his known bitter Enemy, was there present. This was reported at *Andover*, Sixty Miles from *London*, the 11*th* of *July*, the first Day of his Imprisonment, and

as common Town-talk in every Body's Mouth, as Sir *E. B. G's* at the Time of his Murther, and told a Person travelling on the Road near the same Place, which was witnessed before, *even a Jeffreys*, in a Publick Court of Judicature. A *Deputy* Coroner present at the Inquest instead of a *Legal* one; none of the Relations to attend the Inquest. The Body removed from the Place were 'twas first laid, stript, the Cloaths taken away, the Body and Rooms washed from the Blood, the Cloaths denied the View of the Jury. The principal Witnesses examin'd, only *Bomeny* his Man, and *Russel* his Warder, who might be so justly suspected of being privy to, if not Actors in it. That the Jury hasten'd and hurried the Verdict, when so Great a Man, a Peer of the Realm, and such a Peer was concerned, who was the King's Prisoner. When Sir *Thomas Overbury* had been before murthered in the Tower, and his Jury brought in an unrighteous Verdict; whenever Sir *E. B. G's* Jury, so much cried out against for all their ill Management, adjourned their Verdict, and staid considerably before they brought it in. This at a Time when the Lord *Russel* was to be tried for a Share in a Plot, in which the Earl was also accused of being concerned. One Branch of which Conspiracy, and which 'twas so much the Papists Interest to have the Belief on't fixt, was a barbarous Murther of the Duke and King; when nothing could so immediately and critically tend to that Noble Gentleman's Ruin; when the News was instantly, with so much Diligence, convey'd from the *Tower* to the *Sessions-House*, *Bench*, *Bar*, and *Jury*, and harped upon by the Lord *Howard* just then, and by others in After-Trials, as more than a Thousand Witnesses, and the very Finger of God. After this the very Centinel, who that Day stood near the Place, found dead in the Tower-Ditch, and Captain *Hawley* barbarously murdered down at *Rochester;* and ill Methods us'd to prevent the Truth of all from coming to Light. Mr. *Braddon* harassed, prosecuted, jayled, and fined for stirring in it. On the fair and impartial Consideration but of these Things, hardly one of which but is notorious Matter of Fact, granted by all Sides—What *can* a Man conclude from the Whole, but whether he will or no—That this Noble Lord was certainly murthered by the Popish Party?

But there is yet more Evidence,—If he could not murther him-

self in that Manner, who then should do it but those on whom the Guilt of it has been justly charged? And this from the Manner of it. His Throat was cut from one Jugular to the other, and by the *Aspera Arteria* and Wind-pipe to the *Vertebræ* of the Neck, both the Jugulars being throughly divided. How often has it been asked, and how impossible it should ever receive an Answer,—*How could any living Man, after the prodigious Flux of Blood which must necessarily follow on the dividing one Jugular, as well as all those strong Muscles which lye in the Way, how could he ever have Strength to go through, all round, and come to the other, without fainting?* One could as soon believe the Story of the Pirate, who after his Head was cut off, ran the whole Length of his Ship; or that of St. *Dennis*, which was, no Doubt, grafted on the other.

Nor is it rendered less impossible from the Instrument with which those who did it would persuade the World 'twas performed by himself. A little *French* Razor. Had *Bomeny* held to the *Penknife*, it had been much more likely. But here was nothing to *rest* or *bear upon* in the cutting, it having no *Tongue* to hold it up in the *Haft:* And as 'tis observed in the Prints on that Subject, he must therefore, supposing he had done it himself, have held his Hand pretty far, upon the very Blade, and so with about *two Inches aud a half* of it *whittle* out a Wound of four Inches deep, and all round his Neck, as if he had intended to have been his own *Headsman*, as well as Executioner, out of Remorse of Conscience for his *Treason.*

Lastly, His *Character* makes it morally impossible he should be guilty of so mean and little an Action. 'Tis for Women, and Eunuchs, and Lovers, and Romantick Heroes, to *kill themselves;* not Men of known Vertue, Temper, Wisdom, Piety, and Gravity; who had formerly digested as great Affronts as could be put upon a Man, with a Candor and Calmness so worthy a Man and a Christain, who had been so far from defending so barbarous and unmanly a Thing as Self-murther, as is suggested, that he had rather express'd himself with Detestation concerning it.

And as he ought not, and could not be hurried into so fatal an Action by a false mistaken *Greatness of Mind;* as no such Thing, or so much as the least Footsteps of it appeared in the whole Course of his Life; so from all his Actions in the Tower before

his Death, we may fairly deduce the quite contrary to what his Enemies have asserted; and by observing his Conduct there, discover plainly that no such black Intention ever enter'd into his Mind. This appears from ordering his People to have his own Plate sent for out of the Country to dress his Meat, as well as a considerable Parcel of Wines bought and brought into the Tower for his Drinking, that he might not stand to the Courtesie of his Enemies; and this sufficient to last him till he could be delivered by due Course of Law.

I can foresee but one Thing that can with the least Plausibility be objected to this considerable Passage; and 'tis, *That this was when he was first committed, before he fell melancholly, which he more eminently did when he heard my Lord* Russel *was to be tried, as being grieved and desperate for having brought so brave a Gentleman into such unhappy Circumstances,* as *Bomeny* somewhere or other pretends to, on discoursing with him on that Particular.

But there are two Answers which cut all the *Sinews* of this Objection: One, *That this was the very Day before he was murdered, that he sent both for his* Wine *and* Silver Vessels. Now *Bomeny* lays the Foundation of his Melancholly, and the Intention to be his own Destroyer, on the very *first* day he came into the Tower. For he says in his Deposition in *Braddon's* Trial, [*That he had ordered his Servant two Days before to provide a* Penknife *for him, on Pretence of cutting his Nails, but with an Intent of committing that Fatal and Tragical Act.*] The Thirteenth of *July* was the Day of his *Martyrdom*, two Days before then must be the Eleventh, the Day of his Commitment: But 'twas the intervening Day, the Twelfth of that Month, on which he took such Care to eat and drink safely: Whereas had there been any such Design in his Head, he would never have taken such Measures; and if he had had an Intention to amuse his People, that no such Thing might have been suspected, he might have taken other Ways, less troublesome and chargeable.

But what yet clears all the remaining Scruple, is his ordering his *Gentleman* to *take Notes* at my Lord *Russel's* Trial, appointing him how to manage himself for the effecting it, so calmly and orderly, that he can't be suppos'd either disturbed, or desperate on Account of his own Guilt, or *Russell's* Unhappiness; or to have

taken this Course with himself, as *Jeffreys* says in *Braddon's* Trial, to *prevent Justice*, tho' others did it with him, to *prevent Mercy*.

One great Argument more; That, which indeed when it happened, did much alarm all *thinking* Men, and make 'em shrewdly suspect *foul Play* had been offered, was the ill Treatment those met with who dared but pry into those *Arcana Imperii*, and desire but in a legal Way that the Business might be reviewed, and searched to the Bottom. This was granted in the Case of poor Sir *Edmund*, many Years after his Death, and Commission given to enquire into it, to *L'Estrange*.—But 'tis confest there was a great deal of Difference. One, as 'twas managed, tending to root up all Belief of a *Popish Plot:* T'other, if it had been honestly examined, might have done as much in Reality to a *Protestant one*. The great Tenderness of some Persons in this Case, and their huge Aversion and Unwillingness to be touched thereabouts, made People more than suspect, that there was some Sore or other in the Case which would not endure it. Mr. *Braddon* had heard of a Boy, who being playing before *Essex's* Window that Morning saw a bloody Razor thrown out of the Window; he thought he should do the King Service to make a Discovery if any Injury had been offered to one of his Subjects, especially so great and good a Person. He brings the Boy with him to my Lord *Sunderland*, and for his Reward is himself brought before the Council, severely reprimanded, and forced to give 2000 *l.* Bail to answer an Information for *suborning* the Boy to say what he did. Upon which, after a great many worse Vexations, which besides the Charge and Trouble, hindred also his Prosecution of the Business while 'twas yet fresh and warm: he was at last tried: The very words in the Indictment running, *—For his procuring and suborning false Witnesses to prove that the Earl of* Essex *was not a Felon of himself*, &c. Of which, according to *Jeffrey's Law*, and the *Conscience* of the then Juries, he was found guilty, and fined for the same; tho' not the least Syllable of Practice or *Subornation* prov'd against him: Tho' the Boy did himself acknowledge he had *said those Things*, as well as several Witnesses proved it: Tho' 'twas terribly suspicious that some Art had been afterwards used with the Boy to make him deny it; tho' *Jeffreys* stormed and raved after his usual

Manner, when Mr. *Wallop* did put such a Question, and would by no means have it be answered.

But whatever this couragious honest Gentleman suffered from their Spite and Malice, he bore all with *handsome*, and truly *English* Resolution. As he before his Imprisonment, and since, was indefatigably diligent in getting up the Bottom of this foul Business; all *Englishmen* must own, he has deserved the Love and Honour of His country, who was not discouraged from acting even in the worst of Times, against a whole enraged Faction, where he had such firm and pregnant Circumstances on which to ground his Attempt; tho' he could not but be sensible he must undergo all the Censures of his Friends, as forward and imprudent; as well as all the Hate and Malice of his own and his Country's Enemies. He deserves a much fairer Commendation than here can be given him; but however, this was a just Debt due to his Courage and Honesty, when he alone durst undertake what all the World else was afraid of: Durst still continue firm to Honour and Conscience, and his first Resolution, in Spite of Fines and Imprisonments, and has now outliv'd 'em all, to carry on his first Undertakings; whose Design therein is, no Doubt, just and generous, whatever the Event proves; and although so much Dust may have, since it happened, been purposely thrown on the Action, that it may be now more Difficult, and perhaps unsuccessful to trace it, than 'twas before.

His Character.

It must be confessed, 'tis a bold and dangerous Thing to attempt the Character of one of the greatest men which our Age has produced, especially for one who had not the honour of any personal Intimacy with him. All that's to be done is from what has been already said, and what other Memoirs are left of him, to endeavour at something so *like* him, that any one who sees it, may say 'twas *meant* for the *Picture* of the Great *ESSEX*, how infinitely soever it must of Necessity be *short* of its *Original*.

The first Thing then remarkable in him, and which alone would sufficiently distinguish him, is, That he was a Person of *strict Morals*, and *severe Piety;* and that in the midst of a Court and Age not very famous for either. Nor did this degenerate into Superstition or Weakness. He was a refined

Politician, without what some will say 'tis impossible to be so, and that's Dissimulation. When Affronts were offered him, he did not, as others, dissemble 'em, but, like himself, only scorn and conquer 'em; even tho' of the highest Nature, and which generally pierce deepest into Persons of his Figure and Character. He was, as all the rest here commemorated, a firm Lover of his Country and Religion, the true Character of a true *Englishman;* and Engaged on their Sides against the then Duke of *York*, and other Ministers, not from any mean Pique or little discontented Humour, which he has very much above, but meerly from the true Respect he had for 'em, and a Sense of that imminent Danger they were in, which his piercing Judgment and long Experience made him more sensible of, and his Courage and Vertue more concerned at, than others; not only those who sat unconcerned Spectators, or shared in their Ruins; but even the most of them who were engaged with him in the same Common Cause of their Defence and Preservation. Nothing of such an Impatience, or Eagerness, or black Melancholly could be discerned in his Temper or Conversation, as is always the Symptom or Cause of such Tragical Ends, as his Enemies would persuade us he came to.

Lastly, What may be said of most of the rest, does in a more especial and eminent Manner agree to the Illustrious *ESSEX;* and than which, nothing greater can be said of Mortality, *He liv'd an Hero, and dy'd a Martyr.*

Upon the Execrable Murther of the Right Honourable *Arthur* Earl of Essex.

Mortality would be too frail to hear
How *ESSEX* fell, and not dissolve with Fear;
Did not more generous Rage take off the Blow,
And by his Blood, the Steps to Vengeance show?

The *Tow'r* was for the Tragedy design'd;
And to be Slaughter'd he is first Confin'd:
As fetter'd *Victims* to the Altar go.
But why must Noble *ESSEX* perish so?
Why with such Fury drag'd into his Tomb,
Murther'd by Slaves, and sacrific'd to *Rome?*

By Stealth they kill, and with a secret Stroak,
Silence that Voice which Charm'd whene'er it Spoke,
The bleeding Orifice o'erflow'd the Ground,
More like some mighty Deluge, than a Wound.
Through the large Space his Blood and Vitals glide,
And his whole Body might have past beside.
The wreaking Crimson swell'd into a Flood,
And stream'd a Second Time in *Capel's* Blood.
He's in his Son again to Death pursu'd,
An Instance of the high'st Ingratitude.
They then malicious Stratagem's imploy,
With Life his dearer Honour to destroy;
And make his Fame extinguish with his Breath,
And act beyond the Cruelties of Death.
Here Murther is in all its *Shapes* compleat,
As *Lines* united in their *Center* meet,
Form'd by the blackest Politicks of Hell;
Was *Cain* so dev'lish when his Brother fell?

He that contrives, or his own Fate desires,
Wants Courage, and for Fear of Death, expires:
But Mighty *ESSEX* was in all Things Brave;
Neither to *Hope*, nor to *Despair*, a Slave.
He had a *Soul* too *Innocent* and *Great*,
To fear, or to anticipate his Fate:
Yet their exalted Impudence and Guilt
Charge on himself the precious Blood they spilt.
So were the Protestants some Years ago
Destroy'd in *Ireland* without a Foe.
By their own barbarous Hands the Mad-men die;
And massacre themselves they know not why:
Whilst the kind *Irish* howl to see the Gore,
And pious *Catholicks* their Fate deplore.
If you refuse to trust Erroneous Fame,
Royal *Mac-Ninny* will confirm the same.

We have lost more in Injur'd *Capel's* Heir,
Than the poor Bankrupt Age can e'er repair.
Nature indulg'd him so, that there we saw
All the choice Stroaks her steddy Hand could draw:

He the Old *English* Glory did revive,
In him we had *Plantagenets* alive.
Grandeur, and Fortune, and a vast renown
Fit to support the Lustre of a Crown.
All these in him were potently conjoin'd,
But all was too *ignoble* for his Mind.
Wisdom and *Vertue*, Properties Divine,
Those, God-like *ESSEX*, were entirely thine.

In his great Name he's still preserv'd alive,
And will to all succeding Times survive.
With just Progression, as the constant Sun
Doth move, and through its bright *Ecliptick* Run.
For whilst his Dust does undistinguish'd lye,
And his blest Soul is soar'd above the Sky,
Fame shall below his parted Breath supply.

WILLIAM LORD *RUSSEL.*

THE next who fell under their Cruelty, and to whose Death *Essex's* was but a *Prologue*, was my Lord *Russel;* without all Dispute the finest *Gentleman*, one of 'em, that ever *England* bred; and whose pious Life and Vertue is as much *Treason* against the Court, by affronting 'em with what was so much hated there, as any Thing else that was sworn against him. His Family was *ancient*, tho' not rais'd to the Honours it at present enjoys, till King *Edward's* Time, when *John Russel*, a *Dorsetshire* Gentleman, who had done many Services, and received many favours from the Crown, both in *Henry* the *Seventh*, and *Henry* the *Eighth's* Time, being by the latter made Lord High Admiral, and at his Death Lord High Steward of *England*, for the Solemnity of the Coronation; obtained such a Victory for his *Young Master* against his Rebels, as was rewarded with the Title of *The Earl* of Bedford. The Occasion of it thus — Idolatry and Superstition being now rooting out by the Publick Authority, and *Images* every where *pulling* down, the *Loyal* Papists mutined, and one of their

Priests stabb'd a Commander of the King's, who was obeying his Orders, and Ten Thousand of the deluded Rabble rise in the Defence of that barbarous Action, and their old Mass and Holy-Water. Against whom this Fortunate Lord was sent with an Army, who routed 'em all, relieved *Exeter*, which they had besieged, and took their Gods, Banners, Crucifixes, and all the rest of their Trumpery, wherein the deluded Creatures trusted for Victory. Thus the Family of the *Russels* were early Enemies to the *Romish* Superstition, tho' this Brave Gentleman only paid the Scores of all his Ancestors. The Son and Heir of this *John* was *Francis*, second Earl of *Bedford*, who was as faithful to the Crown as his Father, an Enemy and Terror to the *French*, and a Friend to the *Protestant* Religion, as may appear by the *Learned Books* of *Wickliff*, which he collected, and at his Death bequeathed to a great Man, who he knew would make good Use of 'em. His Eldest Son, *William* Lord *Russel*, the late Duke of *Bedford*, is sufficiently known to every true *Englishman*, and his Person and Memory will be honoured by them as long as the World lasts. But 'tis necessary good Men should not be immortal—if they were, we should almost lose their Examples, it looking so like Flattery. But to do 'em Justice while they are living, with more Safety and less Censure, we may discourse of that Noble Gentleman, his Son and Name-sake *William* Lord *Russel*, who made so great a Figure in our Courts and Parliaments, before he was sacrificed to the Cruelty and Revenge of his Popish Enemies. If we'd find his first Offence, which lay behind the Scene, and was indeed the Cause of his Death, though other Colours were necessary to amuse the Publick, we must look some Years backward, as he himself does in his last Speech, wherein he tells the World, [He cannot but think his Earnestness in the Matter of the Exclusion, had no small Influence on his present Sufferings.] Being chosen Knight of the Shire for *Bedfordshire*, where the Evenness and Sweetness of his Behaviour, and his Virtuous Life, made him so well-beloved, that he'll never be forgotten. He began sooner than most others to see into that Danger we were in from Popery, and all those fatal Consequences which have since happened; and described them as plainly as if he had more than the ordinary Inspection of a Prudent Man into Futurities. Thus in his

first Speech, on the Discovery of the Popish Plot in 78. he has these Words, [*I am of Opinion that the Life of our King, the Safety of our Country, and the Protestant Religion, are in great danger from Popery; and that either this Parliament must suppress the Power and Growth of Popery, or else that Popery will soon destroy not only Parliaments, but all that is near and dear to us.*] And lower, [*I humbly move, that we may resolve to take into our Consideration in the first Place, how to suppress Popery, and prevent a* **Popish Successor**, *without which all our Endeavours about this Matter will not signifie any thing.*] And how much he was in the Right as to all these Guesses, which then no doubt were nick-named *Groundless and Factious Fears and Jealousies*, all the World is now satisfied. Nothing can be more handsome than what he says on this Subject in his *Last Speech*, which gives the Reasons of his Acting at that Time, and being so earnest for the Bill, in which indeed is as fair a State of that great Question as we shall any where find in so little a Compass. [*I cannot*, (says he) *but give some Touch about the* Bill of Exclusion, *and shew the Reasons of my appearing in that Business, which in short is this*: *That I thought the Nation was in such Danger of Popery, and that the Expectation of a* Popish Successor (*as I have said in Parliament*) *put the* **King's Life** *also in such Danger, that I saw no Way so effectual to secure both, as such a Bill. As to the Limitations which were proposed, if they were sincerely offer'd, and had past into a Law, the Duke then would have been excluded from the Power of a King, and the Government quite alter'd, and little more than the Name of a King left: So I could not see either Sin or Fault in the one, when all People were willing to admit of the other; but thought it better to have a King with his Prerogative, and the Nation easie and safe under him, than a King without it, which must have bred perpetual Jealousies, and continual Struggle.*] Thus far that Noble Lord, with whom concurred at that time very many great and good Men, as true Lovers of the Regulated Monarchy of *England*, as of the Protestant Religion; and indeed all were at that Time unanimous in the House of Commons, and other Places, except some *honest Men*, who despaired of obtaining his Exclusion; Others who strained their Charity almost as far as *Origen*, who hoped well even of the Devil, and

they came not far short, believing a Papist would be honest or grateful. Some who were indifferent—Their private Obligations to the Duke byassing their Judgments too much on his Side. Others fearful that the contrary Tide ran so strong, they could have no Safety but under his Protection—and perhaps more than all these, others, who fairly *bought* and *sold* their Religion and Liberties—the Blood and Souls of themselves and honester Men; whom 'tis not doubted but our Chronicles will mark as long as our Nation has any in't that can but write themselves, or read what others have written.

The Reader will pardon this little Digression, and go on with me to remark some *strange Expressions* in another Speech of his. 'Twas on a Debate in the House for Money to be given for the Relief of *Tangier*. [*Doth not* (says he) *the Duke's interest indanger the* King's *Life? And are not our Lives and Fortunes in Danger to be snatched up by his Power?—And shall we yet make him stronger by putting Money into his Hands?*] And a little lower [*When his Majesty shall be pleased to free us from the Danger of a Popish Successor, and remove from his Council, and Places of Trust, all those who are for his Interest, because there can be no distinction made between the Duke's Interest and the Popish—Then I shall conclude, what Money we shall give, will be disposed of according to his Majesty's own Royal Pleasure, and for the true Protestant Interest, and I shall be ready to give, even* all that I have in the World, *if his Majesty shall have Occasion for it.*] I have been the larger in this, to undeceive the World as to that *clamouring* against those Parliaments for not giving the King Money, the true Reason of which we may here plainly perceive.

But there is one Passage so very remarkable, and I know not how to call it less than *Prophetical*, in the Beginning of this same Speech, that it must by no means be omitted, 'tis as follows. [*If ever there should happen in this Nation any such Change, that I should not have Liberty to* live *a* Protestant, *I am resolved to* die *one.*] And I think he was as good as his Word— For being markt out, and among others, appointed for the Slaughter, he was taken up and imprisoned for that End and Purpose in the Tower, and brought to his Trial above all Days in the Year, on *Essex's* Day, the 13*th* of *July*, 1683. He

was brought to the *Old Baily*, and the same Morning tried for High Treason. He earnestly desired he might have Respite, and might not be tried that Day, since he had some Witnesses that could not be in Town till the Night; nay, they were in such Post-haste, and so hot a Scent for his Blood, that on his earnest Desire, they would not stay so much as till the Afternoon, pretending 'twas against President, and they could not do it without the Attorney-General's Consent; tho' 'tis notorious, that both *Plunket*, the titular *Irish* Primate, and *Fitz-Harris*, before spoken of, were both of them tried a whole Term after they were arraign'd; tho' in both Cases the Attorney oppos'd it; and even here in the Case of Treason, at the *Old Baily* too, *Whitebread*'s Trial was put off to another Sessions. If 'tis pleaded, the Case is different, and that there was Reason for the one, but not for the other: 'Twill be readily granted,—Tho' my Lord's Evidence were not ready, theirs was—They had concerted Business better, and just at that Time News was brought hot into the House, that my Lord of *Essex* had this Morning prevented Justice, as has been before remarked in the Story of *Essex*; as also, That several of the Jury had said, They had never found *Russel* guilty, had it not been for that Accident. And indeed, were that all in the Case, there would be still Room for a great deal of Charity: For though that was no proper Evidence against the Prisoner, yet very few Persons in the World, perhaps, could have been found whose Minds would have been so firm, and Reason so clear, as not to be, whether they would or no, *hing'd* and *byass'd* by such a sudden Report as this brought in among 'em, when they had no Time to consider calmly of the Matter; and this, no doubt, was very well known by those who ordered Things in the manner before noted. But I say, 'twere to be wished, for the Honour of the *English* nation, that this had been *all the foul Play* in the Case, and that there had not been so many Thousand *Guinea's* imployed in this and other Trials, as the great *Agitators* thereof have lately confessed to have been. The Names of his Jury, as I find them in Print, are as follow:

John Martyn.	Thomas Short.	Thomas Jeve.
William Rouse.	George Toriano.	Hugh Noden.
Jervas Seaton.	William Butler.	Robert Brough.
William Fashion.	James Pickering.	Thomas Omeby.

When he found he must expect neither *Favour* nor *Justice*, as to the delaying of his Trial, he excepted against the *Foreman* of the Jury, because not a *Freeholder;* which for divers and sundry Reasons, almost, if not all the Judges, having the Happiness to light on different ones, and scarce any Two of the same, was over-ruled, and given against him; though that same Practice since declared and acknowledged one of the great *Grievances* of the Nation. His *Indictment* ran in these words, [*He did conspire and compass our Lord the King, his Supreme Lord, not only of his Kingly State, Title, Power, and Government of this his Kingdom of* England *to deprive and throw down; but also our said Sovereign Lord the King* to kill, and to Death to bring and put, *and the ancient Government of this Kingdom of* England *to change, alter, and wholly subvert, and a miserable Slaughter among the Subjects of our said Lord the King, through his whole Kingdom of* England *to cause and procure, and Insurrection and Rebellion against our said Lord the King to move, procure, and stir up within this Kingdom of* England.] And lower, [*He and divers others did consult, agree, and conclude Insurrection and Rebellion against our Sovereign Lord the King, to move and stir up, and the Guards for the Preservation of the Person of our said Sovereign Lord the King, to seize and destroy.*]

Now that all this was not intended as Matter of Form only, we may see by the King's Council's opening the Evidence. The first says—[He was indicted for *no less* than conspiring the *Death of the King's Majesty;* and that in Order to the same, he and others did meet and conspire together, to bring our Sovereign Lord the King to Death, to raise War and Rebellion against him, and to Massacre his Subjects—And in Order to compass these wicked Designs, being assembled, did conspire to seize the King's *Guards*, and his Majesty's Person: And this (he tells the Jury) is the Charge against him.

The Attorney-General melts it a little lower, and tells 'em the Meaning of all these Tragical Words, were *A consult about a Rising*—about seizing the *Guards*, and receiving Messages from E. of *Shafstsbury* concerning an Insurrection.

Nor yet does the Proof against him come up so high even as this, though all Care was used for that Purpose, and kind Ques-

tions put very frequently, to lead and drive the Evidence; but one of them witnessing to any one Point.

The first of whom was Col. *Rumsey*, who swears, *That he was sent with a* Message *from* Shaftsbury, *who lay concealed at* Wapping, *to meet Lord* Russel, Ferguson, *&c. at* Shepherd's, *to know of them what Resolution they were come to about the Rising designed at* Taunton—*That when he came thither, the Answer was made*, Mr. *Trenchard* had failed 'em, and no more would be done in that Business at that Time. *That Mr.* Ferguson *spoke the most part of that Answer; but my Lord* Russel *was present, and that he did speak* about *the Rising of* Taunton, *and* consented *to it. That the Company was discoursing also of viewing the* Guards, *in order to surprise 'em, if the Rising had gone on; and that some undertook to view 'em; and that the Lord* Russel *was by, when this was undertaken.*] But this being the main Hinge of the Business, and this Witness not yet coming up to the Purpose, they thought it convenient to give him a Jog, to refresh his Memory, asking him, [Whether he found my Lord *Russel* averse, or *agreeing* to it?] Who, no doubt, answered, *Agreeing*. But being afterwards in the Trial asked, Whether he could swear positively that my Lord *Russel* heard the Message, and gave any Answer to it? All that he says is this, [That when he came in, they were at the Fire-side, but they all came from the Fire-side to hear what he said.]

All that *Shepherd* witnesses, is, That my Lord *Russel*, &c. being at his House, there was a Discourse of surprizing the King's Guards; and Sir *Thomas Armstrong* having viewed them when he came thither another Time, said, They were remiss, and the Thing was feizible, if there were Strength to do it, and that (upon his being questioned too, as *Rumsey* before him) whether my Lord *Russel* was there? He says, He was, at that Time they discoursed of seizing the Guards.

The next Witness was the florid Lord *Howard*, who very artificially begins low, being, forsooth, so terribly surprized with my Lord of *Essex's* Death, that his Voice failed him, till the Lord Chief Justice told him the *Jury* could not hear him; in which very Moment his Voice returned again, and he told the Reason why he spoke no louder. After a long Harangue of

Tropes and fine Words, and dismal General Stories, by which, as my Lord complains, the Jury were prepossessed against him, he at last makes his Evidence *bear* directly upon the Point for which he came thither—And swears, [That after my Lord *Shaftsbury* went away, their Party resolved still to carry on the Design of the Insurrection without him ; for the better Management whereof they erected a little Cabal among themselves, which did consist of Six Persons, whereof my Lord *Russel* and himself were Two ; that they met for that Purpose at Mr. *Hambden's* House, and there adjusted the Place and Manner of the intended Insurrection : That about Ten Days after they had another Meeting on the same Business at my Lord *Russel's*, where they resolved to send some Persons to engage *Argyle* and the *Scots* in the Design—and (being asked too) that he was sure my Lord *Russel* was there.] Being asked whether he said anything, he answered, [That every one knew him to be a Person of great Judgment, and not very lavish of Discourse.] Being again goaded on by *Jeffreys* with a—*But did he consent!* [We did (says he) put it to the Vote, it went without Contradiction, and *I took it* that all there gave their Consent.]

West swears. That *Ferguson* and Col. *Rumsey* told him, That my Lord *Russel* intended to go down and take his Post in the *West*, when Mr. *Trenchard* had failed 'em. Whose hearsay Evidence being not encouraged, *Jeffreys* ends very *prettily*, telling the Court, they would not use any Thing of *Garniture*, but leave it as it was.

As for *Rumsey* the first Witness: As for his Person—My Lord *Candish* proved on the Trial, that my Lord *Russel* had a very ill Opinion of him, and therefore 'twas not likely he would entrust him with such a Secret.

As to his Evidence, squeezed out of him, as it was, in both Brances of the Design, seizing the Guards, and the Rising of *Taunton*, he says in gross and general, That he was *agreeing* to one, and *spoke about*, and *consented* to the other. For his *agreeing* to the seizing the Guards, he might think, as the Lord *Howard* does after, that *Silence* gives *Consent;* for it appears not, nor does he swear, that my Lord spoke one Word about it. But he himself, in his last Speech, which was not a *Jesuit's*, and which we have all the Reason in the World to believe exactly

true, since, as he himself says in it, [*He always detested Lying, tho' never so much for his Advantage; and hoped none would be so unjust, or uncharitable, to think he'd venture on it in these his last Words, for which he was so soon going to give an Account to the Great God, the Searcher of Hearts, and Judge of all Things.*] In this last Speech he protests, that at this Time of which *Rumsey* swears, there was no *undertaking of securing and seizing the Guards*, nor none appointed to view or examine them, only some Discourse there was of the *Feasibleness* of it: He had heard it mentioned as a Thing might easily be done, but never consented to as a Thing fit to be done. Now I'd ask any Man of Sense and Honour, who did but know my Lord *Russel*, let 'em be never so much his Enemy, (if there were any such) which of these two they really judge most worthy to be believed? There is but *one* against *one*. *Rumsey*, who either swore upon liking, for saving his Life, or was a *Trapan*, [That he was consenting to the seizing the Guards] or my Lord *Russel* on his *Death* and *Salvation* solemnly affirming, [That he was so far from *consenting* to any such Thing, that there was not so much as any such Undertaking mentioned in the Company while he was with 'em.] Especially when 'tis observable, that *Rumsey* never instances in the Terms in which he gave his *Consent*, The same is to be said of the other Branch of his Evidence, as to the Message of the *Insurrection*, which, he says, he brought into the Room, found the Lord *Russel* and the rest by the Fire; whence they all came to him, and heard his Message, and the Lord *Russel discoursed* of the Subject on't, and *consented* to't. To all which let's again oppose not only what he answered in his Trial, wherein he says, That he would *swear* he never heard, or knew of that Message, which *Rumsey* says he brought to them; but also what he says in Confirmation thereof in his Speech, [*I shall aver, that what I said of my not hearing Col.* Rumsey *deliver any Message from my Lord* Shaftsbury *was true.*]

And a little before, [*When I came into the Room I saw Mr.* Rumsey *by the Chimney, tho' he swears he came in after.*]

One thing more is observable, That when *West* came to give in his *Garniture-Evidence*, he runs in a *Length* further than *Rumsey*, and remembers *Rumsey* had told him, what it seems

he himself had forgot, That on Mr. *Trenchard's* failing 'em, my Lord *Russel* was to go in his Place, and take up Posts along in the *West*. And indeed had not *West* miss'd his *Cue*, and by imitating my Lord *Howard's* Example, begun first with *Hearsay*, he had made as stabbing an Evidence as e'er a one of the other—Or had they but let him run to the End of his Thred, and take Things methodically, as his Lordship did before him.

For *Shepherd*, all must grant he says not a Syllable to the Purpose, or any thing which affects my Lord. He can hardly tell whether he was there when there was the Discourse of seizing the Guards, but speaks not a Word of my Lord's *hearing*, or in the leastwise *consenting* thereunto.

As for my Lord *Howard's* Evidence, we may, without *Scandalum Magnatum*, affirm, that every Lord is not fit to make a *Privy-Counsellor;* no, nor every *witty* Lord neither, especially in a Business of such a Concern. He does very well to say, the *Council of Six* all *chose* themselves ; for had not he given his own Vote for himself, hardly any Body else would have done it, since his Character is so notoriously different from that which he himself gives of my Lord *Russel*, [*whom*, he says, *every one knew to be a Person of great Judgment, and not very lavish of Discourse.*] For his Evidence, he too is so happy to have a better Memory than *Rumsey*, as well as *West* had ; and says, *That the Duke of* Monmouth *told him*, Rumsey *had convey'd my Lord* Russel *to* Shaftsbury, *on whose Persuasion the Insurrection was put off a Fortnight longer.* Of this *Rumsey* himself says not a Syllable.

He says further, *That when they had enquired how Matters stood in the Country, and the Duke of* Monmouth *had found* Trenchard *and the* West-*Country failed them, on this 'twas put off again—and this about the* 17*th or* 18*th of* October. Now this same action *Rumsey* speaks of, but takes a larger Scope as to the Time, the End of *October*, or Beginning of *November*, far enough from the 17th or 18th of the Month before. *Rumsey* says, *On this Disappointment of* the Taunton *Men and* Trenchard, Shaftsbury *resolved to be gone.* Lord *Howard,—That he was so far from it, that he and his Party resolved to* do it without the Lords, *and had set one Time and t'other, and at last the* 17*th of* November, *which also not taking Effect, then*

Shaftsbury *went off.* As to his Evidence, which was closer—the Story of the *Council of Six*, besides the former Improbability, that he among all the Men in *England* should be chosen one of 'em; 'tis remarkable, that in their former greater Consults at *Shepherd's* which he and *Rumsey* mention, the Lord *Howard* was never present, nor so much as touches on't in his Evidence; tho' here, if any were, the grand Affair of seizing the Guards, and the Answer to *Shaftsbury* about *Taunton* was concerted. All that appears of Truth in the Matter, seems to be what my Lord Russel acknowledges,—*That those Persons named, met very often—that there was no formed Design, but only loose Talk about those Concerns. That there was no Debate of any such Thing as was sworn, nor putting any Thing in a Method: but my Lord* Howard *being a Man of a Voluble Tongue, and one who talkt very well, they were all delighted to hear him.*

Nor indeed does my Lord *Howard* positively swear, even supposing this formed Consult to be true, that my Lord *Russel* actually consented to it. Only—*That he was there*—and *that he took it, and that he did give his* Consent.

'Tis a very ill Cause that needs either a *Lye* or a *Cheat* to defend it. My Lord *Russel* himself being so ingenuous to acknowledge whatever of Truth, any that knew him will believe to be in his Part of the Design, 'twould be an Injury to his Memory to do any otherwise. It appears then from his own Acknowledgment, that *Howard, Armstrong*, and such others, had sometimes discoursed of ill Designs and Matters in his Company: And, as he says in his Speech, [*What the Heats, Wickedness, Passions, and Vanities of other Men had occasioned, he ought not to be answerable for, nor could he repress 'em.*] Nay more, he did sufficiently disapprove those Things which he heard discoursed of with more Heat than Judgment. But for himself, declares solemnly again and again, *That he was never in any Design against the King's Life, or any Man's whatsoever; nor ever in any Contrivance of altering the Government.* If so, what then becomes of all the Story of the *Council of Six?* And is't not to be thrown among the same Lumber with the Old Famous *Nags-head-Tavern* Business? 'Twill be still said he was an Ill Man, in being guilty by this

very Confession, of *Misprision of Treason.*—Supposing this true —That was not Death, and he died, as he says, *Innocent of the Crime he stood condemned for.* And besides, every Lord has not Brow hard enough, nor Tongue long enough, nor Soul little enough, to make an Informer against others to save his own Life? [*I hope*, says he, *no Body will imagine that so mean a Thought could enter into me, as to go about to save my Life by accusing others. The Part that some have acted lately of that Kind, has not been such as to invite me to love Life at such a Rate.*

But all this does not depend on his naked Word, since the Evidence who swore against him, being such as were neither *credible*, nor indeed so much as *legal* Witnesses, the Accusation of itself must fall to the Ground. If *legal*, they were not *credible*, because, as my Lord *Delamere* observes in this Case, they had no Pardons, but hunted, as the *Cormorant* does, with Strings about their Necks, which *West*, in his Answer to *Walcot's* Letter, ingenuously acknowledges, and says, [*'Tis through God's and the King's Mercy, he was not at the apparent Point of Death.*] That is, in a fair Construction, was not just turning over, but was upon Trial, to see whether he'd do Business, and deserve to 'scape Hanging. Much such an honourable Way of getting Pardon, as the Fellow who saved his own Neck by turning *Hangman*, and doing the good Office to his own Father.

Nor indeed was the great Witness, the *honourable Lord*, who *cast* this Noble Person, so much as a *legal*, any more than a *credible* Witness. No man alive has any Way to clear himself from the most perjur'd Villain's Malice, if he swears against him Point-blank, but either by Circumstance of Time, or invalidating his very Evidence. Let any think of another Way if they can. The first of these was precluded. 'Twas that which had before been made Use of to *sham off a truer Plot*, and much more valid Evidence. But here *Rumsey* and the rest came to no determinate Time, but only *about such a Time; about* the End of *October*, or Beginning of *November:* And others cloud the precise Time in so many Words, that 'tis impossible to find it. All then that could be done, was as to the Person. Now what Thing can be invented, which can more *invalidate* the Evidence any Person gives, than his solemn, repeated, voluntary Oath, indubitably proved against him, that such a Person is

innocent of that very Crime of which he afterwards accuses him? If this be the Case or no here, let any one read the following Depositions, and make an indifferent Judgment. My Lord *Anglesey* witnesses, *He was at the Earl of* Bedford's, *after his Son was imprisoned, where came in my Lord* Howard, *and began to comfort him, saying, He was happy in so wise a Son, and worthy a Person; and who could never be in such a* Plot *as that. That he knew nothing against him, or any Body else, of such a barbarous Design.* But this was not upon Oath, and only related to the Assassination, as he says for himself in his *Paring-distinction.* Look then a little lower to Dr. *Burnet,* whom the Lord *Howard* was with the Night after the Plot broke out, and then, as well as once before, with Hands and Eyes lifted up to Heaven, did say, *He* knew *nothing of* ANY Plot, *nor* believed ANY. Here's the most Solemn Oath, as he himself confesses voluntarily, nay, unnecessarily; tho' perhaps in my Lord *Bedford's* Case, good Nature might work upon him. Here's the *Paring of his Apple* broke all to Pieces. No Shadow, no Room left for his Distinction between the *Insurrection* and *Assassination,* but without any Guard or Mitigation at all, he solemnly swears, he *knew* not of *ANY Plot,* nor *believed ANY.*

But 'twas no great Matter, for the *Jury* were resolv'd to know and believe it, whether he did or no.

There's but one little *Subterfuge* more, and the Case is clear. All this Perjury, all these solemn Asseverations he tells us were only to brazen out the Plot, and to outface the Thing for himself and Party. This he fairly acknowledges; and let all the World be the Jury, whether they would destroy one of the Bravest Men in it, on the Evidence of such a Person? But there's yet a farther Answer. His cousin Mr. *Howard,* who was my Lord's Intimate Friend, who secured him in his House, to whom he might open his Soul, and to whom it seems he did, he having made Application to Ministers of State in his Name, that he was willing to serve the King, and give him *Satisfaction;*— To him, I say, with whom he had *secret Negotiations,* and that of such a Nature—will any believe that he would outface the Thing here too? That he would *perjure* himself for nothing, where no Danger, no Good came on't? No certainly, his Lordship had

more Wit and Conscience, and Honour; he ought to be *vindicated* from such an Imputation, even for the Credit of his main Evidence; for my Lord *Gray*, he tells us, *was left out of their Councils for his* Immoralities; *and had he himself been such a Sort of a Man, those piercing Heads in the Council would have certainly found him out before, and never admitted him among them.* As for the very Thing, Mr. *Howard* tells it as generously, and with as much honest Indignation as possible, in Spite of the Checks the Court gave him. [*He took it*, says he, *upon his* Honour, *his* Faith, *and as much as if he had taken an Oath before a Magistrate, that he knew nothing of any Man concerned in this Business—and particularly of the Lord* Russel; *of whom* he added, *that he thought he did* unjustly suffer.] So that if he had the same Soul on *Monday*, that he had on *Sunday*, (the very Day before (this could not be true that he swore against the Lord *Russel.* My Lord *Russel's* Suffering was *Imprisonment*, and that for the same Matter on which he was tried, the *Insurrection*, not the *Assassination.* If my Lord *Howard* knew him guilty of that for which he was committed, tho' not the other, how could he then say, 'Twas *unjustly* done?

After all this, 'twould be almost superfluous to go any further, or insert the Evidence given by Dr. *Tillotson, Burnet, Cox*, and others, not only of his Vertuous and Honourable Behaviour, but especially of his Judgment about any Stirs, or Popular Insurrections,—*That he was absolutely against 'em,—that 'twas Folly and Madness till Things came to be regulated in a* Parliamentary Way, *and thought 'twould ruin the best Cause in the World to take any such Ways to preserve it.*

All this and more would not do, die he must, the Duke ordered it, the Witnesses swore it, the Judges directed it, the Jury found it; and when the Sentence came to be pass'd, the Judge ask'd, as is usual, *What he had to say why it should not be pronounced?* He answered, *That whereas he had been charged in the Indictment which was then read to him, with* Conspiring the Death of the King, *which he had not taken Notice of before, he appealed to the Judge and Court, whether he were guilty within the Statute on which he was tried, the Witnesses having sworn an Intention of* Levying War, *but not of* Killing the King, *of which there was* no Proof *by any one Witness.* The Recorder

told him, *That was an Exception* proper, *and as he thought, his Lordship did make it before the* Verdict. *Whether the Evidence did amount to prove the Charge, was to be observed by the Jury; for if the Evidence came short of the Indictment, they could not find it to be a true Charge; but when once they had found it, their* Verdict *did pass for Truth, and the Court was bound by it, as well as his Lordship, and they were to go according to what the Jury had found,* not their Evidence. Now I'd fain know, what's the Reason of the Prisoner's being ask'd that Question, *What he has to say for himself?* Is't only Formality, or Banter? He makes an Exception, which the Judge himself confesses *proper.* But who was *Counsel* for the Prisoner? Is not the *Bench?* Or, does it not *pretend to be so?* And why is not this observed by them in their Direction to the Jury? The Recorder seems to grant it fairly, that the Evidence did not prove the Charge, and says, the Court was to go, *Not according to the Evidence.* Well, *Evidence,* or none, the Truth is, was not the Question? For being found guilty, Sentence past upon him—whence he was removed to *Newgate.* While he was there, *the Importunity of his Friends,* as he says handsomly in his Speech, *lest they should think him sullen or stubborn, prevailed with him to sign* Petitions, *and make an* Address *for his Life, tho' 'twas not without Difficulty that he did any thing that was* begging *to save it.* But with how much Success, it may easily be guessed by any who knew the Duke's Temper, nor is it forgotten how barbarously his Lady and Children were repulsed, and the King's good Nature not suffered to save one of the best Men in his Kingdom. Dr. *Burnet* and Dr. *Tillotson* were with him much of the Time between his Sentence and Death; where to the last, he owned that Doctrine, which other good Men, who were then of another Judgment, have since been forc'd into, namely, the *Lawfulness* of *Resistance* against *unlawful* Violence, from whom soever it be.

After the fruitless Applications for his Pardon; after a Farewell and Adieu in this World, to one of the *best of Women,* who stood by him, and assisted him in his Trial, and left him not till now, he at last on *Saturday* the 21st of *July* went into his own Coach about Nine a Clock, with Dr. *Tillotson* and Dr. *Burnet;* whence he was carried to *Great-Lincolns-Inn-Field* to the Scaffold

prepared for him, where, among all the numerous Spectators, he was one of the most unconcerned Persons there; and very few rejoyced at so doleful a Spectacle, but the Papists, who indeed had sufficient Reason; my Lord *Powis's* People expressing, as 'tis said, a great deal of Pleasure and Satisfaction. There, after he had again solemnly protested his Innocency, and that he was far from any Design against the King's Person, or of altering the Government: Nay, *That he did upon the Words of a dying Man, profess, that he* knew *of no Plot against the King's Life or Government;* and delivering one of the finest Speeches in the World to the Sheriff, he prayed by himself, and with Dr. *Tillotson's* Assistance; and embracing him and Dr. *Burnet*, he submitted to the fatal *Stroaks*, for the Executioner took no less than Three before he could sever his Head, which when 'twas held up, as usual, there was so far from being any *Shout*, that a considerable *Groan* was heard round the Scaffold. His Body was given to his Friends, and conveyed to *Cheneys* in *Buckinghamshire*, where 'twas buried among his Ancestors. There was a great Storm, and many *loud Claps of Thunder* the day of his *Martyrdom.*

An *Elegy* was made on him immediately after his Death; which seems, by what we have of it, to be writ with some *Spirit*, and a great deal of Truth and good Will; only this Fragment on't could be retrieved, which yet may not be unwelcome to the Reader.

'Tis done—he's *crown'd;* and one bright *Martyr* more,
Black *Rome*, is charg'd on thy too bulky Score.
All *like himself* he mov'd; so calm, so free,
A general Whisper question'd—*Which is He?*
Deckt like a *Lover*, tho' pale Death's his *Bride*,
He *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*, and *dy'd.*
Earth wept, and all the vainly pitying Croud:
But Heaven his Death in Thunder *groan'd* aloud.

The rest are lost—But he has better Justice done him by the honourable Parliament; and if the World should possibly be so malicious and silly, in After-Ages, as some are in this, and ask, *What have they done since their Meeting?* Had we not a Nation saved, Peace preserved, and many other almost Miracles

to answer 'em ; yet this one Thing would be sufficient, That in this Sessions, they had *Reversed the Judgment* againt this Vertuous, Pious, and Honourable Lord.

For his Character, if we'll believe the best Men, and those who knew him best, 'tis one of the most advantagious the Age, or indeed, our Nation has yielded. Those are great Words which Mr. *Leviston Gower* speaks of him on his Trial, but yet not a Syllable too big for his Merit, tho' they are very expressive of it.—*That he was one of the best Sons, the best Fathers, the best Husbands, the best Masters, the best Friends, and the best Christians.* By others, *That he was a most Vertuous, Prudent, and Pious Gentleman.—A Man of that Vertue, that none who knew him could think him guilty of such a Conspiracy.—A man of great Honour, and too prudent to be concerned in so vile and desperate a Design.—A Person of great Vertue and Integrity.—One, whom those he had long conversed with, never heard utter so much as a Word of Indecency against the King.*] And others of the highest Quality, who had been often in his Company, say, That they had never heard any Thing from him, but what was honourable, just, and loyal.

His *Person* was tall and proper ; his Temper even and agreeable, and such as rendered his Vertues even more lovely than they did him. His Piety and Devotion as unaffected, and yet as remarkable as his Love to the Church of *England.* The *true Church of* England, as he himself calls it, not those *Tumours* and *Wens* that grow upon it, and pretended to be not only Part, but All of it, in our late bad Times ; to whose Heighths and Extravagances he thinks it no Shame, in his Speech, to confess he could never rise. He was of a Noble Courage, which he did not express by Quarrels or Duelling, but serving his Country at *Sea* in the most dangerous Wars, and at *Land* in the Parliament, in more dangerous Councils and Debates. He was there a *true Englishman*—still the same ; you knew where he would be, for he never mov'd. A strenuous Asserter and Defender of his Country's Religion and Rights against all Opposers, and that in a Lawful and Parliamentary Method. He spoke little there, but always very home, and much to the Purpose—And that was as true a Character of him formerly recited, as if it had come from a better Man, *That every one knew the Lord* Russel *to be a*

Person of great Judgment, and not very lavish in Discourse. Lastly, which will give no small Heightening to his Character, *He had Mr.* Johnson *to his Chaplain.*

An Abstract of the Late Noble Lord Russel's *Speech to the Sheriffs; as also of a Paper delivered by him to them at the Place of his much lamented Execution,* July 21. 1683.

In his Speech to the Sheriffs, he tells them, that for Fear of not being well heard, he had couched what he had to say upon that sad Occasion in the Paper he deliver'd them; only he protests his Innocence of any Designs against the *King's Person*, or the then *Government*, and prays for the Preservation of both, and of the *Protestant Religion;* and in short, declares, that he forgives all the World, and wishes that all True *Protestants* may love one another, and not make Way for *Popery* by their *Animosities.*

In the Paper, He first declares himself composed for *Death*, and weaned from this World. Then he affectionately thanks God, as in general, so in particular, for his advantagious Birth and Religious Education, of which in that important Occasion, he found such happy and powerful Effects, as kept him up against the Fear of *Death*, and all other Discomposures, and armed him with such Assurances in God's Love and Mercy, as made the most joyful of the visibly saddest Moments of his Life.

He professes to die as he had lived, a sincere *Protestant* of the *Church of England*, tho' he never could come up to the Heighths of some; wishes more *Moderation* both in *Church-men* and *Dissenters;* and that the *Common Danger* of *Popery* might move them to lay aside their Differences, and all Persecuting Inclinations, as more unseasonable than at any other Time.

He declares, he had a Notion of *Popery*, as of an *Idolatrous* and *Bloody Religion*, and thought himself bound to act in his Station against it, notwithstanding the Power of the Enemies he was sure to meet with on that Account, *&c.* But yet he professes he never thought of doing any thing against it basely or inhumanely, against the Maxims of Christian Religion, or the

Laws and Liberties of this Kingdom, for his Sincerity, in which, he appeals to God, renouncing all Passion, By-end, or Ill-Design, as also all Designs of changing the Government, which was in his Opinion, the best in the World, and for which, as well as his Country, which he valued above his Life, he was ever ready to venture it: Disclaims all Thoughts against the *King's Life*, denying even the Lord *Howard* to have said any thing tending to prove it.

Prays sincerely for the King and Nation, and wishes they may be mutually happy in one another; that the King may be truly a Defender of the Faith; that the Protestant Religion and Kingdom may flourish under him, and he be happy in both Worlds.

As to his Share in the Prosecution of the *Popish Plot*, he declares he acted sincerely in it, as really believing, as he still did, the Truth of such a Conspiracy, and disclaims his Knowledge of any Practices with the Witnesses, which he protests against as abominable, and disowns Falshood or Cruelty ever to have been in his Nature.

He persists in his Opinion, that *Popery* was breaking in upon the Nation, and grieves to see *Protestants instrumental* to it; declares his Fears of the Sufferings the *Protestant Religion* was like to undergo, and bewails the *publick and shameless Impiety* that abounded; and modestly admonishes all Persons, and particularly his Friends, Well-wishers to the *Protestant Cause*, that were defective, to live up to its Principles. Then he declares his *Submission to God's Pleasure*, freely forgives his Enemies, and desires his Friends to seek no Revenge for his Blood.

After which, he looks back, and gives some little Touches concerning his past Behaviour, and the Manner of his Treatment at his Trial.

He confesses, he moved much for the Bill of *Exclusion*, as the only effectual Remedy to secure both the King's Life, the Protestant Religion, and the Frame of the Government, he thinking none of them could be safe so long as there was any Hopes of a *Popish Successor;* and that the *Limitations* proposed to Bind the *Duke*, were effectual Remedies against those Fears, because the Nation could never be easie and safe under a King without a Prerogative: But yet imputes his *present Sufferings* to the

Revengeful Resentments some *Persons* retained for his *Earnestness* in that Matter.

Next, as to his conspiring to seize the Guards, he disowns that ever he was concerned in any such Design, or ever heard talk of any such Thing as designed, but only once, as of a Thing feazible, against which likewise he warmly declared himself, and said, the Consequence of it was so like to end in Massacring the Guards in cold Blood, that he could not but abhor the Thoughts of it, as approaching too near the *Popish* Practice; at which the Duke of *Monmouth* taking him by the Hand, cried out affectionately, that he saw they were both of a Temper; he adds on that Occasion, that he always observed in that Duke an Abhorrence to all Base Things.

He proceeds to shew how he went to the Meeting at Mr. *Shepherd's*, at the Duke of *Monmouth's* earnest Request, chiefly to endeavour to prevent any such disorderly Proceedings, as the Duke feared would be otherwise put on by some hot Men, whose rash Courses he did accordingly most vigorously oppose, and yet was condemned only for not discovering them, tho' he endeavoured to reform them, because he would not stoop to so mean a Thought, as that of going about to save his Life by accusing others for Crimes that they only talkt of, and *that, as we may partly gather from his Discourse, he had effectually dissuaded them from too*, so that his Intention was good, and his Part in that Transaction, even in the strictest Sense of Law, but a *Misprision* of *Treason*, and therefore he declares he cannot but think the Sentence of Death past against him to be very hard, and he by a strange *Fetch*, brought within the Compass of the *Statute* of *Treason*, of *Edward* the *Third*.

He moreover adds, that he had so convincing a Sense of his own Innocence in that Case, that he would not betray it by Flight, tho' much pressed to it. He next excuses his saying so little at his Trial, saying, he hoped it lookt more like Innocence than Guilt: Adding, that he was advised not to confess Matter of Fact too plainly, because it would certainly have brought him within the Guilt of *Misprision*, and so he thought it better to say little, than by departing from the Ingenuity he had always practised, by using little Tricks and Evasions, to make the last and solemnest Part of his Life so notably different from the pre-

ceding Course of it, as such a Conduct would have made it. He farther subjoins, That he never pretended great Readiness in Speaking, and advises those Gentlemen of the Law that have it, to use it more conscienciously, and not to run Men down, and impose on Easie and Willing Juries by Strains and Fetches, &c., the *Killing unjustly by Law, being the worst of Murthers.* He then, as in several other Places, repeating his Wishes, that the Rage and Revenge of some Men, and the Partiality of Juries, may be stopped with his blood, and so after a small Hint, how by the Importunity of his *Dearest* and most *Vertuous Lady*, and some other *Dear Friends*, he had been prevailed upon against his *Inclinations*, to *Address*, tho' ineffectually, for his *Life;* he concludes with a fresh *Protestation* of his *Innocency*, and a Devout Prayer to God, suitable to that sad Occasion.

CAPTAIN *WALCOT*, &c.

CAPTAIN *Walcot* and his Fellow-Sufferers, in Order of Time, should have gone first, he being convicted before my Lord *Russel*, and executed the *Friday*, as he on *Saturday*. But my Lord *Russel's* Fate having so immediate a Dependance on the Earl of *Essex's*, and all the Plot hanging on him; especially they two making the greatest Figure of any who suffered on this Occasion; it lookt more *proper and natural* to begin with them, and reserve the other to this Place. Captain *Walcot* was a Gentleman of a considerable Estate in *Ireland*, but more remarkable for the rare Happiness of having Eight Children all at once living, and most of all, for his Love to his Country, which cost him his Life. We can have but little Dependance, as has been before hinted, on the Publick Papers relating to these Concerns, especially in his Case, where *Cartwright* was engaged. What appears to us, and we may believe most reasonable, and what's agreed on of all Hand, is—That *West*, *Rumsey*, and, I think, one more of 'em, had frequent Discourses, at least, of Killing the King and Duke—so horrid and barbarous a Thing, and so like the Practice and Principles of those worst of Men, the Papists; that as every true *English-*

man, and good Christian must needs conceive a Detestation and Horror at the very Mention of it; so, no Doubt, it will be very acceptable to such to find when the Thing is enquired closely into, which has partly been done before, and shall now be finished, to find no Probability of any thing real in the Bottom, none engaged in it, but two or three Knaves, and one Fool. No person of Honour or Character, who had heard so much as any Discourse of it, but what immediately disapproved, or detested it, as much as any good Man ought to do: Tho' some of 'em, if there were more than *Walcot*, might hear such mad Discourse, as my Lord *Russel* says, the Wickedness, Passions, and Vanities of other Men might have occasioned; and yet not believing any thing in it more than Words, nor think they were obliged to turn Informers and Hangmen; which because they did not do, they *suffered* themselves. And this any reasonable Man will, I doubt not, upon a little free thinking, acknowledge to be *Walcot's* Case, and no further. The pretended Crime for which *Walcot* suffered, and which *West* and others witnessed against him, was—Consulting the Death of the King, and charging the Guards, at his Return from *New-market*, while the dreadful Blunderbuss was to be fired into the Coach by *Rumbold*, or some others. His Privacy to Discourses about the King's Death was but *Misprision*. For his *acting* in it, they could not have pitched on a more unlikely Man to command a Party in so desperate an Attempt as charging the Guards, than one that was Sick and Bedrid of the Gout, as about this Time, and often besides, the Captain was. Nor seems *West's* Pretence more likely—That he refused to be actual in the *Assassination*, because of the Baseness of it, but offered to charge the Guards, while others did it—much as wisely and tenderly, as if he had denied to cut a Man's Throat, but consented to hold his Hands while others did it. This he denies with Indignation in his Speech, and [Appeals to all that knew him, Whether they thought him such an *Idiot*, that he should not understand 'twas the same Thing to engage the King's Guards, whilst others killed him; or to kill him with his own Hands?] Here then, 'tis plain, lyes the Pinch of the Matter; *West* and *Rumsey*, &c. had been frequently discoursing at that Bloody, Villanous Rate; *West* was most impatiently eager of having it done—He pro-

posed the Lopping 'em at a Play, which he said would be [*in their own Calling.*]

For some of those who are charged with this foul Business, as Promoters, or so much as Approvers thereof, were they Innocent or Guilty as to that Particular; I can assure the Reader I have the same thought of 'em, that *Juvenal* had of *Sejanus*, and can say as he does, *Nunquam si quid mihi credis, amavi.* But however one may add as he does, *Sed quo accidit sub crimine? Quisnam Delator? Quibus Indiciis? Quo Teste?* And almost resolve all these Questions to the same Way, with a—*Nil horum.* Never was any Party without many ill Men—This, no Doubt, had too many whose ill Lives both discredited, and in Probability, ruined the best Cause in the World, as my Lord *Russel* intimated in his Speech. Some of these, *not having the Fear of God before their Eyes*, might have such traiterous Designs; nay, and by their own Confession, it appears they had so—But let's not however be hurried away in a Popular Stream, which generally runs very *muddy*, to condemn those, who, whatever Personal Faults they may have had, how turbulent their Nature, or bad their Morals, or ill their Character, yet seem to be no Way concerned in so bloody and barbarous a Conspiracy, how home soever it might be charged upon 'em. *West* and *Rumsey* were the main Pillars, and almost only Witnesses on which the Credit of that Action depended, who appear all through the great and almost sole Managers thereof, and who accuse others for being concerned in it. What and how much their Credit weighs, we have already hinted, but shall yet confront it with further Testimonies relating to this Matter, and that of *Dying Men*, who could expect no Pardons in this World, nor t'other for a Falshood. Besides, *Rumbold's* solemn Protestation; see *Walcot's* Speech and Paper, wherein he as deeply affirms, as a Man can do, [*That* West *bought Arms for this Villanous Design* (which cannot be expressed with Detestation enough) *without any Direction of his—nay, without any Direction, Knowledge, or Privity of his.*] *West* says in his Answer to this, as well as in his Evidence, [*That* Walcot *joined in the Direction about the Nature and Size of those Arms; that he was very intimate and familiar with this* Rumbold, *who was to be the principal Actor in the Assassination.*]

But *Rumbold's* Death before recited, clears himself, and *Walcot*, and shews us what *West* is. In another Place he affirms—That *Walcot* told him *Ferguson* had the chief Management of the intended Assassination. *Rumbold's* hard Name, as has been said already, *Ferguson's* ill Name, and the Absence of 'em both, brought 'em in all Probability into the Business; and *Walcot's* being *past answering* for himself or them, made it very advisable to charge so much on him. So in the same Nature *Ferguson* was the Author of that Expression *Walcot* had from *West*.—*Ferguson* undertook for the Duke of *Monmouth*,—*Ferguson* proposed to see for an Opportunity between *Windsor* and *Hampton-Court*.—The Men to commit the Assassination were all provided by *Ferguson*, *Rumbold*, &c. And I remember another of 'em, or he himself, talks of *Fifty Men* engaged for the very Action. Now as meer good Nature, and the Love I have to my Countrymen, will never suffer me to believe there could be so many *Englishmen* found, and Protestants too, who would consent to kill their King; never any one having acknowledged such a Design besides poor *Hone*, who was so stupid, he could not give one sensible Answer to what *Cartwright* asked him at his Death; So plain Testimony, and Dint of Fact and Reason, forces me to conclude these Persons here charged were not guilty. See what *Rouse* says of it—He was told, they did not intend to spill so much as one Drop of Blood. But most particularly *Holloway*, [He could not perceive *Ferguson* knew anything of the *New-market* Design, but *Rumsey* and *West* were deep in't.] Again, [*Holloway* askt *West* who was to act the Assassination? To which he could give but a slender Answer, and could, or would name but *Two Men*, *Rumbold* and his Brother.] Just such probable Stuff as *Colledge's* seizing the King by himself at *Oxford*, [So that (he goes on) we found they had but few Men, if more than Two, and no Horses, only a Parcel of Arms he shewed at a Gunsmith's.] And lower at another Time, [*West* only named *Rumsey* and *Rich*. *Good-enough* as concerned in the Assassination—*West* again proposed the Assassination, but *none* seconded him—*Rumsey* was for the old Strain of killing the King, to which *not one* consented—He could never find above Five concerned in it.—He heard *Walcot* speak against it—*I knew* Ferguson *to be against any such Design.*

Upon the whole, the World is left to its Liberty to believe, at least Three Dying Mens Asseverations, against those who so plainly swore others Necks into the Halter, to get their own out, that *West* himself is not ashamed to own in his forementioned Answer, That he was still in Danger of Death, though not so eminent as it had been; not at the apparent Point of Death. And at the Close of this Paper,—If it shall please the King to spare my Life for my Confession, it is a great Happiness, *&c.* Which Part of his Evidence every Body will easily believe.

From all which, here lyes a fair Supposition of the Innocency of this Captain, and others of what they were Accused, found Guilty, Sentenced, and Died for; it being on *West's* Evidence, and such as his, that he and others were Arraign'd and Condemned; the Captain's Defence being much the same with what he says in his Speech. 'Tis well known, that the Witnesses against Captain *Walcot* swore for their own Lives with Halters about their Necks; and it is as true that most of the Witnesses had talked at a mad Rate, in the hearing of some of those whom they destroyed; but see, what Captain *Walcot* in a most solemn Manner declared with his last Breath.

An Abstract of Captain Walcot's *Speech.*

Captain *Walcot* denied any Design of *killing the* King, *or of engaging the* Guards, *whilst others killed him;* and said that *the Witnesses invited him to Meetings*, where some things were discoursed of, *in Order to the asserting our Liberties and Properties;* which we lookt upon to be violated and invaded:— That *they importuned and perpetually sollicited him, and then delivered him up to be hanged*—That *they combined together to swear him out of his Life, to save their own;* and that they might do it effectually, *they contrived an Untruth.*—That he forgave them, *though guilty of his Blood;* but withal, earnestly *begged, That they might be observed, that Remarks might be set upon them, whether their End be Peace;* and he concluded (with what made Sir *Roger L'Estrange* a great deal of *Sport*, but yet Heaven has made it good) That *when* God hath a Work to do, he will not want Instruments.

With him was tried *Rouse*, who was charged with such a Parcel of mad *Romance*, as was scarce ever heard of; and one

would wonder how Perjury and Malice, which used to be sober Sins, could ever be so extravagant as to hit on't. He was to seize the *Tower*, pay the Rabble, uncase the Aldermen, to be Pay-master and Flea-master General, and a great deal more to the same Tune. In his Defence he says no great Matter, but yet what looks a thousand times more like Truth than his Accusation; *That the* Tower-*Business was only* Discourse *of the* Feazibleness *of the Thing*, (as *Russel's* about the Guards) *but without the least Intent of bringing it to Action; That all he was concerned in any real Design, he had from* Lee, *and was getting more out of him, with an Intention to make a Discovery.* But it seems *Lee* got the Whip-hand of him; they were both at a kind of *Halter-Combat; Rouse's* Foot slipt, and *Lee* turned him over, and saved his own Neck.

HIS DYING-WORDS.

Mr. *Rouse* declared, that he was told, that *They did not intend to spill one Drop of Blood;* and affirmed that *Lee*, the Witness against him, did (by his Evidence) make him *the Author of the very Words, that came out of his, the said* Lee's, *own mouth.*

A Brief Extract of Captain *Walcot's* Prayer.

O Lord, our God, Thou art a God of present Help in Time of Trouble, a God, that hast promised to be with thy People in the Fire and in the Water. O Lord, we pray thee, that thou wilt afford thy Presence to thy poor suffering Servants at this Time, O Lord, thy Servant that speaketh doth confess, that the Iniquities of his Heels have justly overtaken him; O do thou bathe each of our Souls in that Fountain set open for Sin and for Uncleanness. O do thou enable every one of us, from the inward Evidence of thy Spirit, to say with thy Servant *Job*, That we know and are assured that our Redeemer lives. O give us some inward Tastes of those Heavenly Joys that we hope through the Mercy of Jesus Christ, in a little Time to have a more full Fruition of. O Lord, do thou speak Peace to every one of our Consciences; tho' we lye under a Sentence of Death from Man, we beg that we may have a Sentence of Life Eternal from our God; and though we meet thee, O Lord, in a Field of

Blood, we beg that thou wilt come to meet with us in a Field of Mercy. O Lord, though we have been Prodigals, we desire to return unto our Father's House where there is Bread enough. O enable us to come unto thee as Children to their Parents. Lord, put to thy helping Hand; Lord, teach us truly to leave no Sin unrepented of, in any one of our Hearts. And, O Lord, we beg that with us thou wilt give us Leave to recommend unto thy Care *our Poor Wives and Children:* Thou hast promised to be the *Father of the Fatherless*, and the *Husband of the Widow;* and thou hast commanded us to cast the Care of them upon thee. O do thou make Provision for them, and enable them to bear this severe Stroak with Patience. O Lord, we also beseech thee in the Behalf of these poor Kingdoms wherein we are, that thou wilt be merciful to them, prevent Divisions among them, heal all their Breaches, compose their Differences, make all that are thine of one Heart and Mind in the Things of thee our God. Lord, favour us with thy Mercy, assure us of thy Love, stand by us in this difficult Hour, take us into thine own Care, cause thy Angels to attend us, to convey our Souls as soon as they are divided from our Bodies, into *Abraham's* Bosom. All which we beg for the Sake of thy Son Jesus Christ, in whom, O Lord, this little Time do thou give us Hearts to give thee all Glory, Honour and Praise, now and for ever more, *Amen, Sweet Jesus, Amen.*

Hone was accused, and owns himself guilty of a Design to Kill the King and the Duke of *York*, or one, or neither, for 'tis impossible to make any Sense of him. When they came to suffer, *Walcot* read a Paper, in which was a good rational Confession of his Faith; then comes to the Occasion of his Death, for which he says, *he neither blames the Judges, Jury, nor Council, but only some Men, that in Reality were deeper concerned than he, who combined together to swear him out of his Life to save their own, and that they might do it effectually, contrived an Untruth, &c. He forgives the World and the Witnesses: Gives his Friends advice to be more prudent than he had been; prays that his may be the last Blood spilt on that Account; wishes the King would be merciful to others; says he knew nothing of* Ireland, *and concludes, with praying God to have Mercy upon him.* He had then some Discourse with

Cartwright, wherein he tells him, *That he was not for contriving the Death of the King, nor to have had a hand in't;* and being urged with some Matters of Controversy, tells him, *He did not come thither to Dispute about Religion, but to die Religiously.*

But though Dying be a serious Business, yet 'tis almost impossible to read *Hone's* Discourse with the *Dean*, without as violent Temptations to laughter as Compassion. Never was so exact an Imitation of the Scene of the *Fisherman and Kings* in the *Rehearsal*, when he tells 'em *Prince Pretty-man killed Prince Pretty-man.* One would think him very near in the same Case with *Bateman*, who came after him. His Replies are so incongruous, that there is hardly either Sense or *English* to be made out of 'em. But the poor Fellow talks of *Snares* and *Circumstances*, and no Body knows what, and says in one Line, *He was to meet the King and Duke of* York, but he did not know when, where, nor for what: In the next, *he was for killing the King, and saving the Duke;* and when ask'd the Reason, answers, the only sensible Thing he said all through, *That he knew* no Reason, *that he did not know what to say to't.* And when the *Dean* charges him with the *Murderous Design,—That he knew as little of it, as any* poor silly *Man in the World.*

Rouse comes next, gives an Account of his Faith, professing to die of the Church of *England*, tells his former Employment and Manner of Life, acknowledges he heard of Clubs and Designs, but was never at 'em, and a perfect Stranger to any thing of that Nature. Gives a Relation of what past between him and his Majesty on his Apprehension. Talks somewhat of Sir *Thomas Player*, the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, and accommodating the King's Son, as he calls it, tho' not while the King reign'd. Then falls upon *Lee*, and the Discourse they had together, who, as he says, swore against him on the Trial those very Words he himself had used in pressing him to undertake the Design. Speaks of a Silver Ball which he proposed to be thrown up on *Black-Heath*, and after some Discourse with the *Ordinary*, gives the Spectators some good Counsel. Then they all three singly prayed; and then the Sentence was executed upon 'em.

ALGERNON SIDNEY, ESQ.

THE next *Victim* to *Popish* Cruelty and Malice, was Colonel *Algernon Sidney*, of the Ancient and Noble Name and Family of the *Sidneys*, deservedly Famous to the utmost Bounds of *Europe;* who, as the Ingenious Mr. *Hawles* observes, was meerly *talkt to death*, under the notion of a Common-wealths Man, and found guilty by a Jury who were not much more proper Judges of the Case, than they would have been had he writ in *Greek* or *Arabick*. He was Arraign'd for a Branch of this Plot at *Westminster* the 17th of *Novemb.* 1683. where, tho' it cannot be said the Grand Jury knew not what they did, when they found the Bill against him, since, no Doubt, they were well instructed what to do; yet it must, that they found it almost before they knew what 'twas, being so well resolved on the Case, and agreed on their Verdict, that had he been Indicted for breaking up an House, or robbing on the Highway, 'twas doom'd to have been *Billa vera*, as much as 'twas now. For tho' the Indictment was never presented to 'em before they came into the Hall, yet they immediately found it: The Substance whereof was, [*For a Conspiracy to depose the King, and stirring up Rebellion, and writing a libel for that Purpose.*] The most Part of the Evidence brought against him, was only Hear-say, as against my Lord *Russel;* nay, *West*, whose Evidence was then refused, now was admitted to tell a long Story of what he had from one and t'other. *Rumsey's* was much of the same Nature. In the rear came that never *failing Evidence*, the Lord *Howard*, who witnesses he was one of the *Council of Six*, and engaged one of the deepest in their Consults. And more than that, exercises his own Faculty very handsomly, in an account of two Speeches Mr. *Hambden* made on the Occasion, which indeed were such fine Things, that some might think it worth the while to swear against a Man, only to have the Reputation of reciting 'em; and whom they are most like, Mr. *Hamden*, or my Lord's own *witty self*, let any Man judge.

The next Evidence was a *Paper*, said to be of the Prisoner's writing, which was found in his Study. The Substance of which

was an Enquiry into the Forms of Government, and Reasons of their Decays: The Rights of the People, and the Bounds of Soveraignty, and Original of Power. In which were those heinous, treasonable Expressions, [*The King is subject to the Law of God as a Man, to the People who made him such, as a King*, &c.] And examples of evil Kings and Tyrants, whom sometimes a Popular Fury had destroyed; at others, the *Ordines Regni* either reduc'd, or set them aside, when their Government was a *Curse* instead of a *Blessing* to their People. Well, what Treason in all this, and a great deal more? Nothing but a Jesuit's enchanted Telescope could have found any in it. If there were any Mistakes, as he says in his Speech, they ought to have been confuted by Law, Reason, and Scripture, not Scaffolds and Axes. First, 'Twas not proved to be his writing, nor did he confess it; Treason and Life are critical Things: One ought to be as fairly proved, as t'other to be cautiously proceeded against. Tho' he might write it, he had the Liberty of an *Englishman*, not to accuse himself: The very same Thing which was afterwards put in Practice by those Reverend Persons, who, later than he, and cheaper too, defended their Countries Liberty with only the Loss of their own. But owning he writ it, How very few, if any Things therein, are not now generally and almost universally believed, and are the Foundation of the Practice, and Satisfaction of the Conscience of every Man, tho' then confuted with the Single Brand of Common-wealth Principles, being indeed such as all the World must, whether they will or no, be forced into the Belief of, as soon as Oppression and Tyranny bears hard upon 'em, and becomes really unsupportable? But supposing they were now as wicked Principles as they were (called) then; yet what was that to the then present Governors? He answer'd *Filmer* for his own Satisfaction, or rather began to do it, many Years before the Makers of this Plot dreamt of that, or bringing him into it: Kept it private in his own Study, where it might have lain till *Dooms-day*, had not they fetch'd it out to make somewhat on't. 'Twas suggested, and *Innuendo'd*, that this Book was written to *scatter among the People*, in Order to dispose 'em to rebel, as 'tis in the Indictment. But how ridiculous that is, any one will see who considers the Bulk of it, which was such, that, as he says in his

Speech, [*The fiftieth Part of the Book was not produced, nor the* Tenth *of that read, tho' de desired it, and 'twas usual; and yet after all, as it had never been shewn to any Man, so 'twas not finished, nor could be in many Years.*] Now is this a Business likely to be calculated for a *Rebellion*; when it could neither be finished till several Years after 'twas over; and besides, if it had, the Bulk made it so improper to be dispersed for that Purpose for which 'twas pretendedly designed? No, those who are to poison a Nation in that Manner, know better Things, and more likely Ways. 'Tis to be done in little *Pamphlets*, and Papers easily read over, understood, and remembred, as the *Declaration-Gentlemen* t'other Day, very well knew. But still here being not a Syllable, in these Papers of King *Charles*, any more than of the King of *Bantam*, or the Great *Mogul*, against whom they might as well have made it Treason; 'twas all supplied by a fine Knack, call'd an *Innuendo*, that is in *English*, such Interpretation as they would please to affix on his Words. Thus when he writes *Tarquin*, or *Pepin*, or *Nero*, they say, he meant King *Charles*; and so, scandalously of him, as well as wickedly of the Gentleman, make a Monster and a Ravisher of their King, and then take away another's Life for doing it. There was a Minister I have somewhere read of, who was accused for writing a libel against Queen *Elizabeth*, and her Government; and the Fact there, 'tis true, lay as this does upon *Innuendo's*, though much more plain and pregnant.—But all the Punishment inflicted on him, though thought severe enough, reached not his Head, the Loss of his Hand being thought sufficient, while with that which was left, he pulled off his Hat, and prayed God to bless the Queen.—But this was under a mild Reign, and truly Protestant Government.

As for my Lord *Howard's* Evidence, had the Jury been any but such as they were, and *Sidney describes* them, they would not have hang'd a Jesuite upon the Credit on't; he having, one would think, that read the Trials, taken a Pride in *damning* himself deeper and deeper against every new Appearance in publick, on purpose to try the *Skill* and *Face* of the Council in bringing him off again. To the Evidence brought against him in my Lord *Russel's* Case, he had taken Care that these following should be added.

The E. of *Clare* witnesses, that he said, after *Sidney's* Imprisonment, if questioned again, He would never plead—(Had it not been a pleasant Thing for my Lord *Howard* to have been pressed to Death for not speaking?) And that he thought Colonel *Sidney* as innocent as any Man breathing: Mr. *Ducas* says the same, so does my Lord *Paget*, and Mr. *Edward*, and *Philip Howards*, and *Tracy*, and *Penwick*, and Mr. *Blake*, that he said he had not his Pardon, and could not ascribe it to any Reason, but that he must not have it till the Drudgery of Swearing was over.

But though there was no reasonable Answer could be given to all this; tho' *Sidney* pleaded the Obligations my Lord *Howard* had to him, and the great Conveniency he might think there might be in his being hang'd, since he was some Hundreds of Pounds in his Debt, which would be the readiest Way of paying him; and had besides, as it appeared, a great mind to have the Colonel's Plate secured at his own House; tho' never Man in the World certainly ever talk'd stronger Sense, or better Reason, or more evidently batter'd the Judges, and left 'em nothing but Railing.—'Twas all a Case with him, as well as the others; and the *Petty Jury* could as easily have found him Guilty, without hearing his Trial, as the *Grand Jury* did, as soon as e'er they *saw the Bill.* Never was any thing more base and barbarous, than the summing up the Evidence and Directions to the Jury, who yet stood in no great Need of 'em: Nor more uncivil and sawcy a Reflection on the Noble Family and Name of the *Sidneys* than the Judges saying—That he was *born a Traitor.* Never any thing Braver, or more Manly, than his *Remonstrance* to the King for Justice, and another Trial: Nor lastly, more *Roman*, and yet truly *Christian* than his end. The Brave Old Man came up on a Scaffold, as unconcerned as if he had been going to *fight*, and as lively as if he had been a *Russel.* In his last Speech he gives almost all the Substance of all those Books which have been lately written in the Defence of the *late Transactions*, and no disgrace to 'em neither; since Truth and Reason are eternal, and one and the same from all Pens and Parties, and at all Times; however there may be some Times so bad, that they won't bear *some Reason*, any more than *some Doctrine.* —He there says as much in a little as ever Man did—[*That*

Magistrates were set up for the good of Nations, not è contra.] If that be Treason, K. *Charles* the *First* is guilty on't against himself, who says the same Thing. [*That the Power of Magistrates is what the Laws of the Country make it: That those Laws and Oaths have the Force of a* Contract, *and if one Part is broken, t'other ceases.*] And other Maxims of the same Necessity and Usefulness.—He, besides this, gave a full Account of the Design of his Book, of his Trial, and the Injustice done him therein; of the Jury's being *packt*, and important Points of Law *over-ruled;* and ends with a most Compendious Prayer, in which he desires God would *forgive* his Enemies, but keep 'em from doing any more Mischief—And then he laid down his Head, and went to Sleep.

TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

The Humble Petition of Algernon Sidney, *Esquire,*

SHEWETH,

That your Petitioner, after a long and close Imprisonment, was on the Seventh day of this Month, with a Guard of Soldiers brought into the Pallace-Yard, upon a *Habeas Corpus* directed to the Lieutenant of the *Tower*, before any Indictment had been exhibited against him: But while he was there detained, a Bill was exhibited and found; whereupon he was immediately carried to the King's Bench, and there Arraign'd. In this Surprize he desired a Copy of the Indictment, and leave to make his Exceptions, or to put in a special Plea, and Council to frame it; but all was denied him. He then offered a Special Plea ready ingross'd, which also was rejected without reading: And being threatned, that if he did not immediately plead guilty or not guilty, Judgment of High Treason should be entered, he was forced contrary to Law (as he supposes) to come to a general issue in pleading not guilty.

November 21. He was brought to his Trial, and the Indictment being perplexed and confused, so that neither he nor any of his Friends that heard it, could fully comprehend the Scope of it, he was wholly unprovided of all the Helps that the Law

allows to every Man for his Defence. Whereupon he did again desire a Copy, and produced an Authentick Copy of the Statute of 46 *Ed.* 3. whereby 'tis enacted, That every Man shall have a Copy of any Record that touches him in any manner, as well that which is for or against the King, as any other Person; but could neither obtain a Copy of his Indictment, nor that the Statute should be read.

The Jury by which he was tried, was not (as he is informed) summoned by the Bailiffs of the several Hundreds, in the usual and legal Manner, but names were agreed upon by Mr. *Graham*, and the Under-Sheriff, and Directions given to the Bailiffs to summon them: And being all so chosen, a Copy of the Pannel was of no Use to him. When they came to be called, he excepted against some for being your Majesty's Servants, which he hoped should not be returned, when he was prosecuted at your Majesty's Suit; many more for not being Freeholders, which exceptions, he thinks, were good in Law; and others were lewd and infamous Persons, not fit to be of any Jury: But all was over-ruled by the Lord Chief Justice, and your Petitioner forced to challenge them peremptorily, whom he found to be pickt out as most suitable to the Intentions of those who fought his Ruin; whereby he lost the Benefit allowed him by Law of making his Exceptions, and was forced to admit of Mechanick Persons utterly unable to judge of such a Matter as was to be brought before them. This Jury being sworn, no Witness was produc'd who fixed any thing beyond Hearsay upon your Petitioner, except the Lord *Howard*, and them that swore to some Papers said to be found in his House, and offered as a second Witness, and written in an Hand like to that of your Petitioner.

Your Petitioner produced Ten Witnesses, most of them of Eminent Quality, the others of Unblemisht Fame, to shew the Lord *Howard's* Testimony was inconsistent with what he had declared before (at the Trial of the Lord *Russel)* under the same Religious Obligation of an Oath, as if it had been legally administred.

Your Petitioner did further endeavour to shew, That besides the Absurdity and Incongruity of his Testimony, he being guilty of many Crimes which he did not pretend your Petitioner had any Knowledge of, and having no other Hope of Pardon, than

by the Drudgery of swearing against him, he deserved not to be believed. And Similitude of Hands could be no Evidence, as was declared by the Lord Chief Justice *Keiling*, and the whole Court in the Lady *Carr's* Case; so as that no Evidence at all remained against him.

That whosoever wrote those Papers, they were but a small Part of a Polemical Discourse in Answer to a Book written about Thirty Years ago, upon general Propositions, applied to no Time, nor any particular Case; That it was impossible to judge of any Part of it, unless the whole did appear, which did not; That the Sense of such Parts of it as were produced, could not be comprehended, unless the whole had been read, which was denied; That the Ink and Paper sheweth them to be writ many Years ago; That the Lord *Howard* not knowing of them, they could have no Concurrence with what your Petitioner is said to have designed with him and others; That the Confusion and Errors in the writing shewed they had never been so much as reviewed, and being written in an Hand that no Man could well read, they were not fit for the Press, nor could be in some Years, though the Writer of them had intended it, which did not appear. But they being only the present crude and private Thoughts of a Man, for the Exercise of his own Understanding in his Studies, and never shewed to any, or applied to any particular Case, could not fall under the Statute of 25 *Ed.* 3. which takes Cognizance of no such Matter, and could not by Construction be brought under it; such Matters being thereby reserved to the Parliament, as is declared in the Proviso, which he desired might be read, but was refused.

Several important Points of Law did hereupon emerge, upon which your Petitioner, knowing his own Weakness, did desire that Council might be heard, or they might be referred to be found specially. But all was over-ruled by the Violence of the Lord Chief Justice, and your Petitioner so frequently interrupted, that the whole Method of his Defence was broken, and he not suffered to say the Tenth Part of what he could have alledged in his Defence. So the Jury was hurried into a Verdict they did not understand.

Now, for as much as no Man that is oppressed in *England*, can have Relief, unless it be from your Majesty, your Petitioner

humbly prays, that the Premises considered, your Majesty would be pleased to admit him into your Presence; and if he doth not shew, that 'tis for your Majesty's Interest and Honour to preserve him from the said Oppression, he will not complain though he be left to be destroyed.

An Abstract of the Paper delivered to the Sheriffs on the Scaffold on Tower-Hill, *December 7.* 1683. *by* Algernon Sidney, *Esquire, before his Execution.*

First having excused his not speaking, as well because it was an age that made Truth pass for Treason, for the Proof of which, he instances his Trial and Condemnation, and that the *Ears* of some present were too *tender* to hear it, as because of the Rigour of the Season, and his Infirmities, *&c.* then after a short Reflection upon the little said against him by other Witnesses, and the little Value that was to be put on the Lord *Howard's* Testimony, whom he charges with an Infamous Life, and many palpable Perjuries, and to have been byassed only by the Promise of Pardon, *&c.* and makes, even tho' he had been liable to no Exceptions, to have been but a single Witness: He proceeds to answer the Charge against him from the writings found in his Closet by the King's Officers, which were pretended, but not lawfully evidenced to be his, and pretends to prove, that had they been his, that they contained no Condemnable Matter, but Principles, more safe both to Princes and people too, than the pretended high-flown plea for *Absolute Monarchy*, composed by *Filmer*, against which, they seemed to be levelled; and which, he says, all intelligent Men thought were founded on wicked Principles, and such as were destructive both to Magistrates, and People too. Which he attempts to make out after this manner.

First, says he, if *Filmer* might publish to the World, That Men were born under a *necessary indispensable Subjection* to an *Absolute King*, who could be restrained by no Oath, *&c.* whether he came to it by Creation, Inheritance, *&c.* nay, or even by Usurpation? Why might he not publish his Opinion to the contrary, without the Breach of any known Law? Which Opinion he professes, consisted in the following Particulars.

1. That God had left Nations at the Liberty of modelling their own Governments.

2. That Magistrates were instituted for Nations, and not *è contra.*

3. That the Right and Power of Magistrates was fixed by the standing Laws of each country.

4. That those Laws sworn to on both Sides, were the Matter of a Contract between the Magistrate and People, and could not be broken without the Danger of dissolving the whole Government.

5. That Usurpation could give no Right; and that Kings had no greater Enemies than those who asserted that, or were for stretching their Power beyond its Limits.

6. That such Usurpations commonly effecting the Slaughter of the *Reigning Person*, &c. the worst of Crimes was thereby most gloriously rewarded.

7. That such Doctrines are more proper to stir up Men to destroy Princes, than all the Passions that ever yet swayed the worst of them, and that no Prince could be safe, if his *Murderers* may hope such Rewards; and that few Men would be so gentle as to spare the *Best Kings*, if by their Destruction a *wild Usurper* could become *God's Anointed*, which he says was the Scope of that whole *Treatise*, and asserts to be the *Doctrine* of the best Authors of all Nations, Times, and Religions; and of the *Scripture*, and so owned by the best and wisest Princes, and particularly by *Lewis 14th* of *France*, in his Declaration against *Spain*, *Anno* 1667. and by King *James* of *England*, in his Speech to Parliament 1603, and adds, that if the Writer had been mistaken, he should have been fairly refuted, but that no Man was ever otherwise punished for such Matters, or any such Things referred to a Jury, *&c.* That the Book was never finished, *&c.* nor ever seen by them whom he was charged to have endeavoured by it to draw into a *Conspiracy*: That nothing in it was particularly or maliciously applied to Time, Place, or Person, but distorted to such a Sense by *Innuendo's*, as the Discourses of the Expulsion of *Tarquin*, &c. and particularly of the Translation made of the Crown of *France* from one Race to another, had been then applied by the then Lawyers *Innuendo's* to the then King of *England;* never considering, adds he, that if such Acts of

State be not allowed good, no Prince in the World has any Title to his Crown, and having by a short Reflection shown the Ridiculousness of deriving Absolute Monarchy, from *Patriarchal* Power, he appeals to all the World, whether it would not be more advantagious to all Kings, to own the Derivation of their Power to the Consent of willing Nations, than to have no better Title than Force, *&c.* which may be over-powered.

But notwithstanding the *Innocence* and *Loyalty* of that Doctrine, he says, *He was told he must die, or the Plot must die*, and complains, that in Order to the destroying the *Best Protestants* of *England*, the *Bench* was filled with such as had been *Blemishes* to the *Bar;* and instances, how, against Law, they had advised with the King's Council about bringing him to Death, suffered a Jury to be *packt* by the King's Sollicitors, and the Under-Sheriff admitted *Jury-men no Free-holders*, received Evidence not *valid;* refused him a Copy of his *Indictment*, or to suffer the *Acts* of the 46*th* of *Ed.* 3. to be read, that allows it had *over-ruled* the most *Important Points of Law*, without hearing, and assumed to themselves a Power to make *Constructions* of *Treason*, though against *Law*, *Sense*, and *Reason*, which by the *Stat. of the* 25*th of Ed.* 3, by which they pretended to *Try him*, was reserved only to the Parliament; and so praying God to forgive them, and to avert the Evils that threatned the Nation, to sanctifie those Sufferings to him, and tho' he fell a Sacrifice to *Idols, not to suffer Idolatry to be established in this Land*, &c. He concludes with a *Thanksgiving*, that God had singled him out to be a *Witness* of his *Truth*, and for that *Good Old Cause*, in which from his Youth he had been engaged, *&c.*

HIS EPITAPH.

Algernon Sidney fills this Tomb,
An Atheist by declaiming *Rome;*
A Rebel bold, by striving still
To keep the Laws above the Will;
And hindring those would pull them down,
To leave no Limits to a Crown.
Crimes damn'd by Church and Government,
Oh whither must his Soul be sent!

Of Heaven it must needs despair,
If that the Pope be Turn-key there;
And Hell can ne'er it entertain,
For there is all Tyrannick Reign,
And Purgatory's such a Pretence,
As ne'er deceiv'd a Man of Sense.
Where goes it then? Where't ought to go,
Where Pope and Devil have nought to do.

HIS CHARACTER.

There's no Need of any more than reading his Trial and Speech, to know him as well as if he stood before us. That he was a Person of extraordinary Sense, and very *close thinking*, which he had the Happiness of being able to express in Words as manly and apposite as the sense included under 'em. He was owner of as much Vertue and Religion, as Sense and Reason; tho' his Piety lay as far from *Enthusiasm* as any Man's. He feared nothing but God, and loved nothing on earth like his Country, and the just Liberties and Laws thereof, whose Constitutions he had deeply and successfully inquired into. To sum up all, He had *Piety* enough for a Saint, *Courage* enough for a General or a Martyr, *Sense* enough for a Privy-Counsellor, and *Soul* enough for a King; and in a Word, if ever any, he was a *perfect* English-man.

MR. *JAMES HOLLOWAY.*

MR. *Holloway* was by Trade a *Merchant;* but his greatest Dealing lay in Linen *Manufacture*, which, as appears from his Papers, he had brought to such a Heighth here in *England*, as, had it met with suitable encouragement, would, as he made it appear, have imployed 80000 Poor People, and 40000 Acres of Land, and be 200000 Pounds a Year Advantage to the Publick Revenues of the Kingdom. The Return of the *Habeas Corpus* Writ calls him, [*Late of* London, *Merchant*] though he lived mostly at

Bristol. He seems to be a Person of Sense, Courage, and Vivacity of Spirit, and a Man of Business.—All we can have of him is from that publick Print called his Narrative, concerning which it must be remembred, as before, that we have no very firm Authority to assure us all therein contained was his own writing; and perhaps it might be thought convenient he should die, for Fear he might contradict some Things published in his Name. But on the other Side, where he contradicts the other Witnesses, his Evidence is strong, since be sure that was not the Interest of the Managers to invent of their own Accords; tho' some Truth they might utter, though displeasing, to gain Credit to the rest. Taking Things however as we find 'em, 'twill be convenient for Method's Sake to take Notice first of the Proceedings against him, then of some pretty plain Footsteps of Practice upon him, and shuffling dealing in his Case; and lastly, of several Things considerable in his *Narrative.*

He was accused for the Plot, as one who was acquainted with *West, Rumsey,* and the rest; and having been really present at their Meetings and Discourses on that Subject, absconded when the publick News concerning the Discovery came into the Country; tho' this, as he tells the King, more for Fear, that if he was taken up, his creditors would never let him come out of Goal, than any thing else. After some Time he got to Sea in a little Vessel, went over to *France,* and so to the *West-Indies,* among the *Caribbe-Islands,* where much of his Concerns lay: But writing to his Factor at *Nevis,* he was by him treacherously betrayed, and seized by the Order of Sir *William Stapleton,* and thence brought Prisoner to *England,* where after Examination, and a Confession of *at least* all he knew, having been *Outlawed* in his absence on an Indictment of Treason; he was on the 21st of *April,* 1684. brought to the King's Bench, to shew Cause why Execution could not be awarded against him, as is usual in that Case? He opposed nothing against it, only saying, [*If an ingenuous Confession of Truth could merit the King's Pardon, he hoped he had done it.*] The *Attorney* being called for, ordered the Indictment to be read, and gave him the Offer of a Trial, waving the *Outlawry,* which he refused, and threw himself on the King's Mercy. On which Execution was awarded, tho' the *Attorney,* who had not so much Law even as *Jeffreys,* was for

having Judgment first past against him, which is never done in such Cases, according to which he was executed at *Tyburn* the 30th of *April*.

It seemed strange to all Men, that a Man of so much Spirit, as Mr. *Holloway* appear'd to be, should so tamely die without making any manner of Defence, when that Liberty was granted him: It seemed as strange, or yet stranger, that any Protestant should have any thing that lookt like Mercy or Favour from the Persons then at the Helm. [That they should be so gracious to him as 'tis there called, to admit him to a Trial, which lookt so generously, and was so cried up—the *Attorney* calling it [*A Mercy and a Grace*] and the Lord Chief Justice saying, *He'd assure him 'twas a* great *Mercy, and that it was* exceeding well. Now all this Blind or Mystery will be easily unriddled, by two or three Lines which *Holloway* speaks just after, [*My Lord*, says he, *I cannot undertake to defend my self, for I have* confessed *before his Majesty, that I am guilty of many Things in that Indictment.*] Which was immediately made Use of as 'twas designed—Good Mr. Justice *Withens* crying out full mouth'd, *I hope every Body here will take Notice of his open Confession, when he might try it if he would —Surely none but will believe this Conspiracy now, after what this Man has owned.*] So there's an End of all the Mercy—A Man who had before confess'd in order to be *hang'd*, had *gracious* Liberty given him to confess it again in Publick, because they knew he had precluded all Manner of Defence before, and this publick Action would both get 'em the Repute of Clemency, and confirm the Belief of the Plot. Now that there had been Practice used with him, and Promises of Pardon, if he'd take this Method, and own himself guilty without Pleading, is more than probable, both from other Practices of the same Nature used towards *Greater Men*, and from some Expressions of his which look exceeding fair that Way. Thus in his Paper left behind him, [*I had*, he says, *some* other Reasons *why I did not plead, which at present I conceal, as also why I did not speak what I intended.*] Other Reasons, besides his *Confession* to His Majesty, and Reasons to be *concealed*. Now what should those be but Threatnings and Promises, to induce him to Silence, and publick Acknowledgment of all? Which appears

yet plainer from another Passage, [*I am satisfied that all Means which could be thought on have been used, to get as much out of me as possible.*] If *all Means*, then without straining, those before mentioned.

But if he made so fair and large an Acknowledgment, here's more Mystery still; Why wasn't his Life spared? Let any read his Confession and Speech, or these Passages observed out of them, and he'll no longer wonder at it. He was a little *squeasie-conscienced*, and would not strain so far as others in accusing Men of those black Crimes whereof they were innocent; nay, as was before said, vindicating them from those *Assertions* cast upon them, and for which some of them, particularly my Lord *Russel*, suffered death. He says, [*The Assassination was carried on but by Three or Four, and could never hear so much as the Names of above* Five *for it—That he and others had declared their Abhorrence of any such Thing—That* Ferguson *was not in it.*] And besides, speaks some Things with the Liberty of an *Englishman*, shews the very Root of all those Heats which had been raised—Says what was true enough, [*That the* Protestant *Gentry had a Notion of a Devilish Design of the Papists to cut off the King's Friends, and stirring Men in both last Parliaments; That they had long had Witnesses to swear them out of their Lives, but no Juries to believe 'em; That now the Point about the Sheriffs was gained, that Difficulty was over; That the King had bad Council about him who kept all Things from his Knowledge; That if Things continued thus, the* Protestant *Gentry resolv'd to* get the King from his Evil Council, *and then he'd immediately be of their Side, and suffer all* Popish *Offenders to be brought to Justice.*] Hence 'twas plain, no Assassination, no Plot against the King and Government intended; only Treason against the Duke of *York* and the Papists, who were themselves *Traitors* by *Law*. But yet one bolder Stroak than all this, [*He prays the King's Eyes might be opened, to see his Enemies from his Friends, whom he had Cause to look for nearer home.*] Was a Man to expect Pardon after this?—No certainly, which he soon himself grew sensible of, and prepared for Death, [*the Council*, as he says, *taking it very heinously that he should presume to write such Things.*]

As for what Sheriff *Daniel* urges, That what he said about the

King were but Glossy Pretences; He answers him very well, That 'twas far otherwise. Here was plain Matter of Fact: The Kingdom in eminent Danger, the Fit just coming on, which has since so near shaken to pieces all the Frame of Church and State, which has so many Years been rising to this Compleatness: Ordinary Ways and usual Remedies could not prevail; these Protestants were forced to betake themselves to extraordinary, in Defence of the Government and Laws, and not against 'em, any more than 'twould have been to have taken Arms, and rescued the King from a Troop of *Banditti*, who had got Possession of his Person; the Papists who had him, being as visibly and notoriously obnoxious to the Government, and as dead Men in Law, most of 'em, as Publick Thieves and Robbers. Thus much of Mr. *Holloway*, the Popish *tender* Mercy towards him, his Confession and Execution.

Mr. *Holloway* declared, that Mr. *West* proposed the *Assassination. but none seconded him*—That he could not perceive that Mr. *Ferguson* knew anything of it; and *Holloway* said, *It was our design to shed no Blood;* He being interrogated, by Mr. *Ferguson's* Friend, Mr. Sheriff *Daniel*, whether he knew *Ferguson;* He answered, *That he did know him, but knew him to be against any Design of killing the King.*

SIR *THOMAS ARMSTRONG.*

BUT the next had not so fair Play, because they knew he'd make better Use on't. They had this *Lion* in the *Toils*, and did not intend to let him loose again to make Sport, lest the Hunters themselves should come off ill by it. He had been all his Life a firm Servant and Friend to the Royal Family, in their Exile and afterwards; He had been in Prison for 'em under *Cromwel*, and in Danger both of Execution and Starving; for all which they now rewarded him. He had a particular Honour and Devotion for the Duke of *Monmouth*, and pusht on his Interest on all

Occasions, being a Man of as undaunted *English* Courage, as ever our Country produced. He was with the Duke formerly in his Actions in *Flanders*, and shared there in his Danger and Honour. His Accusation was, his being concerned in the General Plot, and that too of Killing the King; but he was indeed hang'd for running away, and troubling 'em to send so far after him. The Particulars pretended against him, were what the Lord *Howard* witnessed in *Russel's* Trial, [*Of his going to kill the King when their first Design failed.*] But this was there only a Supposal, though advanced into a formed Accusation, and aggravated by the Attorney, as the Reason why he had a Trial denied him, when *Holloway* had one offered, both of 'em being alike Outlawed. On which Outlawry Sir *Thomas* was *kidnapt* in *Holland*, and brought over hither in Chains, and robbed by the Way into the Bargain. Being brought up, and askt what he had to say, that Sentence should not pass upon him, he pleaded the 6*th* of *Ed.* 6, wherein 'tis provided [*That if a Person Outlawed* render *himself in a Year after the Outlawry pronounced, and traverse his Indictment, and shall be acquitted on his Trial, he shall be discharged of the Outlawry.*] On which he accordingly then and there made a formal Surrender of himself to the Lord Chief Justice, and askt the Benefit of the Statute, and a fair Trial for his Life, the Year not being yet expired. If ever any thing could appear plain to common Sense, 'twas his Case. The Statute allows a Year's Time, the Year was not out, he surrendered himself, demands the Benefit of it; and all the Answer he could get, or Reason to the contrary, was the *positive* Lord Chief Justice's, [*We don't think so, and we are of another Opinion.*] Nay, could not have so much Justice as to have Counsel allowed to plead it, tho' the Point sufficiently deserved it, and here was the Life of an *Old Servant* of the King's concerned in it. When he still pleaded, *That a little while before*, one, meaning *Holloway*, *had the Benefit of a Trial offered him, if he'd accept it, and that was all he now desired.* The Lord Chief Justice answers, *That was only the* Grace *and* Mercy *of the King.* The Attorney adds, *The King did indulge* Holloway *so far as to offer him a Trial, and his Majesty perhaps might have* some Reason *for it:* The very self-same *same Reason*, no Doubt on't, which *Holloway* says he had for not pleading.

But Sir Thomas (the Attorney goes on) *deserved no Favour, because he was one of the Persons that actually engaged to go, on the King's hasty coming from* New-market, *and destroy him by the Way as he came to Town; and that this appeared upon as full and clear Evidence, and as positively testified, as any Thing could be, and this in the Evidence given in of the late horrid Conspiracy.*] Now I'd fain know who gives this *clear* and *full* Evidence in the Discovery of the Conspiracy? *Howard's* is meer *Supposition*, and he's all who so much as mentions a Syllable on't, that ever could be found on Search of all the Papers and Trials relating to that Affair. To this Sir *Thomas* answers in his Speech, [*That had he come to his Trial, he could have proved my Lord* Howard's *base Reflections on him to be a notorious Falshood, there being at least Ten Gentlemen, besides all the Servants in the House, could testifie where he dined that very Day.*]

Still Sir *Thomas* demanded the Benefit of the Law, and no more: To which *Jeffreys* answered, with one of his usual barbarous Insults over the Miserable, [*That he should have it by the Grace of God;* ordering, *That Execution be done on* Friday *next according to Law.* And added, *That he should have the full Benefit of the Law:*] Repeating the Jest, lest it should be lost, as good as three times in one Sentence. Tho' had not his Lordship slipt out of the World so slily, he had had as much *Benefit* the same Way, and much more justly than this Gentleman.

Then the Chief Justice proceeds, and tells him, We are satisfied that according to Law, we must award Execution upon this Outlawry: Thereupon Mrs. *Mathews*, Sir *Thomas's* daughter, said, *My Lord, I hope you will not Murther my Father:* For which, being Browbeaten and Checkt, she added, *God Almighty's Judgments Light upon YOU.*

The *Friday* after he was brought to the Place of Execution, Dr. *Tennison* being with him, and on his Desire, after he had given what he had to leave, in a Paper, to the Sheriff, prayed a little while with him. He then prayed by himself; and after having thanked the Doctor for his *great Care and Pains* with him, submitted to the Sentence, and died more composedly, and full as resolutely as he had lived. 'Tis observable, that more Cruelty was exercised on him than any who went before him,

not only in the Manner of his Death, but the exposing his Limbs and Body: A fair Warning what particular Gratitude a Protestant is to expect for having obliged a true Papist.

Another Thing worth remembering, in all other Cases as well as this, tho' Occasion is here taken to do it, is, That whereas in *Holloway's* Case, *Jeffreys* observed, [*That not one of all concerned in this Conspiracy had dared to deny it;* and lower, *to deny the Truth of the Fact absolutely.*] 'Tis so far from being true, that *every one* who suffered, did it as *absolutely* as possible. They were Tried or Sentenced for [*Conspiring against the King and Government*] that was their Plot; but this they all deny, and absolutely too; and safely might do it: For they consulted for it, not conspired against it, resolving not to touch the King's Person; nay, if possible, not to shed one *Drop of Blood* of any other, as *Holloway* and others say. For the King's Life, Sir *Thomas* says as the Lord *Russel*, [*Never had any Man the Impudence to propose so base and barbarous a Thing to him.*] *Russel*, and almost all besides, say, *They had never any Design against the Government.* Sir *Thomas* here says the same, [*As he never had any Design against the King's Life, nor the Life of any Man, so he never had any Design to alter the Monarchy.*]

As he lived, he says, he died a sincere Protestant, and in the Communion of the Church of *England*, tho' he heartily wished he had more strictly lived up to the Religion he believed. And tho' he had but a short Time, he found himself prepared for Death; and indeed, as all his Life shew'd him a Man of Courage, so his Death, and all the rest of his Behaviour, did, a Penitent Man, a Man of good Sense, and a good Christian.

At the Place of Execution, Sir *Thomas Armstrong* deported himself with Courage becoming a great Man, and with the Seriousness and Piety suitable to a very good *Christian.*

Sheriff *Daniel* told him, he had Leave to say what he pleased, and should not be interrupted, *unless he upbraided the Government;* Sir *Thomas* thereupon told him, that he should not say anything by way of Speech; but delivered him a Paper, which he said contained his Mind; he then called for Dr. *Tennison*, who prayed with him, and then he prayed himself.

In his Paper he thus expressed himself, *That he thanked* Almighty God *he found himself prepared for Death, his*

Thoughts set upon another World, and weaned from this; yet he could not but give so much of his little Time as to answer some Calumnies, *and particularly what Mr.* Attorney *accused him of at the Bar.*

That he prayed to be allowed a Trial for his Life according to the Laws of the Land, *and urged the* Statute of *Edward* 6, *which was expressly for it; but it signified nothing, and he was with an extraordinary Roughness condemned, and made a Precedent*; tho' *Holloway* had it offered him, and he could not but think all the World would conclude his Case very different, else why refused to him?

That Mr. Attorney charged him for being one of those that were to kill the King; *He took God to witness, that he never had a Thought to take away the King's Life, and that no Man ever had the Impudence to propose so base and barbarous a Thing to him; and that he never was in any design to alter the Government.*

That if he had been tried, he could have proved the Lord *Howard's* base Reflections upon him to be notoriously false—He concluded, that he had lived, and now died of the *Reformed Religion*, a Protestant in the Communion of the Church of *England*, and he heartily wished *he had lived more strictly up to the Religion he believed:* That he had found the great Comfort of the Love and Mercy of God, in and through his blessed Redeemer, in whom he only trusted, and verily hoped he was going to partake of that Fulness of Joy which is in his Presence, the Hopes whereof infinitely pleased him. He thanked God he had no repining, but chearfully submitted to the Punishment of his Sins; He freely forgave all the World, even those concerned in taking away his *Life, tho' he could not but think his Sentence very hard, he being denied the Laws of the Land.*

On the Honourable Sir *Thomas Armstrong*, Executed *June* 20. 1684.

Hadst thou abroad found Safety in thy flight,
Th' Immortal Honour had not shin'd so bright.
Thou hadst been still a worthy Patriot thought;
But now thy Glory's to perfection brought.
In Exile, and in Death to *England* true:
What more could *Brutus*, or just *Cato* do?

ALDERMAN *CORNISH.*

TO make an End of this Plot altogether, 'twill be necessary once more to invert the Order in which Things happened, and tho' Mr. *Cornish* suffered not till after the Judges returned from the *West*, as well as *Bateman* after him, yet we shall here treat of 'em both, and so conclude this Matter.

Mr. *Cornish* was seized in *October*, 1685, and the *Monday* after his Commitment, which was on *Tuesday* or *Friday*, Arraigned for High Treason, having no Notice given him till *Saturday* noon. His Charge was for *Conspiring to kill the King, and promising to assist the Duke of* Monmouth, *&c., in their Treasonable Enterprises.* He desired his Trial might be deferred, because of his short Time for Preparation; and that he had a considerable Witness an Hundred and Forty Miles off, and that the King had left it to the Judges, whether it should be put off or no. But 'twas denied him; the Attorney telling him, *He had not deserved so well of the Government as to have his Trial delayed.* That was in *English*, because he had been a Protestant Sheriff, he should not have Justice.

The Evidences against him were *Rumsey* and *Goodenough. Rumsey* swears, [*That when he was at the famous Meeting at Mr.* Shepherd's, *Mr.* Shepherd *being called down, brought up Mr.* Cornish; *and when he was come in,* Ferguson *opened his Bosom, and under his Stomacher pulled out a Paper in the Nature of a Declaration of Grievances, which* Ferguson *read, and* Shepherd *held the Candle while 'twas reading; that Mr.* Cornish *liked it, and what Interest he had, said, would join with it; and that out of Compassion he had not accused Mr.* Cornish *before.*]

Goodenough swears, *That he talkt with* Cornish *of the Design of seizing the Tower.* Mr. *Cornish* said, *He would do what good he could, or to that purpose.*

To *Goodenough's* Evidence was opposed Mr. *Gospright's*, who testified Mr. *Cornish* opposed his being Under-Sheriff, saying, *That he was an ill Man, obnoxious to the Government, and he'd not trust an Hair of his Head with him.* And is it then

probable that he'd have such Discourses with him as would endanger Head and all? Mr. *Love*, *Jekil*, and Sir *William Turner*, witness to the same Purpose.

As to *Rumsey's* Evidence, the Perjury lyes so full and staring, that 'tis impossible to look into the Trial with half an Eye without meeting it. Compare what he says on *Russel's* Trial, and here, and this will be as visible as the Sun. Being askt there, *Whether there was any Discourse about a Declaration, and how long he staid;* he says, [*He was there about* a Quarter of an Hour, *and that he was not certain whether he heard something about a Declaration there, or whether he had heard* Ferguson *report afterwards, that they had then debated it.*] Now turn to *Cornish's* Trial, he is there strangely recovered in his Memory, and having had the Advantage, either of Recollection, or better Instruction, remembers that distinctly in *October* 1685, which he could not in *July* 1683. [*He had been there a Quarter of an Hour*] the Time he states in the Lord *Russel's* Trial, but lengthens it out, and improves it now, to so long Time as Mr. *Shepherd's* going down, bringing *Cornish* up, *Ferguson's* pulling out the Declaration, and reading it, and that, as *Shepherd* said in *Russel's* Trial, a *long one* too, as certainly it must be, if, as 'twas sworn, it contained all the Grievances of the Nation, and yet all this still in a Quarter of an Hour; thus contradicting himself both to Time and Matter.

But he is of such Villanous Credit, that his Evidence is scarce fit to be taken even against himself. Let's see then how *Shepherd* does Point-blank contradict, and absolutely overthrow it in every Particular, as expressly as 'tis possible to ruin any Evidence. He says, [*At one Meeting* only *Mr.* Cornish *was at his House to speak with one of the Persons there; that then he himself came up-stairs, and went out again with Mr.* Cornish. *That there was not one Word read, nor any paper seen while Mr.* Cornish *was there, and this he was positive of, for Mr.* Cornish *was not one of their Company.*]

Now who should know best, *Rumsey* what *Shepherd* did, or he what he did himself? Could a Man *hold the Candle* while a Declaration was read, as *Rumsey* swears *Shepherd* did, and yet know nothing of it, nay, protest the quite contrary? What Sizes the Consciences of his Jury were, let any *Christian*, *Turk*,

or *Jew*, be Judge; and Providence has already visibly done it on the Foreman of it, who came to an untimely End, being beaten to Pieces by the Fall of some Timber at a Fire in *Thames-street*.

All that is pretended to bolster *Rumsey's* Evidence, and hinder *Shepherd's* from saving the Prisoner, was, *That* Shepherd *strengthened* Rumsey, *and proved* Cornish *guilty of a Lie.* But if we enquire into the Matter, we shall find one just as true as the other.

Cornish on his Trial is said to have denied his being at the Meeting, and discoursing with the Duke of *Monmouth.* Which they'd have us believe *Shepherd* swears he was, tho' not a Syllable of it appears. [*He had been there several Times,* Shepherd *says, but was not of their Consult, knew nothing of their Business, nor can he be positive whether 'twas the Duke of* Monmouth *he came to speak with that Evening.*] But supposing in two or three Years Time, and on so little Recollection, *Cornish's* Memory had slipt in that Circumstance, what's that to *Shepherd's* Evidence against the very Root of *Rumsey's* which hang'd the Prisoner?

In Spight of all he was found Guilty, and Condemned, and even that Christian Serenity of Mind and Countenance, wherewith 'twas visible he bore his Sentence, turned to his Reproach by the Bench.

He continued in the same excellent Temper whilst in *Newgate*, and gave the World a glaring Instance of the Happiness of such Persons as live a Pious Life, when they come to make an End on't, let the Way thereof be never so violent. His Carriage and Behaviour at his leaving *Newgate* was as follows.

Some Passages of Henry Cornish, *Esq, before his Sufferings.*

Coming into the *Press-yard*, and feeling the Halter in the Officer's Hand, he said, *Is this for me?* The Officer answered, Yes; he replied, *Blessed be God*, and kissed it; and after said, *O blessed be God for* Newgate, *I have enjoyed God ever since I came within these Walls, and blessed be God who hath made me fit to die. I am now going to that God that will not be mocked, to that God that will not be imposed upon, to that God that*

knows the Innocency of his poor Creature. And a little after he said, *Never did any poor Creature come unto God with greater confidence in his Mercy, and Assurance of Acceptation with him, through Jesus Christ, than I do; but it is through Jesus Christ, for there is no other Way of coming to God but by him, to find Acceptance with him: There is no other Name given under Heaven whereby we can be saved, but the Name of Jesus.* Then speaking to the Officers, he said, *Labour every one of you to be fit to die, for I tell you, you are not fit to die: I was not fit to die myself before I came hither; but O blessed be God, he hath made me fit to die, and hath made me willing to die! In a few Moments I shall have the Fruition of the Blessed Jesus, and that not for a Day, but for ever. I am going to the Kingdom of God, where I shall enjoy the Presence of God the Father, and of God the Son, and of God the Holy Spirit, and of all the Holy Angels; I am going to the general Assembly of the First-born, and of the Spirits of Just Men made perfect: O that God should ever do so much for me! O that God should concern himself so much for poor Creatures, for their Salvation, blessed be his Name! For this was the Design of God from all Eternity, to give his only Son to die for poor miserable Sinners.* Then the Officers going to tie his Hands, he said, *What, must I be tied then? Well, a Brown Thred might have served the Turn; you need not tie me at all, I shall not stir from you, for I thank God I am not afraid to die.* As he was going out, he said, *Farewel,* Newgate; *farewel all my Fellow-Prisoners here; the Lord comfort you, the Lord be with you all.*

Thus much for his Behaviour in the Way to his Martyrdom. The Place of it was most spitefully and ignominiously ordered, almost before his own Door, and near *Guildhall,* to scare any good Citizen from appearing vigorously in the Discharge of his Duty for his Country's Service, by his Example. If any thing was wanting in his Trial, from the Haste of it, for the clearing his Innocency, he sufficiently made it up in solemn Asseverations thereof on the Scaffold: [*God is my Witness,* says he, *the Crimes laid to my Charge were falsly and maliciously sworn against me by the Witnesses; for I never was at any Consult, nor any Meeting where Matters against the Government were discoursed of.*] He adds, [*I never heard or read any Declaration*

tending that Way.] Again, [*As for the Crimes for which I suffer, Upon the Words of a dying Man, I'm* altogether *Innocent.*] Lower he adds, [*He died as he had lived, in the Communion of the Church of* England, *in whose Ordinances he had been often a Partaker, and now felt the Blessed Effects thereof in these his* Agonies.]

He was observed by those who stood near the Sledge, to have solemnly, several Times, averred his absolute Innocence of any Design against the Government, and particularly that which he died for.

There were some persons, who are sufficiently known, who were present at, and exprest a great deal of *barbarous Joy* at his Death: The open Publication of their Names is here spared, in Hopes they have or will repent of so unmanly and unchristian a Behaviour; tho' some of them then were so confounded with his Constancy and Chearful Bravery, as wickedly to report, *That he was Drunk or Mad when he died.* His Quarters were set up on *Guildhall, in Terrorem*, and for the same Reason, no doubt, before mentioned, for which he was executed so near it. There was such a terrible Storm the Day of his Death, as has scarce been known in the Memory of Man; and will never be forgot by those who were in it; ten or a dozen Ships being founder'd, or stranded in one Road, and a vast many more in other Places. And as Heaven then did him Justice, and vindicated his Innocence, so Earth also has done it since, the Judgment against him being reverst by that Honourable, ever Memorable Parliament, which under God and our King, has settled the Happiness both of this Age and Posterity.

There wanted not a Sort of Men at this Time who would have persuaded the World, that *Murder was a Royal Sport;* for at this Time was printed a Ballad, call'd, *Advice to the City*, sung to the King at *Windsor*, wherein are these entertaining Lines.

Then, *London*, be wise, and baffle their Power,
And let 'em play the Old Game no more,
Hang, hang up the Sheriffs,
Those Baboons in Power,
Those Popular Thieves,
Those Rats of the Tower.

The Instruments of shedding this Blood may do well to reflect upon the Fate of *Clowdesly*, one of the *Jury-men*, and upon some others since, that were concerned in that *Bloody Tragedy*.

HIS CHARACTER.

He was a Person of as known Prudence as Integrity; a good Christian, a compleat Citizen, a worthy Magistrate, and a worthy Church of *England* Man. He was so cautious and wise, that he was noted for it all thro' those worst of Times, and often proposed as an Example to others of hotter and more imprudent Tempers; nor could the least Imputation be fixt on him of hearing, or concealing any unlawful or dangerous Discourses, any other ways than by plain force of Perjury, being known to have shunned some Persons, whom he, as well as some other prudent Men, suspected to have no good Designs, and to be indued with no more Honesty than Discretion, as it afterwards proved. But he was designed to glorifie God by such an End as all his Care could not avoid, which he submitted to, with Bravery rarely to be met with, unless among those who suffered for the same Cause in the same Age; or their Predecessors, Queen *Mary's* Martyrs. There was seen the same Tenour of Prudence and Piety through all the Actions of his Life, tho' most conspicuous in the last glorious Scene of it. There was such a firmness in his Soul, such Vigour, and almost *Extatick* Joy, and yet so well regulated, that it shin'd through his Face, almost with as visible Rays as those in which we use to dress Saints and Martyrs; with which, both at his Sentence and Execution, he refresht all his Friends, and at once dazzled and confounded his most bitter Enemies.

MR. *CHARLES BATEMAN.*

THE next and last was Mr. *Bateman* the Chyrurgeon, a Man of good Sense, good Courage, and good Company, and a very large and generous Temper, of considerable Repute and Practice in his Calling: A great Lover and Vindicator of the Liberties of the City and Kingdom, and of more Interest than most of his station. He

was swore against by *Rouse*, *Lee*, and *Richard Goodenough*, upon the old Stories of seizing the *Tower*, *City*, and *Savoy*. We had had a better Defence, had he himself been able to have made it: But being kept close Prisoner in *Newgate*, the Windows and Rooms all dark, and little or no Company, he being a free jolly Man, and us'd formerly to Conversation and Diversion, soon grew deeply melancholly; and when he came on his Trial, appeared little less than perfectly distracted; on which the Court very kindly gave his Son Liberty to make his Defence —The first instance to be sure of that Nature; since he himself might probably, had he been in his Senses, have remembered and pleaded many Things more, which would have invalidated their Evidence against him. But had not the mistaken Piety of his Son undertook his Defence, certainly they could never have been such *Cannibals* to have tried one in his Condition.—Yet could but what he brought for him, been allowed its Weight and Justice, he had escaped well enough. For as for *Lee*, one *Baker* witnessed, [*He had been practised upon by him in the Year* 83, *and would have had him insinuate into* Bateman's *Company, and discourse about State-Affairs to trepan him, by which Means he should be made a* Great Man.] 'Twas urged besides, that there was three Years between the Fact pretended, and *Lee's* Prosecution of him, which, though they had but one Witness, could not have brought him to Punishment, which would have been judged sufficient by any, but those who would be content with nothing but Blood. For *Goodenough*, he was but one Witness, and pardoned only so far, as to qualifie him to do Mischief. However he was found Guilty; and just before his Execution very much recovered himself, dying as much like a Christian, and with as great a Presence of Mind as most of the others.

DR. *OATS*, MR. *JOHNSON*, AND MR. *DANGERFIELD*.

WE are now obliged, by the *Thred* of our History, to resume a Subject, which, 'tis not doubted, will be *ungrateful* enough to some Persons; and that is, —the Popish Plot; the Belief of which, by the indefatigable Industry of that Party, and the weekly Pains of *their* Observator, and especially this last pretended Plot against the Government, was now almost entirely obliterated out of the Minds of the less thinking Part of the Nation. To accomplish which more fully 'twas thought necessary by the Managers, either quite to take off, or expose to Miseries and Disgraces worse than Death, all those few Persons who remained honest and firm to their first Evidence: the Generality of the World judging by outward Appearance, and thinking it impossible but that one who stood in the Pillory, and was whipt at the *Cart's-Arse*, must be a Perjur'd Rogue without more ado. Mr. *Bedloe* was dead, and his Testimony therefore would be easier forgotten; tho' at his last Breath after the Sacrament, he Solemnly and Juridically confirmed every Word of it before one of the Judges, who was happily in *Bristol* at the Time of his Death. Most of the Under-Evidences in the Plot were threatned, or promised, or brought off from what they had witnessed, or forced to leave the Land for the securing their Persons. None remains now besides *Oats* and *Dangerfield*, with whom all Means possible, fair and foul, had been used, to make 'em turn Villains, and deny their Evidence; but to their eternal Praise, they still continued firm to their first Testimony, to the Rage and Confusion of their Enemies. They therefore went first to Work with the Doctor; and 'twill be worth the while to consider the Reason of his first persecution, by which Men that are not very prejudiced may see the Reason and Justice of those which follow, and 'twas [*For scandalizing the Duke of* York *with that notorious Truth —That he was reconciled to the Church of* Rome, adding, *What every Man knows, that 'twas High Treason so to be.*] Would but the Doctor's greatest and most passionate Enemies reflect on this *Beginning* of his sorrows; as well as calmly examine all

that's to come, they must form a juster Judgment of his Person and Actions, than what seems too deeply fixed in 'em, ever to be rooted out; for which he was adjudged to pay that reasonable little Fine of a 100000 Pounds, which, till he paid, tho' there was no *great Haste* for his doing it, he was committed to the Bench.

Having him thus in *Limbo*, they resolved to strike at the Root with him, and therefore after new fruitless Attempts to make him quit and revoke his Evidence, they made the last Effort on his Constancy and Honesty; and indeed Life it self, Indicting him on the 8th and 9th of *May* 1685. for Perjury in some Branches of his Evidence, given in some of it, almost Seven Years before. His first Accusation was, [*For swearing in* Ireland's *Trial, he himself was here in* London, *whereas 'twas pretended he was at that very Time at St.* Omers.] The second, *That* Ireland *was at that Time in Town, when they would have it believed he was in* Staffordshire.

The Evidence for the first were all Lads of St. *Omers*, who, tho' they blundered ill-favouredly in former Attempts the same Way, and were accordingly told so by the Court in other Trials, were now grown expert in the Business, being all of a Religion that makes Perjury meritorious; all Youths and Boys, and under such a Discipline as oblige them to obey their Superiors, without any Reserve, or questioning the Reason or Justice of the Thing; all or most of 'em afterwards, rewarded with Places of Trust and Profit under King *James*, as, no Doubt, promised e'm before for their good Service. They all swore point-blank, *That* Oats *was at St.* Omers, *when he swears he was here at the Consult.* Not one of these Witnesses who had not been bred at St. *Omers*, and but one who pretended to be a Protestant. For the second Indictment—*Of* Ireland's *not being in Town in* August, *as* Oats *had sworn him:* They brought several Witnesses to prove it, and that he was at that Time in *Staffordshire;* most, if not all of which were great Papists.

In Answer to which, let's first be persuaded fairly to consider what may be said in his Defence, and most part of his Vindication is over: And first—*These were most, or all of 'em, the self-same Witnesses who in the successive Trials,* Whitebread's, Harcourt's, &c. and *Mr.* Langhorn's, *could not find Credit;*

and who had several Witnesses who swore point-blank contrary to what they affirmed, some of whom were dead before this last Trial. Let's then consider what Defence *Oats* made for himself, which in Spite of his own and *Jeffreys* Passions, seems strenuous and unanswerable.

He had in the former Trials produced no less than Eight Persons who swore positively to his being in Town at that very Time, when the Jesuits and their Younkers would so fain had him been out of it, whose Names were Mr. *Walker*, an Ancient Minister of the Church of *England*, *Sarah Ives*, Mrs. *Mayo*, Sir *Rich. Barker*, Mr. *Page*, Mr. *Butler*, *William Smith*, and Mr. *Clay*, a *Romish* Priest, Four of which, *Mayo*, *Butler*, *Page*, and *Walker* he now produced again at his Trial; the two first of whom positively swore the same they did before; the Minister was too Old to remember, and the last too fearful positively to affirm what they had before done.

As to the second Indictment, a Crowd of Witnesses, such as they were, came to testifie *Ireland* was in *Staffordshire* when *Oats* swore him to be in *London.*

To this same Objection he had formerly answered, and proved by the Oaths of Mr. *Bedloe*, and *Sarah Pain*, and afterwards of Mr. *Jennison*, *That* Ireland *was in Town*, *when others witness he was in the Country.* But now at his Trial, *Bedloe* and *Pain* being dead, and *Jennison* fled into *Holland*, he was absolutely incapacitated of making any Defence that Way; and so was found guilty of both Indictments.

The Judgment against him was just as merciful as could be expected from Papists, acting by a *Jeffreys*, Part of which was, [*To be whipt from* Algate *to* Newgate *on* Wednesday, *and on* the Friday *following from* Newgate *to* Tyburn, *and stand on the Pillory five times a Year, and be Prisoner during Life.*] Which he bore with a great deal of Strength and Courage; tho' had not Providence provided him a Body and Soul, made, one would think, on Purpose for it, 'twould have killed him, if he'd had the Strength of Twenty Men. He had in all above *two thousand Lashes*, as some that were by reckon'd 'em up—Such a Thing as was never inflicted by any Jew, Turk, or Heathen, but *Jeffreys*; nay, the merciful Jews thought one less than God Almighty had appointed sufficient, and never gave but 39 at a

time, all St. *Paul's* three times not coming near the third Part of the Doctor's. Had they hang'd him, they had been merciful; had they flead him alive, 'tis a Question whether it had been so much Torture. How good and merciful those Persons, who will vindicate this worse than barbarous and inhumane Action, are, let the World and future Ages be Judges; in the mean while we'll safely defy all History to shew one Parallel of it either on Man or Dog, from the Creation of the World to the Year 1685.

But there needs no more Aggravation of it, or urging what is plain enough, that the thus dealing with him, even supposing his Crime as great as they'd have it, was yet the highest Affront and Indignity even to Humanity it self. 'Twill, besides this, be an unanswerable Observation—*That it had been impossible for a Man to have held out the* Second *Whipping, after the* First *was over, while the Wounds were fresh about him, and every new Stroak more than a double Torment, either to have undergone this without Confession, or dropping down dead with Extremity of Pain, had he not both had Truth on his side, and also a more than common Support and Assistance from him who saw his Innocency.* This Whipping of his being the greatest Confirmation to his Evidence that was possible to be given.

After his Return to Prison, after all this Usage, yet if possible, more barbarous, tearing off the Plaisters from his Wounds, crushing him with Irons, thrusting him into Holes and Dungeons, and endeavouring to render him as infamous to the Nation, and all the World, as *Cain* or *Judas;* he bore up against all this, and more, with so strange and almost miraculous a Patience, that during his four Years Imprisonment, he was never once heard to sigh, or manifest any Impatience under his Condition. He refused all the Offers of the Jesuits, who even after this had the Impudence to propose to him his recanting his Evidence. He had still a strong Belief that he should see better Times, and get his Freedom again, which he had in that General Goal-delivery, granted all *England* by the then Prince of *Orange's* Heroick Undertaking. Since that, he has presented his Case and Petition to the Parliament; to the House of Commons, as well as the House of Lords: And tho' the Honourable House of Lords were offended at what they judged a Slight of their Jurisdiction, in his Addressing to the House of Commons,

while his Cause lay before them, and exprest their Resentments thereof accordingly; the Commons have since that taken his Case into Consideration, and, as well as four succeeding Parliaments before 'em, own'd his Cause, and censured the Proceedings of *Jeffreys* against him; and 'tis not doubted but will appoint him Rewards suitable to his Sufferings and Merit.

His Character.

His Firmness and Courage, even perhaps to Fault, have been visible through these mentioned, and all his other Actions since he appeared on the Publick Stage: His Passions are lively and warm, and he is the worst made for a Dissembler, an Hypocrite, or a secret Villain, of any Man in the World. Nor have all his Sufferings much sunk him, tho' he be a little altered in this Particular. He's open and frank, and speaks whatever he thinks of any Persons or Things in the World, and bearing himself justly enough, on his Services to his Country, is not careful enough to keep that Guard which others do, on his Words and Actions. He has Wit enough, a pleasant Humour, and sufficiently divertive to those he knows, and his Learning is far from contemptible. He has a good Library, is no mean Critick in the *Greek*, and well acquainted with the Schoolmen and Fathers. He's Owner of as much Generosity as any Man, and as much Tenderness to any in Misery, scorning to strike at those below him; an Example of which very remarkakle there was in his inhumane Judge's Fall, he being almost the only Person who has been heard to pity him; though one would have thought he should have been the last. In a Word, as this present Age has now begun to do him Justice, so 'tis not doubted but they'll make an End on't, and those succeeding join with it in making honourable Mention of his Name and Services to the Protestant Religion.

MR. *JOHNSON.*

MUCH about the same Time, the Pious, Reverend, and Learned Mr. *Johnson* met with much the same Usage. His great Crimes were,—*Being my Lord* Russel's *Chaplain, writing the Famous* Julian *the Apostate, and endeavouring to persuade the Nation, not to let themselves be made Slaves and Papists, when so many others were doing their part to bring 'em to it,* And 'tis a Question whether any Man in the World, besides his Friend the Reverend Dr. *Burnet,* did more Service with his Pen, or more conduced to our great and happy Revolution, both among the Army, and in other Places. For some of these good Services, he was Accused, Imprisoned, Tried, and Condemned to be divested of his Canonical Habit, and be whipt as far as *Oats* was before him ; which was performed, and which he underwent, as he did, with Courage and Constancy above a Man, and like a Christian and a Martyr. He remained ever since in the King's Bench, till the Prince's Coming delivered him.

The following Paper was Published by Mr. *Samuel Johnson,* in the Year 1686. For which he was Sentenced by the Court of King's Bench, (Sir *Edward Herbert* being Lord Chief Justice) to stand Three Times on the Pillory, and to be Whipped from *Newgate* to *Tyburn ;* which Barbarous Sentence was Executed.

An Humble and Hearty ADDRESS *to all the* English *Protestants in this present Army.*

GENTLEMEN,

Next to the Duty which we owe to God, which ought to be the Principal Care of Men of your Profession especially (because you carry your Lives in your Hands, and often look Death in the Face ;) the Second Thing that deserves your Consideration, is, the Service of your Native Country,, wherein you drew your first Breath, and breathed a Free *English* Air : Now I would desire you to consider, how well you comply with these Two Main Points, by engaging in this present Service.

Is it in the Name of God, and for his Service, that you have joined yourself with Papists; who will indeed fight for the Mass-Book, but burn the Bible; and who seek to extirpate the Protestant Religion with your Swords, because they cannot do it with their own? And will you be Aiding and Assisting to set up Mass-houses, to erect that Popish Kingdom of Darkness and Desolation amongst us, and to train up all our Children in Popery? How can you do these Things and yet call yourselves Protestants?

And then what Service can be done your Country, by being under the Command of *French* and *Irish* Papists, and by bringing the Nation under a Foreign Yoak? Will you help them to make forcible Entry into the Houses of your Country-men, under the Name of Quartering, contrary to *Magna Charta* and the *Petition* of *Right?* Will you be Aiding and Assisting to all the Murthers and Outrages which they shall commit by their void Commissions? Which were declared Illegal, and sufficiently blasted by both Houses of Parliament (if there had been any Need of it) for it was very well known before, That a Papist cannot have a Commission, but by the Law is utterly disabled and disarmed. Will you exchange your Birth-right of *English* Laws and Liberties for Martial or Club-Law, and help to destroy all others, only to be eaten last yourselves? If I know you well, as you are *English-men*, you hate and scorn all these Things. And therefore be not unequally yoaked with Idolatrous and Bloody Papists. Be Valiant for the Truth, and shew yourselves Men.

The same Considerations are likewise humbly offered to all the *English* Seamen, who have been the Bulwark of this Nation against Popery and Slavery ever since Eighty-Eight.

His Character.

If any Man does not know what he is, let him read his *Julian*, and Defences of it; he'll find there as much clear, close, fair Reason, Scripture, and Law, as ever an ill Cause had brought against it, or a good one for it. Mr. *Johnson* is a true Christian Stoick; and tho' he writes warmly, thinks and acts as coldly as any Man in Chistendom. His Piety is as remarkable as his Constancy, and his Universal Charity as both.—But he's still alive; and 'tis better to say no more of him, than either too much, or too little.

MR. *DANGERFIELD.*

HIS Father was a Gentleman, who lived in good Fashion at *Waltham-Abby*, or thereabout,—had been a great Sufferer for K. *Charles* I., and charged this his Son on his Death-bed, after his Discovery of the Plot, never to have any Hand in any thing against the Government; which he promis'd, and faithfully observed. He was a Man of Business and Courage, and therefore employed by the Papists, while among 'em, in their desperate and most dangerous Concerns. He was then of a Religion that excused and encouraged the worst Things he or any other Man could be guilty of. The great Thing which brought him on the Stage, was Mrs. *Celiers* Business, called, The *Meal-Tub-Plot.* The Papists had design'd to kill two Birds with one Stone—Divert the Laws and People from themselves, and ruin their Enemies; for which End they had among 'em made a Plot to bring in the Best Men and Patriots of the Kingdom into a pretended Design against the King and Government, by a kind of an Association, like that which afterwards took better Effect. And for this Transaction Mr. *Dangerfield* was made Choice of, a List of their Names, with the Design, being by him, according to Order, conveyed into one Colonel *Mansel's* Chamber—But he was discovered, and seized in the Design, and acknowledged all the Intrigue, giving so clear an Account of it, that they had never to this very Day the Impudence to pretend any Contradiction, or Trip in his Evidence, nor any other Way but flat Denial. But there was somewhat yet deeper in the Case, which he afterwards revealed in his Depositions before the Parliament, *That he was employed by the same Party to kill the King, and encouraged and promised Impunity and Reward, and Part of it given him by a Great Person for that End.*

When the Stream ran violently for Popery, he went over, for Security, into *Flanders*, but continued no longer there; and returning back, he was some time after seized, and carried before the Council, where, before the King himself, persisting to a Tittle, in all his former Evidence, he was committed to *Newgate;* and after having lain there for some Time, Petitioned for a Trial,

which they could not do upon any Account but *Scandalum Magnatum*, and that in a Matter which lay only before the Parliament to whom he had revealed it. Yet for that he was tried, and found Guilty, as *Wi. Williams* the Speaker afterwards for Licensing his Narrative, by Order of Parliament. He was to undergo the same Whipping *Oats* and *Johnson* did. Before he went out, he had strong Bodings of his Death, and chose a Text for his Funeral Sermon in the . . . of *Job*, *There the Wicked cease from troubling, and there the Weary are at Rest.* Saying, *He was confident they had such a particular Malice against him, he should ne'er return alive: Confirmed the Truth of all his former Evidence, and took a last Farewel of his Friends.* After the Sentence was executed on him, in his Return home, one *Francis* stabb'd him into the Eye with a sort of a Tuck in the End of his Cane, which touching his Brain, he was hardly ever sensible after, but died of the Wound in a few Hours, not without great Suspicion of Poison, his Body being swoln and black, and full of great Blains all over. The Murderer fled, but was pursued by the Rabble, who had torn him to Pieces, had not the Officers rescued him. He defended and justified the Fact whilst in *Newgate*, saying, *He had the Greatest Men in the Kingdom to stand by him;* to whom after his Trial, and being found Guilty upon clear Evidence, great Applications were made, which had been successful for his Pardon, had not *Jeffreys* himself gone to *Whitehall*, and told the King, *He must die, for the Rabble were now throughly heated.* Attempts were made to bribe Mr. *Dangerfield*'s Wife, that she might consent to the Pardon of her Husband's Murderer; but she too well deserved to be related to him, to sell his Blood; and had an Appeal ready against him, had he been Pardoned. So the poor State-Martyr was hang'd, as *Coleman* was before him. Mr. *Dangerfield*'s Body was conveyed to *Waltham-Abby*, with several Coaches attending it, and there handsomly buried. He has left one Daughter behind him who, if she lives, will be the true Child of her Father.

His Character.

The worst of his Enemies have owned he was a Man of Wit, Courage, and Business; all which he reconciled the best of any

one ; he had as much Address, as perfect and great a Presence of Mind, in whatever Exigences, as can be met with. He was the best Companion, the best Friend in the World, and as generous an Enemy. He did nothing but what lookt very handsome ; and there was a Charm in the meanest, and something most bewitchingly pleasant in the most indefensible of his Actions. He could do almost every Thing, and 'tis hard to say what he did with the greatest Grace. In a Word, all that knew him must say, That he wanted nothing but an Estate to have made him as compleat a Gentleman as most in *England.*

An ELEGY upon Mr. *Thomas Dangerfield.*

Go then, Mount-on ! Wing through the midway Air,
And *Godfrey's* hovering Shade shall meet thee there :
A Thousand Martyrs thou, *a Wound all o'er,*
Thy mighty Mind leaps out at every *Pore,*
My rising Heart boils high, the ungrateful World shall see
Something *Immortal,* something worthy thee :
Larger within the Noble Image grows,
Free, like thy Blood, the *uncall'd Satyr* flows ;
But not one Tear to affront thy pious Grave,
Russel and *Generous Essex* died less Brave ;
Love, Pity, Friendship, all their Claims begin,
But Vengeance drowns 'em all. and roars aloud within,
And thou Hell's *Ehud,* by black *Rome* decreed,
Hallow'd and Blest to do the Glorious Deed ;
If his dear Name can ought of Passion move,
If there are any Strings in Blood or Love,
Ev'n at Hell Gates I'll reach and stab thee there ;
Nor can so just a Rage be too severe.
Tho' my *wild Satyr* means a Nobler Wound.
Others I strike, thee but at the Rebound.
Like him we'll tell 'em to their Teeth 'tis true.
Defie a Stab, and give the Devil his due.
And if you *Bright Exalted Names above,*
Know any thing but how to *Sing and Love,*
Look down dear Sharer of my Soul, and see
A Vengeance worthy of thy Friend and Thee.

A Friend's Revenge may thy black Murtherers feel,
Oh may my Pen dart *Groves of poison'd Steel,*
Till through their lustful Veins the Venom rolls,
And with a *double Rot* consumes their very Souls.
None, none! shall 'scape the just and deadly Blow,
None that these Grand Intrigues of *Murder* know,
From *Conclaves* down to little Kings below:
Let *Laureats* belch a pocky *Herd's* Fame,
When Candied o'er with some cramp *Hebrew Name,*
As their good Fellow *Catholick* Jews before
Nick-name a Calf *Jehovah,* and adore.
No *well-wrote Story,* no Romance can yield,
A Greater, Nobler Name than Dangerfield;
Nothing he wants, tho' Fate no Title brings,
That single Name's above an *Earl's,* a *Duke's,* a *King's.*
When Ease and Plenty their *Brisk Forces* join,
Or the heigh Veins are swoln with *lusty Wine;*
When we on *Honour's lofty Turrets go,*
And look with Scorn on *little* Crouds below,
Ev'n Fools and Cowards bold and witty grow,
When *Jeffreys* on the Bench, *Ketch* on the Gibbet fits,
Some take ev'n them for Courages and Wits.
Nay, Nobler Souls than those, if Fortune frown,
Oft broke and conquer'd *meanly* tumble down.
If Fate unjust Success to Tyrants give,
Ev'n the Heroick *Brutus* dares not live.
But greater he's still what he was before,
Nay, greater yet, is *all himself and more.*
Tho' man ungrate he ever yet has known,
Tho' they forsake him, he's not yet alone.
For some too Honest, and for some too Brave,
How should he thrive, when neither Fool nor Knave.
He's not alone, another Spirit attends,
A nearer Comfort than a Thousand Friends.
Heavens! see how bravely he maintains his Ground!
Tho' with *whole Hells* of Devils baited round;
Charge on, charge thicker yet! He stands, he stands!
The Blest above look down, and *clap their Hands;*
Envy the ungrateful world so great a Bliss,

And almost wish to change their Place for his.
Unbrib'd he stands, with Hopes of Victory,
Knowing his greatest *Conquest* was to die.
Thus the Brave Lion, when base Hounds pursue,
And seize on every Pass and Avenue;
Tho' from within his mighty Genius call,
And *Knel's* of sudden Thunder bode his Fall,
Walks careless on, walks on and looks about,
Terror and Death, thro' all the ignoble Rout,
And sells his Life so dear, tho' pleas'd to die,
'Tis hardly worth the while for them to buy.
Nothing his equal Temper e'er could move,
No, tho' a very Jeffreys *sate above.*
Had some good *Heath'nish Pilate* been preferr'd,
To fill the Place, he had at least been heard,
But he so fair a Measure must not find,
For Justice now's grown deaf as well as blind.
Justice is deaf, but yet her Mouth's so wide,
So loud she yells as deafens all beside.
If she's return'd from Heav'n, as all must say,
Sure she call'd in at *Billingsgate* by the Way,
Raving, her Collar from her Neck she tore,
Knowing another would become it more.
Thus the *Gay Mad-man* twists Straw-wreaths, and then
He knows not why, tears 'em to Dust again.
Ah *Mystick Fate!* Who can thy Methods know?
Jeffrey's *above, and* Dangerfield *below!*
But since no Friend, nor Poet can invent,
Deeper Damnation for his Punishment,
May he be Jeffreys *still, and ne'er repent.*
And now the Fatal Day begins to dawn,
The Curtain of the *last sad Scene is drawn;*
Pale let it ever rise with doubtful Light,
Hardly distinguisht from preceding Night.
May *Birds* obscene and ominous round it stray,
May *troubled Ghosts* keep dismal Holiday.
Curse on each Hour—But hold, for he looks down,
And over his calm Face has drawn a Frown.
Forgive, bright Soul! the Starts of a distracted Mind;

The Poet now the Christian leaves behind.
Withdraw that just, that now unusual Frown.
Blest be the happy Day that brought thy Crown:
Thy *Radiant Crown of Martyrdom*, which brings
A thousand Joys more than the Crowns of Kings;
A thousand Joys without a thousand Stings.
Soon rose the Sun so great a Day to see,
Soon rose the Sun but not *so soon as he.*
A brighter Sun, Assistance down he calls;
He draws all Heav'n within his dusky Walls.
So laught the Apostles at Hell's baffled Rage,
And sung in spite of Fetters and a Cage.
Around Heav'n's Battlements bright Legions wait,
And crouding Seraphs open wide the Gate.
One who of Martyrs has peculiar Care,
Is sent to whisper in his Soul, *Prepare;*
Or else his Guardian-friend had made him know,
That long expected Message—He must go,
For sure he knew the worst their Rage could do;
He knew, he saw it all, and *scorn'd it too.*
Pray on, Great Soul! and like thy Master be,
For those that now begin to murder thee;
Thy Master thus, thus thy *Lord Jesus* dy'd;
He must be *scourg'd* before he's crucify'd.
Though milder *Jews* far more good Nature have;
They Forty Stripes, *Jeffreys Four Hundred gave.*
Far more had he at first from Vertue fell;
Ten times a *fitter Friend* for *Rome* and Hell;
Ten times less than this Torment would alone,
For ten times *worse, and ten times more* attone:
Blood might ha' done, had not fair Tears done more,
And Penitence washt him whiter than before.
Nay were I Papist too—
I'd say those precious Show'rs which from him fell
Might rescue ev'n a Jeffreys *out of Hell.*
But this is Mercy, tender Mercy all:
One Death is for a Dangerfield too small.
All Hell had doubly sworn he should not live,
And they'll as soon repent, as they'll forgive.

High rampt great *Lucifer* above his Throne,
Where *Monarch Absolute* he Reigns alone,
Shaking the *Scaly* Horror of his Tail,
He swore this last Plot could not, should not fail.
A Pursuivant was sent, nor far he sought,
But soon this Engine to the Presence brought,
The *milder Furies* started, when he came,
The Ghosts div'd down thro' Seas of *melted Flame*,
And heard and felt new Torments at his Name;
Th' Old *Dragon* only smiled and thus began,
Dear part of me! *Dear some thing more than Man!*
Let *Parry, Clement, Ravil'ack* combine,
And cram their Souls great *Murderer* into thine.
I love a Man that's resolute and brave,
Not silly Consciences, or *Custom's Slave.*
Safety you're sure of, that at least is due;
Nor must we (Sir) forsake such Friends as you.
Go then and prosper! Thus I thee inspire
With Sparks of my own noble gen'rous Fire!
Chuse what you like! Rewards you need not fear!
Be Chancellor, or Observator here.
Go on, and act a Deed so worthy me,
That Hell may both *admire and envy* thee!
Away he comes; a double *Francis* now,
Half Devil, half Papist, rivell'd on his Brow;
Two Strings to's Bow, for fear one should not do,
Stelletto's sometimes fail, take Poison too.
Against such powerful Reasons, who'll presume
To speak? These, these are the Two Keys of *Rome;*
These to blest *Peter's* Successor were given,
Opening Hell to themselves, to others Heav'n.
Poison, which o'er so many a Convert brings,
Poison, the safest Pill for resty Kings.
Not all the Reasons in strong Box e'er pent,
Can challenge half so much of Argument.
Steel, that can sometimes work as great a Cure,
Where Patients th' Operation can endure.
Steel, which tho' so unlike it, poison Apes,
Drest in as many neat, convenient Shapes.

A Knife, when the *French Harry* is to die,
Anon a Sword, a Razor by and by.
But now, since holy Church requires it, 'twill
Turn Coward, and sneak into Canes to kill.
Close by the *Hero*, now Hell's Viceroy stood,
And views him crusted o'er with Wounds and Blood,
Who all unmov'd, tho' all one Clod of Gore,
His Master's *Characters* undaunted wore ;
Such Marks he wore as *Scythians* ne'er invent,
At which all but a *Francis* would relent.
He Hell and his Great Master does invoke,
Then with a generous Fury gives the Stroak.
Wretch, well thou aim'dst, too well thou'st struck his Head,
Thou'st pierc'd his Eye, or else he'd lookt thee dead.
Tho' wounded all, tho' like great *Sampson* blind,
Ah could he too like him his Enemies find,
No Fiend, no Devil should have repriev'd at all,
He'd crusht thy *pois'nous Soul* away, and Kill'd thee with his
Run Monster, for thy cursed Life, and see [Fall.
If Vengeance cannot run as fast as thee.
The very Rabble's mov'd, the unthinking Croud ;
Th' *unweildy Clock's wound* up, and strikes aloud.
Tho' Hag-rid now so long, yet 'tis not tam'd :
Revenge they name, but ah 'tis only nam'd.
Ah had their Clacks but held Heav'en had lookt down,
And with kind Thunder fir'd the ungrateful Town.
Pity the noble Stain was washt with Blood,
It like a Noble Canker should have stood.
Consuming, rotting, pois'ning great and small,
Cottage and Pallace, Beams and Stones, and all.
'Tis well at last he merits their Esteem :
Now, now they love, yes now they pity him.
Revenge they with unknown good Nature cry,
With unsuspected Ingenuity !
But to please Fools 'twa'nt worth the while to die.
Yes Brutes ! at last no doubt you think him brave,
O he's done well ; his Death will Charges save.
Revenge, Revenge runs through the opening Town,
Revenge they cry and hunt the Murd'rer down.

The Beast was earth'd indeed, but 'twas in vain :
(Cain *fled, but God had* set *a Mark on* Cain,)
Close, close they hunt, and lug him out again.
May Conscience and the Rabble him attend,
While we our *Duty pay to such a Friend.*
Some Tears e'en by Religious Leave are due,
Some Tears, and some well-meaning Curses too.
Can Mothers weep when their soft Infants Bones
Kind Papists crush against the *kinder Stones.*
When the dear Pledges from chase Nuptials born,
Are for their milder Hounds in pieces torn :
Sleeping and smiling from their *quiv'ring Breast*
Are broacht on Pikes, and sent to longer Rest.
Can Man himself restrain unmanly Cries,
When his dear other Self is rape'd before his Eyes?
Nay, can he Groans, Curses, Tears themselves forbear,
To see his Babes hang in their Mother's Hair?
All this have the good Catholicks done before :
All this they now prepare again, or more.
And he the *Handsel* of their Malice tries :
To see if yet their Hands be in, he dies.
Tare off his *useless Plaisters* you that can,
You that *have more*, or less than Hearts of Man,
Look their he floating lyes, o'erflown, and drown'd
In Tides of *Poison'd Gore* roll'd from the weltring wound.
All o'er beside it dropt in gentle Rains,
But here burst down in *Seas and Hurricanes.*
What dire Convulsions shake that *Beauteous Frame,*
None of its self is left besides the *Name.*
How ghastly Horror rears its dismal throne,
Where once *sat Charms* that could be there alone?
Dreadful distortions rack that bloated Face,
And gone are every Beauty, every Grace.
His gloomy Eye-ball rolls in mortal Pain ;
And feels for the departed Light in vain.
Where are those Eyes that could so well inspire
Love's soft, fair, charming, harmless, lambent Fire.
Blood flows without, as Poison flows within,
And half bears up his black distended Skin.

Where manly Friendship reign'd and softer Love,
Blood, Blood is all below', and Horror all above.

Pity be gone, and Nobler Rage succeed!
Others besides a *Dangerfield* shall bleed.
Bring forth the *Prisoner*, let him, let him live,
For I no more than Jeffreys *can forgive.*
O for an Age of Torment! Might he lye
Like *Titius rackt*, like the keen Vulture I.
Jove's own Ambrosia can't be half so good
As his *broyl'd Flesh*, nor Nectar as his Blood.
But what's one Mouth? Loose him, and cry 'tis he!
Loose him among the *well teeth'd Mobile!*
They'll quarter him, not by the Arm or Leg,
But into Atoms tare Hell's Scanderbeg.
What a *bare hanging!* Such a Death were fit
For some well-meaning, harmless Jesuit,
One who poor Soul knows but their little Things,
Burning proud Cities, pois'ning, stabbing Kings.
He hath a Deed *well worth Damnation* done,
And perfected those Stroaks they but begun.
Hanging! Why they almost deserv'd that Curse
Who dar'd but think that he deserv'd no worse.
The best, the *bravest* Thing for which almost
I could be foolish, and forgive his Ghost,
Is that he triumphs in the Blood he spilt,
And bravely stands and glory's in his Guilt;
He's hit me full, and I'd no worse invent,
No, no, 'twas pity he should e'er repent.
But ye who hallow with deserv'd Applause,
A better Martyr for a better Cause.
You who to Fate and Fortune scorn to yield
Who still dare own *you're Friends to Dangerfield;*
And you dear Partner of his Joy and Grief,
The worthiest him, the best, the tend'rest Wife,
Who most, who best adore his Memory,
Who only I must grant *lov'd more* than me.
Bring his dear All which at your bottom lyes,
His *fair Remains* which I shall ever prize,

Whose Father's vigorous Soul plays round her Eyes.
All, all in a full Ring together come,
And join your *Pray'rs and Curses* round his Tomb.

Curst be the Wretch who did him first ensnare,
Too mean to let his Name have here a Share.
A double Curse for them that thought it good,
Such a Wife should *sell such a Husband's Blood.*
Still double, double, till I'm out of Breath,
On all that had a Hand, a *Finger* in his Death,
My Curse, a Friend's, a Wife's, an Orphans's too,
For all of this side *Damning* is their due.
The little Plagues of *Egypt* to begin:
Ashwednesday's Curses for each *lesser* Sin.
With whate'er angry Heaven since could find
To bait and lash impenitent Mankind.
Gouts, *Feavers, Frenzies,* Claps, Consumptions, Cramps,
Whatever may put out their stinking Lamps;
May *kind Abortions* in some lucky Hour,
The Fruit and Hope of their *vain Lust devour:*
Or if they're born, may the unwholesome Fry,
Creep only like young Toads abroad, and die.
Heartily thus let's curse, and if vain Pity move,
Straight think again on *manly Rage, and love,*
Swear by his Blood, and better while we live,
This on our selves if we his *Blood forgive.*
And may whoe'er his Murd'rer's Death deplore,
Feel all these Curses, and Ten Thousand more.

Dangerfield's *Ghost to* Jeffreys.

Revenge! Revenge! My injur'd *Shade* begins
To haunt thy guilty Soul, and scourge thy Sins:
For since to me thou ow'st the heaviest Score,
Whose *living* Words tormented thee before,
When *dead,* I'm come to plague thee yet once more.
Don't start away, and think thy *Brass* to hide,
But see the dismal *Shape* in which I dy'd!
My Body all deform'd with putrid Gore,
Bleeding my *Soul* away at every *pore;*

Pusht faster on by *Francis*, less unkind ;
My *Body* swoln, and bloated as thy *Mind.*
This dangling *Eye-ball* rolls about in vain,
Never to find his proper *Seat* again,
The hollow *Cell* usurpt by Blood and *Brain :*
The trembling *Jury's* Verdict ought to be
Murder'd at once, by Francis, *and by Thee.*
The *Groans* of Orphans, and the pond'rous *Guilt*
Of all the Blood that thou hast ever spilt ;
Thy Country's *Curse*, the Rabble's *Spite*, and all
Those *Wishes* sent thee since they *long-wisht* Fall ;
The *Nobles* just Revenge, so bravely bought,
For all thy Ills thy *Insolence* has wrought :
May these and more their utmost Force combine,
Join all their *Wrongs*, and mix their *Cries* with mine.
And see if *Terror* has not struck thee blind ;
See here along, a ghastly *Train* behind !
Far, far from utmost *WEST* they crowd away,
And hov'ring o'er fright back the *sickly Day.*
Had the poor Wretches *sinn'd* as much as *Thee*,
Thou shouldst not have forgot Humanity :
Whoe'er in *Blood* can so much pleasure take ?
Tho' an ill *Judge* would a good *Hang-man* make.
Each hollows in thy Ears, *Prepare ! Prepare*
For what thou *must*, yet what thou canst not bear !
Each at thy *Heart* a bloody *Dagger* aims,
Upward to *Gibbets* point, downward to endless *Flames.*

MR. *NOISE.*

AMONG those who suffered innocently for *Lee's* Plot, this poor young Gentleman was one, tho' omitted in due Place, who tho' he lost not his Life immediately by it, was yet put to such Extremities, as both injured his Reason, and ruined his Fortunes. He was born of a good Family not far from *Reading*, in *Barkshire ;* and being a younger Son, was bound Apprentice to a Linen-Draper

in London. In which Capacity he was a great Promoter of the Apprentices Addresses, intended to be presented to the King for Redress of Grievances, and further Prosecution of the Popish Plot. A Crime, which those concerned, *could never pardon*, and which was now lookt on, both by himself, and all his Friends, as the Cause of these his Troubles.

Lee swore against him that he was concerned in this Plot, which he absolutely denying, tho' no other Witness came in against him, and he was never brought to a Trial, he underwent a long and severe Imprisonment, loaded with Irons, and kept from his Friends, so long till his Trade was ruined before he was set free, and he himself then rendered so unfit for Business, that he was forced entirely to leave it off, and betake himself to Travel: Where, never quite recovering himself, he in a little Time after fell sick and died.

And here 'twill not be improper to remind my Readers, that about this Time Things running very high for Popery and Arbitrary Power, the Consideration thereof was very afflicting to Mr. *Noise:* Yet notwithstanding all this, he was silent a long while and minded only the proper Business of his Calling, resolving not to concern himself with State-Affairs, as deeming them above his Sphere and Condition; which Silence and Resolution he had still kept, notwithstanding the great and ineffable Evils he saw impending over us, (which were much the more apparent upon the Prorogations and Dissolutions of so many Parliaments in so dangerous and so critical a Juncture;) but that casually reading one of the Weekly Intelligences, he happened therein to meet with something, Entituled, *An Address from the Loyal Young Men Apprentices of the City of* London *to His Majesty:* The Title (he thought) concerned him, as being a Loyal Apprentice of the same City, and therefore he deliberately read it over. At first it seemed to bear a fair Aspect, as it was a Tender of Thanks to His Majesty for His most Gracious Declaration; but considering that this Declaration contained in it, several severe Reflections on the Proceedings of the late Parliaments, terming them Arbitrary, illegal, and unwarrantable, Mr. *Noise* dreaded the Consequence of such Reflections, as believing that it stood not with Modesty, for Apprentices to charge the Great Senate of the Nation with Arbitrary, Illegal, and Un-

warrantable Proceedings; and resolved what in him lay, to Vindicate himself and fellow-Apprentices (which is thought to have been the Cause of all his Sufferings before related) and to satisfie the whole World, that the far greater Part of the Apprenties of *London* have too great a Veneration for Parliaments, (which under his Majesty are the Bulwarks of our Lives, Liberties, and Properties) for to be concerned in any Thing tending to Reproach, or reflect upon them; he advis'd with several sober Persons about it, who did not disapprove of his Design, but Advice therein they would not give: Wherefore Mr. *Noise* thinking to Petition the Lord Mayor would be the most modest and proper Way to demonstrate a Dislike of, and Detestation to all such Actions, he caused the following Petition to be drawn up and Presented, *viz.*

To the Right Honourable Lord Mayor of *London*, the Humble Address of many Thousand Loyal Apprentices of the same City, whose names are hereunto Subscribed,

IN ALL HUMILITY SHEWETH,

That as we are justly sensible of our Happiness, in being born under the Enjoyment of the Protestant Religion, so Excellent a Government, and so Gracious a King, to whose Service we shall ever be ready to sacrifice our Lives; so have we continually applied our selves to discharge our Duties in our proper Callings, without presuming to intermeddle in Affairs beyond our Sphere or Concernment.

But being fully Satisfied, both by his Majesty's frequent Proclamations, the unanimous Votes of several Parliaments, and the Notoriousness of Fact, that for divers Years past, there hath been, and still is a Devilish Plot carrying on by the Papists against the Sacred Life of our Soveraign, (whom God preserve) and to subvert the Protestant Religion, and the Government Established: In which horrid Practices the Conspirators have alway appeared most active and insolent during the Intervals of Parliaments; and from thence, and the continuing Hopes of a Popish Successor, take Occasion with greater Confidence, to push on their fatal Designs.

Observing likewise, that among the many late Addresses, there hath been one promoted in the Names of some few of our Condition in this Honourable City, which now is represented as the Act and Sense of the Generality of Apprentices, although the far greater Part never joined therein, as fearing lest the same might seem of a Tendency dishonourable to Parliaments, whose Constitution we Reverence, and humbly apprehend their Counsels highly necessary in such a Juncture.

Wherefore, though out of an awful Respect, we presume not to approach his Sacred Majesty, yet we cannot but think it our Duty, to declare to your Lordship (the Chief Magistrate under him of this honourable City) and to all the World, That we shall never be behind any of our Fellow-Apprentices in Demonstrations of Loyalty to his Sacred Majesty, even to the last Drop of our Blood, whenever his Majesty's Service shall require it, against any Traitors or Rebels whatsoever. And also to assure your Lordship, That as we do (and through God's Grace ever shall) abhor Popery, and all its bloody, traiterous Practices: So we do utterly disapprove and dislike any such Proceedings from private Persons, as tend to reproach Parliaments; but do unanimously, with one Heart, and with one Voice, express our Satisfaction in, and Thanks for the humble Petition and Address of your Lordship and the Common-Council presented to his Majesty in May last, and since approved of in Common-Hall, for the Assembling and sitting of a *Parliament.*

That the God of Heaven may ever bless and preserve his Sacred Majesty, and your Lordship, and this great and honourable City; and grant that your Successors, in this weighty Trust, may imitate your Lordship's Piety and Zeal, for the *Protestant Religion*, and his Majesty's Service, shall ever be the daily Prayers of us his Majesty's humble; faithful, loyal and obedient Subjects. Printed for *Thomas Goodwill*, An. 1681.

This Name is composed of Fourteen Letters, taken out of the Names of the Chief Managers.

This Address was signed by about Thirty Thousand Hands; and when those Twenty Persons that presented it had subscribed their Names to it, they sent Mr. *Noise* and Mr. *Dunton* (two of the said Presenters) to Mr. *Firmin*, to know when they might have

Leave to present it to my Lord Mayor, which being granted in a few Days the Twenty Presenters went in a Body together to Mr. *Firmin*, who introduced 'em to my Lord. To whom Mr. *Burley* made a brief Speech as follows.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP.

The Occasion of giving your Lordship this Trouble is humbly to lay at your Lordship's Feet, an Address to your Lordship subscribed by many Thousand Loyal Apprentices of this City.

We do humbly acknowledge to your Lordship, that the Presumption we may seem guilty of in this Matter, (considering our present Stations) requires a far greater Apology than we are able to make. But the principal Reasons that incited us, thus to address ourselves to your Lordship, are,

To demonstrate our Loyalty to his Sacred Majesty.

Our Zeal for the Protestant Religion.

And the Veneration and Esteem we have, and ought to have or Parliaments.

Neither indeed, my Lord, could we think these sufficient Motives to stir us up to this publick Application, (which better becomes graver Heads than ours) had not some few of our Fellow-Apprentices lately presented his Majesty with an Address (which seemed to be a Gratulation for the Dissolution of the Two last Parliaments) which they now report to have been the Act of the Majority of Apprentices of this honourable City; although the far greater Part (as may by the Subscriptions of this Address appear to your Lordship) were never concerned therein. And although (by Reason of our present Condition) we think it an unpardonable Crime to approach his Sacred Majesty about Matters relating to the State; yet we deem it our bounden Duty to declare to your Lordship and the whole World, That we utterly disclaim any proceedings (especially from Persons in our own Condition) that may seem to reflect upon Parliaments, the greatest Senate of the Nation. And that the Generality of Apprentices of this City have a Venerable Esteem for Parliaments; which may the better appear to your Lordship upon reading the Address it self.

And I dare be bold to affirm to your Lordship, (by the Infor-

mation I have had from those who were employed to take Subscriptions to this Address,) That there is not one Subscriber to it, who is either Journey-man, Tapster, Hostler, Water-man, or the like ; but all Persons of our own Rank and Condition.

Which Address, in the name of all the Subscribers thereunto, I humbly offer to your Lordship, and beg your Lordship's favourable Reception of it.

Then his Lordship commanded the Address to be read, which being ready, Mr. *Burley* proceeded thus.

I have one Thing more to say, my Lord, I understand that there is a common Notion about Town, that this Address hath been carried on by Faction, and that none but Dissenters have been concerned in it. I can assure your Lordship of the contrary : For that I know many of the Subscribers who are of the Church of *England;* of which Church I boast my self an unworthy Member.

Then his Lordship was pleased to express himself to this Effect.

GENTLEMEN,

This is a Surprize to me ; and therefore I cannot tell what to say to it. But for as much as I have heard your Address read, and at first reading can find nothing in it, but what becomes Loyal and Obedient Subjects, I do accept of it. I only desire the Names of you that are the Presenters.

Then we told him, that our Names were those, which were next to the Address it self at some Distance from the rest of the Subscribers. Then he ordered them all to be called over, and so we answered to our Names. And then his Lordship desired he might have an Account of our Abodes, which we also gave him.

Then his Lordship advised us to go home, and give Evidence of our Loyalty by our peaceable Demeanour, and Conformity to the Laws of the Land ; and to lay the Foundation of our future Happiness, by being dutiful to our Masters, and diligent in our Business, that so in Time we might become good Citizens.

So they returned again in five Coaches, to *Russell's*, and supped there all together, and so every one went home.

The Twenty Presenters of this Address were, Mr. *Burley*,

Mr. *A——h*, Mr. *Stephens*, Mr. *Mead*, Mr. *B——th*, Mr. *Evans*, Mr. *Batty*, Mr. *P——le*, Mr. *Donton*, Mr. *Noise*, (one of the Persons who first set this Design afoot) Mr. *C——ll*, Mr. *S——s*, Mr. *S——y*, Mr. *Heming*, Mr. *B——w*, Mr. Pointell, Mr. *S——th*, Mr. *Bourn*, Mr. *Malthus*, Mr. *R——ts*.

A Letter sent *August* 19. 1681. thus subscribed,

To the truly Loyal and Protestant Apprentices of London, *that were the Principal Managers of the late Address to my Lord Mayor.*

Go on, Heroick Souls, and faithful be
Unto your God, your King, your Liberty.
Let your unbyast Actions give the Lie
To such as scandalize your Loyalty.
To *Cæsar* render what's to *Cæsar* due :
Earth merits, Heaven expects no more from you.
Those Rights defend which your Brave Sires sent down,
Inviolable as the Throne or Crown.
Tell supple Parasites, and treacherous Knaves,
You're humble Subjects, not degenerate Slaves.
Bow low, but scorn to creep, (for that's as well)
Nor for a Mess of Broth your Birth-rights sell.
Pass by th' Affronts that Hell and *Rome* can send ;
Comfort your selves, when 'tis at worst 'twill mend.
But when the Church is shook by Potent Foes,
For her Defence your Bodies interpose.
Of Popish Mercy never run the Risque :
A crowned Serpent grows a Basilisk.
Vindicate then the Gospel and the Laws ;
The Cause is Heaven's, Heaven will espouse the Cause.
Undauntedly prop up your Churches Walls,
And joy to fall beneath it if it falls.
To perish thus, who would not be content,
When mouldring Temples are his Monument?

THE

INTRODUCTION

OF THE

Western TRANSACTIONS,

AND

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS UPON THEM.

I AM sensible 'tis a very invidious Thing to defend any Action which has had the Public Stream and Cry long against it; with which even Men of Sense, and sometimes Religion too, tho' Pride or Shame perhaps seldom lets 'em own the very Truth on't, are commonly hurried away as well as others. But this is, 'tis hoped, for the general, an Age of Confession and Ingenuity; and since so many of the greatest Men upon Earth have gone before, in acknowledging some Notions too far strained, and others mistaken, 'twill be no real Disgrace, but an Honour to follow them, when so much in the right. And if once Principles and Notions are changed, or limited, we shall necessarily have other Thoughts of Things and Persons than we had before; and

that Action was called *Rebellion*, and those Men we thought *Rebels*, while we had a wrong slavish Notion of Obedience; when once that's regulated, and we believe with all the World, and all Ages and Nations, *That we are to obey only the* lawful *Commands of Superiors, and submit only to such unjust ones, as will not much damage the Commonwealth; but resist and defend ourselves, when all we have dear, our Religion, Liberty and Lives, are visibly and undeniably attackt and invaded, either without all* Form of Law, *or what's worse, the wrested* Pretence *of it.* Then we think truly, that such Men are so far from being Rebels, that they are the worthy true Defenders of their Faith and Country: And such an Action so far from Rebellion, that 'tis highly meritorious and praise-worthy. Most Men being now satisfied in these Points, unless those whom insuperable Interest or Prejudice have poisoned and rooted incorrigibly in the contrary Belief. And the Truth and Reasonableness of them having been undeniably proved by many worthy Persons from the Law of Nations, the Ends of all Government, and the constitution of our Kingdom, and the Practice of former Ages, both Popish and Protestant: All the Question now must be about *Matter of Fact, Whether Things were then brought to that Extremity that 'twould probably be too late to make any Defence for Religion and Property, if 'twere not then made; and whether or no the Fundamental Contract were then actually violated?*

This is plain, that the Protestant Religion, and all our Liberties were then most eminently in Danger, publick Leagues being long before made between his *Britannick* Majesty and the King of *France* for their Extirpation: That he who had been voted in Parliament the main Head of the Popish Cause, was now grown the Head of the Kingdom; or indeed the Popish Deputy here, as he is since the King of *France's* in our Neighbouring Island; that for being reconciled to *Rome*, he was actually a Traitor; and besides, of a Religion whose Oaths could not be depended upon, as we were then, and long before told, and have since sufficiently felt and experienced. That on this Account, he hardly could keep his Contract, as 'twas plain he actually did not, publickly and notoriously violating those Laws he swore to maintain, both before and after he had done it, by going to Mass

himself, setting up Mass-houses, and encouraging Popery. As for many Grievances and Oppressions, he was then as really guilty of 'em as ever after, tho' not in such large, and frequent, and various Instances; some of 'em are those very same which the Parliament inserted among the Proofs and Reasons of the Abdication, particularly the issuing out *Quo Warranto's* for Cities and Corporations; the great Cause and Counsellor of which no Doubt he was, even before he actually, I mean publickly, reigned.

In a Word, the securing the Protestant Interest in all *Europe*, that, and their own Liberties in *England*, was the main cause why many, and most engaged in this Design. If these were in no Danger, and not violated, they we Rebels: If the Safety of 'em could be expected any other Way but by the Sword, they were no better. Whether Things were in that Condition, or no, at that Time, God and the World must be Judges. If it were so, they were not Rebels: If the Case was not so bad, and the Mystery of Iniquity not so far revealed, as it has been since, yet preventive Physick is necessary, especially when Death is unavoidable without it. If a prudent Man is to meet Mischief rushing upon him, and not stay for't till it overwhelms him, and take the same Course against a certain *Consequence*, as an *actual* Evil, why then, I think 'twill be very hard to hang People in one World, and damn 'em in another, for having as little a Foresight, and great a Faith as their Neighbours.

Others there were who embarkt in that Action, because they really thought, how much mistaken soever they might be, that the Duke of *Monmouth* was the King's *Legitimate Son;* which such as had a personal Love for him might more easily believe. Now, although many, who engaged on the former Account only, did not believe this, nor know anything of his Intention of being proclaimed King, nor approved of it when 'twas done; and tho' had he been able to make out his Title, or let his Pretensions alone, he had not wanted in all Likelihood a sufficient Assistance from the Nobility and Gentry, none of whom for those Reasons coming in to him; yet on the other Side, 'tis hardly doubted that these Men, who thought he had a Right, were really obliged to follow the Dictates of their Conscience, tho' mistaken, and do whatever lay in their Power, to the utmost Venture of their

Lives, to fix him on his Father's Throne, to which they verily believed he had a proper Right and Title. And these Men too, acting on the same Reasons with the forementioned, for Deliverance of their Country, as well as Defence of him whom they thought their King; the earnest Zeal, and Concern, and Love, which most of 'em manifested for the Protestant Religion, being besides so conspicuous in their Lives and Deaths, I know not how they can, without Impudence, be branded with the infamous Name of *Rebels;* nor think 'twill be any Arrogance to honour 'em with the just and dear-bought Title of *Martyrs.*

One Thing there is very observable in most, if not all of those who laid down their Lives in this Cause, both in *England* and *Scotland*, that, besides that extraordinary Divine Courage and Chearfulness with which they died, they had Expressions plainly boding that great Deliverance which Providence has since that miraculously accomplished for these Kingdoms. 'Twould be endless to give almost all the innumerable Instances of it: Mr. *Nelthorp* says [*God had in his wonderful Providence made him and others Instruments, not only in what was already fallen out, but he believed, for hastening* some other great Work, *he had yet to do in these Kingdoms.*] Mrs. *Gaunt* says, [*God's Cause shall revive, and he'd plead it at another Rate than yet he had done, against all its malicious Opposers.*] And speaks yet more strangely of those then uppermost, and likely to be so, [*That tho' they were seemingly fixed, and using their Power and Violence against those they had now got under 'em, yet unless they could secure* Jesus Christ, and all his Holy Angels, *they should never do their Business, but Vengeance would be upon 'em* e'er they were aware.] Captain *Ansley*, whose Speech is as pretty and neat a Thing, as close, and Christian, and couragious, as perhaps any that ever was made by Man in his Condition, after he had said [*He did not repent what he had done, but if he had a thousand Lives would have engaged 'em all in the same Cause;*] adds just after, [*Though it has pleased the wise God, for Reasons best known to himself, now to blast our Designs, yet he will deliver his People by Ways we know not, nor think of.*] *Rumbold* said just the same. Mr. *Hewling* says, [*I question not, but in his own Time, God will raise up other Instruments to carry on the*

same Cause they died for, for his own Glory.] Mr. *Lark* [*That he was confident God would revenge their Bloods.*] Now, it will be very harsh to say, all these, and several more, to the same Purpose, were nothing but Enthusiasm, since spoken by Persons of all Sexes and Ages in twenty different Places, in the most calm and serene Tempers, and the Persons not wild or fancyful; and their Words miraculously made good by the Event, which shews God honour'd 'em with being Prophets as well as Martyrs.

To proceed to the Persons who suffered in this Cause here, and in the *West*, and other Places, chiefly under *Jeffrey's* insulting Cruelty. His dealing with 'em is not to be parallell'd by any thing but the new *French Dragoons*, or the old *Cut-throats* and *Lord Chief Justices* of the poor *Albigenses* or *Waldenses* at *Merindol* and *Cutrices*. Had the Great *Turk* sent his *Janisaries*, or the *Tartar* his Armies among 'em, they'd 'scaped better. Humanity could not offend so far to deserve such Punishment as he inflicted. A certain barbarous Joy and Pleasure grinned from his Brutal Soul through his Bloody Eyes, whenever he was sentencing any of the poor Souls to Death and Torment; so much worse than *Nero*, as when that Monster wisht he had never learnt to write, because forced to set his Name to Warrants for Execution of Malefactors. *Jeffreys* would have been glad if every Letter he writ had been such a Warrant, and every Word a Sentence of Death. He observed neither Humanity to the Dead, nor Civility to the Living. He made all the *West* an *Aceldama;* some Places quite depopulated, and nothing to be seen in 'em but forsaken Walls, unlucky Gibbets, and Ghostly Carcases. The Trees were loaden, almost as thick with Quarters as Leaves. The Houses and Steeples covered as close with Heads, as at other Times frequently in that Country with *Crows* and *Ravens*. Nothing could be liker Hell than all those Parts, nothing so like the Devil as he. Caldrons hizzing, Carkases boyling, Pitch and Tar sparkling and glowing, Blood and Limbs boyling, and tearing, and mangling, and he the great Director of all; and in a Word, discharging his Place who sent him, the best deserving to be the late King's Chief Justice there, and Chancellor after, of any Man that breathed since *Cain* or *Judas*.

Some of the more Principal Persons who fell under his barbarous Sentences, 'tis thought worth the while to treat distinctly and particularly of, throwing the rest together after 'em, and only reprinting the former Account, if any are left out, it being necessary to hasten, to prevent Shams. If the Book be accepted, and come to another Edition, they shall be inserted; and if any Faults or Mistakes found, acknowledged and regulated. And the first whom we shall make especial Remarks on, are

THE *HEWLINGS.*

IF any one would see true *Pure Popish Mercy*, let 'em look on these Two Gentlemen, the onely Sons of their Vertuous and Sorrowful Parents; the Comforts, Props, and Hopes of their Name and Family, carefully educated, vertuously disposed both of them; after all repeated Applications, if but for one of their Lives, barbarously Executed. A particular care was taken by their Father in their Education, forming their Minds by his own Example, and constant Instructions and Prayers, as well as other Pains of Ingenious Masters, to the strictest Rules of Piety and Vertue. Nor was their Pious and very Tender Mother less careful in that Particular.

The Elder, Mr. *Benjamin Hewling*, had Tutors in the *Mathematicks*, and other Parts of Philosophy; a Course of which he went through successfully enough, and so as to render him as compleat in his Mind, as Nature had formed his Body: After which he went to *Holland*, as his Brother, Mr. *William Hewling*, from whence this last returned with the Duke: Both of 'em had Commands in the Army; the Elder had a Troop of Horse, the Younger was a Lieutenant of Foot, and discharged their Places with much more Conduct and Bravery than could be expected from such Young Soldiers, being entirely satisfied in the Cause they fought for, since 'twas no less than the Interest of all that was dear to 'em in this World or t'other. The Eldest had particularly signalized himself in several Skirmishes, and was sent with a Detachment of his own Troop, and Two more, to *Mynhead* in *Somersetshire* to bring Cannon to the Army, at the very

Instant the Duke engaged the King's Forces at Fatal *Sedgmore;* and came not up till after the Field was entirely lost; to whose Absence, with so considerable a Party of the Duke's Horse, and the most resolved Men of all he had, the Loss of the Day was principally owing. Finding all Things in Disorder, and the Rout beyond recovering, he was forced to disperse his Troops, every one shifting as they could for themselves. He and his Brother kept together, where, what befell 'em after, their Friends have given an exact Account, which is here following inserted.

An Account of the Behaviour of Mr. *William* and *Benjamin Hewling*, before and at their Execution; with several Letters to divers of their Relations.

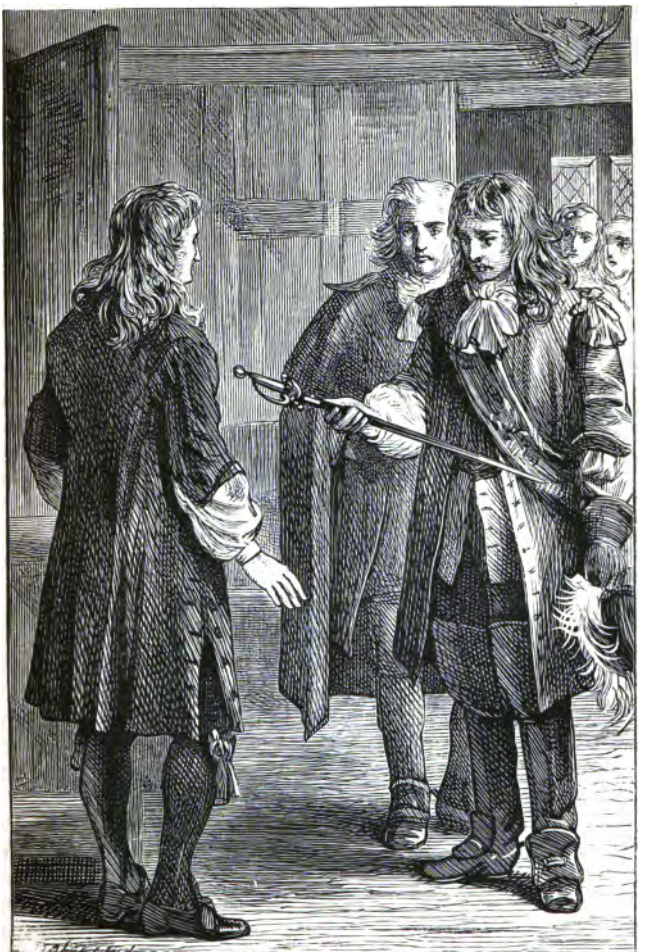
The Gracious dealings of God, manifested to some in Dying Hours, have been of great Advantage to those living that heard the same, giving them an Occasion thereby to reflect on their own State, and to look after the Things of their Peace, before they be hid from their Eyes; as also a great Encouragement to strengthen the Faith of those that have experienced the Grace of God to them.

To that End it is thought necessary, by Parents especially, to preserve to their Children that Remain, those blessed Experiences that such have had, which God hath taken to himself.

Here therefore is presented a true Account of the Admirable Appearances of God towards two Young Men; Mr. *Benjamin Hewling*, who died when he was about 22 Years of Age, and Mr. *William Hewling*, who died before he arrived to 20 Years: They engaged with the Duke of *Monmouth*, as their own words were, for the *English* Liberties, and the Protestant Religion, and for which Mr. *William Hewling* was Executed at *Lyme* the 12th of *September*, 1685. and Mr. *Benjamin Hewling* at *Taunton*, the 30th of the same Month; and however severe Men were to them, yet the blessed Dispensation of God towards them was such, as hath made good his Word, that out of the Mouths of Babes he hath ordained Strength, that he may still the Enemy and the Avenger. Then, *Reader*, would you see Earthly Angels, (Men that are a little too low for Heaven, and much too

high for Earth) would you see poor frail Creatures trampling this World under their Feet, and with an holy, serene Countenance Smiling at the Threats of Tyrants, who are the Terrors of the Mighty in the Land of the Living? Would you see shackled Prisoners behave themselves like Judges, and Judges stand like Prisoners before them? Would you see some of the rare Exploits of faith in its highest Elevation, immediately before it be swallowed up in the Beatifical Vision? To conclude, would you see the Heavenly *Jerusalem* pourtrayted on Earth? Would you hear the melodious Voices of ascending Saints in a ravishing Comfort ready to join with the Heavenly Chorus in their delightful Hallelujah's? *Then draw near, come and see!* If thou be a Man of an Heavenly Spirit, here is pleasant and suitable Entertainment for thee; and after thou has conversed a while with these Excellent Spirits, it may be thou wilt judge as I do, That dead Saints are sweeter Companions (in some Respects) for thee to converse with, than those that are living: And when thou shalt see the magnificent Acts of their Faith, their invincible Patience, their flaming Love to Christ, their strange Contempt and Undervaluings of the World, their Plainness and Simplicity in the Profession of the Gospel, their fervent and brotherly love to each other, their ravishing Prospect (as it were on the Top of Mount *Pisgah*) of the Heavenly *Canaan*, their Swan-like Songs and Dying-Speeches. And, *Reader*, you know the first Lispings of little Children, and last farewels of Dying Saints are always most sweet and *charming:* Those Fore-tastes of the Rivers of Pleasure, the transporting Glimpses they had of the Crown of Glory; I say, when you see and read these Exemplary Truths, wonder not that the Pious *Hewlings* longed so vehemently to be in a better World, though they were to pass through a Thousand Deaths, or the *Fiery Trial* to it. [But to come to our intended Matter.]

After the dispersing of the Duke's Army, they fled and put to Sea, but were driven back again, and with the Hazard of their Lives got on Shoar, (over dangerous Rocks) where they saw the Country filled with Soldiers, and they being unwilling to fall into the Hands of the Rabble, and no Way of Defence or Escape remaining to them, they surrendred themselves Prisoners to a Gentleman, whose House was near the Place they landed at,



THE SURRENDER OF THE HEWLINGS.

P 130

and were from thence sent to *Exeter* Goal, the 12th of *July*, where remaining some Time, their Behaviour was such, that (being visited by many) caus'd great Respect towards em', even of those that were Enemies to the Cause they engaged in; and being on the 27th of *July* put on Board the *Swan* Frigate, in Order to their bringing up to *London*, their Carriage was such, as obtained great Kindness from the Commander, and all other Officers in the Ship; and being brought into the River, Captain *Richardson* came and took them into his Custody, and carried them to *Newgate*, putting great Irons about them, and put them apart from each other, without giving Liberty for the nearest Relation to see them, notwithstanding all Endeavours and Entreaties used to obtain it, tho' in the Presence of a Keeper; which though it did greatly increase the Grief of Relations, God, who wisely orders all Things for Good to those he intends Grace and Mercy to, made this very Restraint, and hard Usage a blessed Advantage to their Souls, as may appear by their own Words, when after great Importunity and Charge, some of their near Relations had Leave to speak a few Words to them before the Keeper, to which they replied, *They were contented with the Will of God whatever it should be.* Having been in *Newgate* three Weeks, there was Order given to carry them down into the *West*, in Order to their Trial; which being told them, they answered, *They were glad of it;* and that Morning they went out of *Newgate*, several that beheld them, seeing them so chearful, said, *Surely they had received their Pardon, else they could never carry it with that Courage and Chearfulness.* Although this must be observed, that from first to last, whatever Hopes they received from friends, they still thought the contrary, never being much affected with the Hopes of it, nor cast down, nor the least discouraged at the worst that Man could do. In their Journey to *Dorchester*, the Keepers that went with them have given this Account of them, *That their Carriage was so grave, serious, and Christian, that made them admire to see and hear what they did from such Young Men.*

A near Relation that went into the *West* to see the Issue of Things, and to perform whatever should be necessary for them, gives the following Account:

At *Salisbury*, the 30th of *August*, I had the first Opportunity

of Converse with them: I found them in a very Excellent Composure of Mind, declaring their Experience of the Grace and Goodness of God to them in all their Sufferings, in supporting and strengthning, and providing for them, turning the Hearts of all in whose Hands they had been both at *Exon*, and on Shipboard, to shew Pity and Favour to them; although since they came to *Newgate* they were hardly used, and now in their Journey loaded with heavy Irons, and more inhumanely dealt with. They with great Chearfulness professed, *That they were better, and in a more happy Condition than ever in their Lives, from the Sense they had of the pardoning Love of God in Jesus Christ to their Souls, wholly referring themselves to their wise and gracious God to chuse for them Life or Death;* expressing themselves thus: *Any thing what pleases God, what he sees best, so be it: We know he is able to deliver, but if not, blessed be his Name, Death is not terrible now, but desirable.* Mr. *Benjamin Hewling* particularly added, *As for the World, there is nothing in it to make it worth while to live, except we may be serviceable to God therein.* And afterward said, *Oh! God is a strong Refuge, I have found him so indeed.*

The next Opportunity I had was at *Dorchester*, where they both were carried, there remaining together four Days: By Reason of their strait Confinement our Converse was much interrupted; but this appeared, that they had still the same Presence and Support from God, no way discouraged at the Approach of their Trial, nor of the Event of it, whatever it should be.

The 6th of *September* Mr. *Benjamin Hewling* was ordered to *Taunton* to be tried there: Taking my Leave of him, he said, *Oh! Blessed be God for Afflictions; I have found such happy Effects, that I would not have been without them for all this World.*

I remained still at *Dorchester* to wait the Issue of Mr. *William Hewling*, to whom, after Trial, I had free Access, whose Discourse was much filled with Admirings of the Grace of God in Christ, that had been manifested towards him, in calling him out of his natural State. He said, *God by his holy Spirit did suddenly seize upon his Heart, when he thought not of it in his retired Abode in* Holland, *as it were secretly whispering in his Heart,* Seek ye my Face, *enabling him to answer his Call, and*

to reflect upon his own Soul, shewing him the Evil of Sin, and Necessity of Christ, from that Time carrying him on, to a sensible Adherence to Christ for Justification and Eternal Life. He said, *Hence he found a Spring of Joy and Sweetness beyond the Comforts of the whole Earth.* He further said, *He could not but admire the wonderful Goodness of God, in so preparing him, for what he was bringing him to, which then he thought not of; giving him Hope of Eternal Life, before he called him to look Death in the Face, so that he did chearfully resign his Life to God before he came, having sought his Guidance in it; and that both then, and now the Cause did appear to him very Glorious, notwithstanding all he had suffered in it, or what he further might. Although for our Sins God hath with held these good Things from us.* But he said, God had carried on his Blessed Work on his Soul, in and by all his Sufferings; and whatever the Will of God were, Life or Death, he knew it would be best for him.

After he had received his Sentence, when he returned to Prison, he said, *Methinks I find my spiritual Comforts increasing, ever since my Sentence. There is no Condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, it's God that justifies, whom shall condemn?*

When I came to him the next Morning, (when he had received News that he must die the next Day, and in Order to it was to be carried to *Lyme* that Day) I found him in a more excellent rais'd Spiritual Frame than before: He said, He was satisfied God had chosen best for him: he knows what the Temptations of Life might have been; I might have lived and forgotten God, but now I am going where I shall sin no more. O! it's a Blessed Thing to be free from Sin, and to be with Christ. Oh! the Riches of the Love of Christ to Sinners. Oh! how great were the Sufferings of Christ for me beyond all I can undergo? How great is that Glory to which I am going? It will soon swallow up all our Sorrow here.

When he was at Dinner, just before his going to *Lyme*, he dropt many abrupt Expressions of his inward Joy, such as these: *Oh! the Grace of God, the Love of Christ; Oh! that blessed Supper of the Lamb, to be for ever with the Lord!* He further said, *When I went to* Holland, *you knew not what*

Snares, Sins and Miseries I might fall into, or whether ever we should meet again: But now you know whither I am going, and that we shall certainly have a most joyful Meeting.

He said, *Pray give my particular Recommendations to all my Friends, with acknowledgments for all their kindness. I advise them all to make sure of an Interest in Christ, for he is the only comfort when we come to die.*

One of the Prisoners seemed to be troubled at the Manner of the Death they were to die; to whom he replied, *I bless God I am reconciled to it all.*

Just as he was going to *Lyme*, he writ these few Lines to a Friend, being hardly suffered to stay so long.

I am going to launch into Eternity, and I hope and trust into the Arm of my Blessed Redeemer, to whom I commit you and all my dear Relations; my Duty to my dear Mother, and Love to all my Sisters, and the rest of my Friends.

WILLIAM HEWLING.

As they passed through the Town of *Dorchester* to *Lyme*, Multitudes of People beheld them, with great Lamentations, admiring at his Deportment at his parting with his Sister.

As they passed upon the Road between *Lyme* and *Dorchester*, his Discourse was exceeding Spiritual, (as those declared who were present) taking Occasion from every Thing to speak of the Glory they were going to. Looking out on the country as he passed, he said, *This is a Glorious Creation, but what then is the Paradice of God to which we are going? 'Tis but a few Hours, and we shall be there, and for ever with the Lord.*

At *Lyme*, just before they went to die, reading *John* 14. 18. He said to one of his Fellow-sufferers, *Here is a sweet Promise for us, I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you. Christ will be with us to the last.* One taking Leave of him, he said, *Farewel till we meet in Heaven; presently I shall be with Christ: Oh! I would not Change conditions with any in this world; I would not stay behind for ten thousand worlds.*

To another that asked him how he did now? He said, *Very well he blessed God.* And farther asking him, if he could look Death in the Face with Comfort now it approach'd so near?

He said, *Yes, I bless God I can with great Comfort; God has made this a good Night to me, my Comforts are much increased since I left* Dorchester: Then taking Leave of him, said, *Farewel, I shall see you no more.* To which he replied, *How! See me no more? Yes, I hope to meet you in Glory.* To another that was by him to the last, he said, *Pray remember my dear Love to my Brother and Sister, and tell them, I desire they would comfort themselves that I am gone to Christ, and we shall quickly meet in the Glorious Mount* Sion *above.*

Afterwards he prayed for about three Quarters of an Hour with the greatest Fervency, exceedingly blessing God for Jesus Christ, adoring the Riches of his Grace in him, in all the Glorious Fruits of it towards him, praying for the Peace of the Church of God, and of these Nations in particular, all with such eminent Assistance of the Spirit of God, as convinced, astonished, and melted into Pity the Hearts of all present, even the most malicious Adversaries, forcing Tears and Expressions from them; some saying, They knew not what would become of them after Death; but it was evident he was going to great Happiness.

When he was just going out of the World, with a joyful Countenance, he said, *Oh! now my Joy and Comfort is, that I have a Christ to go to,* and so sweetly resign'd his Spirit to Christ, the 12th of *September,* 1685.

An Officer who had shewed so malicious a Spirit as to call the Prisoners Devils, when he was guarding them down, was now so convinced, that he after told a Person of Quality, That he was never so affected, as by his chearful Carriage and fervent Prayer, such, as he believed, was never heard, especially from one so Young; and said, I believe, had the Lord Chief Justice been there, he would not have let him die.

The Sheriff having given his Body to be buried, although it was brought from the Place of Execution without any Notice given, yet very many of the Town, to the Number of about 200, came to accompany him; and several Young Women of the best of the Town, laid him in his Grave in *Lyme*-Church-Yard, the 13th of *September,* 1685.

After which his Sister wrote the following Letter to her Mother:

Although I have nothing to acquaint my Dear Mother withall, but what is most afflictive to Sense, both as to the Determination of God's Will, and as to my present Apprehension concering my Brother *Benjamin*, yet remaining; yet there is such abundant Consolation mixt in both, that I only wanted an Opportunity to pay this Duty; God having wrought so Glorious a Work on both their Souls, revealing Christ in them, that Death is become their Friend. My Brother *William* having already with the greatest Joy declared to those that were with him to the last, that he would not change Conditions with any that were to remain in this World, and he desired that his Relations would comfort themselves, that he is gone to Christ.

My Brother *Benjamin* expects not long to continue in this World, and is exceeding willing to leave it when God shall call, being fully satisfied that God will chuse that which is best for him and us all; by these Things God doth greatly support me; and I hope you also, my Dear Mother, which was and is my Brother's great Desire; there is still Room for Prayer for one; and God having so answered, though not in kind, we have Encouragement still to wait on him.

Honoured Mother,
Your Dutiful Daughter,
HANNAH HEWLING.

When I came to *Taunton*, to Mr. *Benjamin Hewling*, he had received the News of his Brother's being gone to die with so much Comfort and Joy, and afterwards of the continued Goodness of God increasing it to the End. He exprest to this Effect, We have no Cause to fear Death, if the Presence of God be with us; there is no Evil in it, the Sting being taken away; it's nothing but our Ignorance of the Glory that the Saints pass into by Death, which makes it appear dark for our selves or Relations; if in Christ, what is this World that we should desire an Abode in it? It's all vain and unsatisfying, full of Sin and Misery: Intimating also his own chearful Expectations soon to follow, discovering then, and all along great Seriousness, and Sense of Spiritual and Eternal Things, complaining of nothing in his present Circumstances, but Want of a Place of Retirement to converse more uninterruptedly with God and his own

Soul, saying, That his lonely Time in *Newgate* was the sweetest in his whole Life. He said, God having some Time before struck his Heart (when He thought of the Hazard of his Life) to some serious Sense of his past Life, and the great Consequences of Death and Eternity, shewing him, that they were the only happy Persons that had secured their Eternal States: The folly and Madness of the Ways of Sin, and his own Thraldom therein, with his utter Inability to deliver himself; also the Necessity of Christ for Salvation: He said it was not without Terror and Amazement for some Time, the Sight of unpardoned Sin, with Eternity before him. But God wonderfully opened to him the Riches of his Free Grace in Christ Jesus for poor Sinners to flee to, enabling to look alone to a Crucified Christ for Salvation: He said this blessed Work was in some Measure carried on upon his Soul, under all his Business and Hurries in the Army; but never sprung forth so fully and sweetly till his close Confinement in *Newgate*. There he saw Christ and all Spiritual Objects more clearly, and embraced them more strongly; there he experienced the Blessedness of a reconciled State, the Excellency of the Ways of Holiness, the Delightfulness of Communion with God, which remained with very deep and apparent Impressions on his Soul, which he frequently expressed with Admiration of the Grace of God towards him. He said, Perhaps my Friends may think this Summer the saddest Time of my Life; but I bless God it hath been the sweetest and most happy of it all; nay, there is nothing else worth the Name of Happiness. I have in vain sought Satisfaction from the Things of this World, but I never found it; but now I have found Rest for my Soul in God alone.

O how great is our Blindness by Nature, till God open our Eyes, that we can see no Excellency in Spiritual Things, but spend our precious Time in pursuing Shadows, and are deaf to all the Invitations of Grace, and Glorious Offers of the Gospel! How just is God in depriving us of that we so much slighted and abused! Oh! his infinite Patience and Goodness, that after all he should yet sanctifie any Methods to bring a poor Sinner to himself: Oh! Electing Love, Distinguishing Grace! What great Cause have I to admire and adore it!

He said, *What an amazing consideration is the suffering of*

Christ for Sin, to bring us to God; his suffering from wicked men was exceeding great; but alas, what was that to the Dolours of his Soul, under the infinite Wrath of God? This Mystery of Grace and Love is enough to swallow up our Thoughts to all Eternity.

As to his own Death, he would often say, *He saw no Reason to expect any other; I know God is infinitely able to deliver, and I am sure will do it, if it be for his Glory, and my Good; in which, I bless God, I am fully satisfied; it's all my Desire that he would chuse for me, and then I am sure it will be best, whatever it be; for truly, unless God have some Work for me to do in the World for his Service and Glory, I see nothing else to make Life desirable: In the present State of Affairs, there is nothing to cast our Eyes upon, but Sin, Sorrow, and Misery: And truly, were Things never so much according to our Desires, it's but the World still, which will never be a Resting-place. Heaven is the only State of Rest and Happiness; there we shall be perfectly free from Sin and Temptation, and enjoy God without Interruption for ever.*

Speaking of the Disappointment of their Expectations in the Work they had undertaken, he said with Reference to the Glory of God, the Prosperity of the Gospel, and the Delivery of the People of God, We have great Cause to lament it; but for that outward Prosperity that would have accompanied it, it's but of small Moment in it self; as it could not satisfie, so neither could it be abiding; for at longest, Death would have put an End to it all: Also adding, Nay, perhaps we might have been so foolish, as to have been taken with that Part of it, with the Neglect of our eternal Concerns; and then, I am sure, our present Circumstances are incomparably better.

He frequently expressed great Concern for the Glory of God, and Affection to his People, saying, If my Death may advance God's Glory, and hasten the Deliverance of his People, it is enough; saying, It was a great Comfort to him, to think of so great a Priviledge as an Interest in all their Prayers.

In his Converse particularly valuing and delighting in those Persons, where He saw most Holiness shining; also great Pity to the Souls of others, saying, That the Remembrance of our former Vanity may well cause Compassion to others in that

State. And in his Converse prompting others to Seriousness, telling them, Death and Eternity are such weighty Concerns, that they deserve the utmost Intention of our Minds; for the Way to receive Death chearfully, is to prepare for it seriously; and if God should please to spare our Lives, surely we have the same Reason to be serious, and spend our remaining Days in his Fear and Service.

He also took great Care that the Worship of God, which they were in a Capacity of maintaining there, might be duly performed; as Reading, Praying, and Singing of *Psalms*, in which he evidently took great Delight.

For those three or four Days before their Deaths, when there was a general Report that no more should die; he said, *I don't know what God hath done beyond our Expectations; if he doth prolong my Life, I am sure it is all his own, and by his Grace I will wholy devote it to him.*

But the 29th of *September*, about Ten or Eleven at Night, we found the Deceitfulness of this Report, they being then told they must die the next Morning, which was very unexpected, as to the Suddenness of it; but herein God glorified his Power, Grace, and Faithfulness, in giving suitable Support and Comfort by his blessed Presence, which appeared upon my coming to him at that Time, finding him greatly composed: he said, *Though men design to surprise, God doth and will perform his Word, to be a very present Help in Trouble.*

The next Morning when I saw him again, his Chearfulness and Comfort were much increased, waiting for the Sheriff with the greatest Sweetness and Serenity of Mind; saying, *Now the will of God is determined, to whom I have referred it, and he hath chosen most certainly that which is best.*

Afterward with a smiling Countenance he discoursed of the Glory of Heaven, remarking with much Delight, the third, fourth, and fifth Verses of the 22d of the *Revelations*, *And there shall be no more Curse; but the Throne of God, and of the Lamb, shall be in it, and his Servants shall serve him, and they shall see his Face, and his Name shall be in their Foreheads, and there shall be no Night there, and they shall need no Candle nor Light of the Sun, and they shall reign for ever and ever.* Then he said, *Oh, what a happy State is this! Shall we be loth*

to go to enjoy this! Then he desired to be read to him, 2 *Cor.* 5. *For we know that if our earthly House of this Tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a House not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens;* to the tenth or eleventh Verses. In all, his Comforts still increasing, expressing his sweet Hopes and good Assurance of his Interest in this glorious Inheritance, and being now going to the Possession of it, seeing so much of this happy Change, that he said, *Death was more desirable than Life; he had rather die than live any longer here.* As to the Manner of his Death, he said, *When I have considered others under these Circumstances, I have thought it very dreadful, but now God hath called me to it, I bless God I have quite other Apprehensions of it; I can now chearfully embrace it as an easie Passage to Glory: And though Death separates from the Enjoyments of each other here, it will be but for a very short Time, and then we shall meet in such Enjoyments as now we cannot conceive, and for ever rejoyce in each other's Happiness.* Then reading the Scriptures, and musing with himself, he intimated the great Comfort God conveyed to his Soul in it; saying, *O what an invaluable Treasure is this blessed Word of God; in all Conditions here is a Store of strong Consolation.* One desiring his Bible, he said, *No, this shall be my Companion to the last Moment of my Life.* Thus praying together, reading, meditating, and conversing of Heavenly Things, they waited for the Sheriff, who, when he came, void of all Pity or Civility, hurried them away, scarce suffering them to take Leave of their Friends. But notwithstanding this, and the doleful Mourning of all about them, the Joyfulness of his Countenance was encreased. Thus he left his Prison, and thus he appeared in the Sledge, where they sat about half an Hour, before Officers could force the Horses to draw, at which they were greatly enraged, there being no visible Obstruction from Weight or Way. But at last the Mayor and Sheriff hall'd them forwards themselves, *Balaam*-like driving the Horses.

When they came to the Place of Execution, which was surrounded with Spectators, many that waited their Coming with great Sorrow, said, That when they saw him and them come 'th such Chearfulness and Joy, and Evidence of the Presence

of God with them, it made Death appear with another Aspect.

They first embraced each other with the greatest Affection; then two of the Elder Persons praying audibly, they joined with great Seriousness. Then he desired Leave of the Sheriff to pray particularly, but he would not grant it, only askt him if he would pray for the King? He answered, *I pray for all Men.* He then requested they might sing a *Psalm;* the Sheriff told him, *It must be with the Ropes about their Necks;* which they chearfully accepted, and sung with such heavenly Joy and Sweetness, that many present said, *It both broke and rejoyced their Hearts.*

Thus in the Experience of the Delightfulness of praising God on Earth, he willingly closed his Eyes on a vain World, to pass to that Eternal Employment, *Sept.* 30. 1685.

All present of all Sorts were exceedingly affected and amazed. Some Officers that had before insultingly said, *Surely these Persons have no Thoughts of Death, but will find themselves surprised by it;* after said, *That they now saw he and they had something extraordinary within, that carried them through with such Joy.* Others of them said, *They were so convinced of their Happiness, that they would be glad to change Conditions with them.* All the Soldiers in general, and all others, lamenting exceedingly, saying, *That it was so sad a Thing, to see them so cut off, they scarce knew how to bear it.*

Some of the most malicious in the Place, from whom nothing but Railing was expected, said, (as they were carried to their Grave in *Taunton* Church, voluntarily accompanied by most of the Town) *That these Persons had left a sufficient Evidence, that they were now glorified Saints in Heaven.*

A great Officer in the King's Army has been often heard to say, *That if you would learn to die, go to the Young Men of* Taunton.

Much more was utter'd by them, which shewed the blessed and glorious Frames of their Hearts, (to the Glory of Divine Grace) but this is what occurs to Memory.

Mr. *Benjamin Hewling*, about two Hours before his Death, writ this following Letter, which shewed the great Composure of his Mind.

Mr. *Hewling's* Last Letter a little before his Execution, *Taunton*, Septemb. 30. 1685.

HONOURED MOTHER,

That News which I know you have a great while feared, and we expected, I must now acquaint you with, That notwithstanding the Hopes you gave in your two last Letters, Warrants are come down for my Execution, and within these few Hours I expect it to be performed. Blessed be the Almighty God that gives Comfort and Support in such a Day; how ought we to magnifie his holy Name for all his Mercies, that when we were running on in a Course of Sin, he should stop us in full Career, and shew us that Christ whom we had pierced, and out of his Free Grace enable us to look upon him with an Eye of Faith, believing him able to save to the utmost all such as come to him. Oh admirable long-suffering Patience of God, that when we were dishonouring his Name, he did not take that Time to bring Honour to himself by our Destruction. But he delighteth not in the Death of a Sinner, but had rather he should turn to him and live: And he has many Ways of bringing his own to himself. Blessed be his Holy Name, that through Affliction he has taught my Heart in some Measure to be comformable to his Will, which worketh Patience, and Patience worketh Experience, and Experience Hope, which maketh not ashamed. I bless God I am not ashamed of the Cause for which I lay down my Life; and as I have engaged in it, and fought for it, so now I am going to seal it with my Blood. The Lord still carry on the same Cause which hath been long on Foot; and tho' we die in it and for it, I question not but in his own good Time he will raise up other Instruments more worthy to carry it on to the Glory of his Name, and the Advancement of his Church and People.

Honoured Mother, I know there has been nothing left undone by you, or my Friends, for the Saving of my Life, for which I return many hearty Acknowledgments to your self and them all; and it's my dying Request to you and them, to pardon all Undutifulness and Unkindness in every Relation. Pray give my Duty to my Grandfather and Grandmother, Service to my Unkles and Aunts, and my dear Love to all my Sisters; to every

Relation and Friend a particular Recommendation. Pray tell 'em all how precious an Interest in Christ is when we come to die, and advise them never to rest in a Christless Estate. For if we are his, it's no Matter what the World do to us, they can but kill the Body, and blessed be God the Soul is out of their Reach, for I question not but their Malice wishes the Damnation of that, as well as the Destruction of the Body; which has too evidently appeared by their deceitful flattering Promises. I commit you all to the Care and Protection of God, who has promised to be a Father to the Fatherless, and a Husband to the Widow, and to supply the Want of every Relation. The Lord God of Heaven be your Comfort under these Sorrows, and your Refuge from those Miseries we may easily foresee coming upon poor *England*, and the poor distressed People of God in it. The Lord carry you through this Vale of Tears with a resigning, submissive Spirit, and at last bring you to himself in Glory; where I question not but you will meet your dying Son,

BENJAMIN HEWLING.

THEIR CHARACTERS.

They were both of sweet and obliging Tempers, as has appeared in their History, it being a very hard Matter for their worst Enemies, when they once knew 'em well, not to honour and love 'em. Mr. *Benjamin*, the Elder, reconciled the *Lamb* and the *Lion* exactly. In the Field he seem'd made only for War, and any where else, for nothing but Love. He, without Flattery, deserved to be called a very *Fine Man*, of a lovely Proportion, extreamly well made, as handsom a Meen, and good an Air, as perhaps few in *England* exceeded him: His Picture is pretty like him.

The Younger, Mr. *William*, somewhat taller, and more slender. His Face fresh and lively, as his Spirit, being Master of an extraordinary *Vivacity* and *Briskness* of Temper. Both of 'em Vertuous, Pious, and Couragious, far above their Years, and indeed, seem'd to be *Men too soon*, one of 'em not being Twenty, the Eldest but Two and Twenty when they died; verifying that common Observation, *That whatever is* perfect *sooner than ordinary, has generally a shorter Period prefixed it, than what's more* base *and* ignoble.

MR. *CHRISTOPHER BATTISCOMB.*

HE was another Young Gentleman of a good Family, and very great Hopes, and of a fair Estate, which lay in *Dorsetshire*, somewhere between *Dorchester* and *Lyme*. He had studied some Time at the *Temple*, and having Occasions in the Country about the Time of my Lord *Russel's* Business, he was there seized, on Suspicion of being concerned in it, and clapt into the County Goal at *Dorchester*, where he behaved himself with that Prudence and winning Sweetness, and shewed so much Wit, and innocent Pleasantry of Temper, as extreamly obliged both all his Keepers and Fellow-prisoners, and even Persons of the best Quality in that Town. 'Tis indeed a genteel, well bred Place, as almost any in *England*, at such a Distance from *London*. The Streets are fair and large, and Buildings pretty regular; Two sweet, plentiful Rivers running by it. It stands on a Chalky Hill, but wants not Store of good Water. The Market-House is a pleasant little Pile, that very much sets off the Town. There are Three Churches in it, and One in its adjoining Parish. 'Tis endowed with several Alms-houses, a good Grammar-School well enough provided, which has had the happiness of Ingenious Masters, and by their Care, produced no inconsiderable Number of good Scholars. There are two or three fine old *Roman* Fortifications near the Town, which *Camden* and *Speed* take Notice of. The People on't are generally Civil and Gallant enough, if not a little on the extream that Way. They knew how to value such a Gentleman as *Battiscomb*, and made him such frequent Visits in the Prison, till the Place it self was so far from being scandalous, that there was generally all the Conversation, and where you might be sure to meet the best Company in the Town of both sexes. Mr. *Battiscomb* had the Happiness not to be displeasing to the Fair Sex, who had as much Pity and Friendship for him as consisted with the Rules of Decency and Virtue; and perhaps their Respect for him did not always stop at Friendship, tho' it still preserved the other Bounds inviolable. Pity is

generally but a little Way from Love, especially when the Object of it is any thing extraordinary. But after he had been there some Time, and nothing could be proved against him which could any ways affect him, he was at length, almost unwillingly delivered from this Sort of happy Slavery. And when the Duke landed, appeared with him, and served him with equal Faith and Valour, till the Rout at *Sedgmoor*, when he fled with the rest, and got up as far as *Devonshire*, where he was seized in a Disguise, and brought to his Old Palace, the Prison at *Dorchester*.

He behaved himself there the second Time in the same courteous, obliging Manner as he did at the first, tho' now he seemed more thoughtful and in Earnest than before, as knowing nothing was to be expected but speedy Death: though his Courage never droopt, but was still the same, if it did not increase with his Danger. At his trial *Jeffreys* railed at him with so much Eagerness and Barbarity, that he was observed to foam almost upon the Bench. He was so angry with him, because he was a Lawyer, and could have been contented all such as he should be hang'd up without any Trial; and truly 'twas no great Matter whether he or the rest had had that Formality, or no. Mr. *Battiscomb* was as undaunted at the Bar, as in the Field, or at Execution. How he demeaned himself in Prison before his Death, take this following Account *verbatim*, as 'twas written by his Friends. Tho' that which occurred most remarkable after his Sentence, must not be omitted. Several Young Ladies in the Town, among whom one, who is particularly mentioned in the Poem, went to *Jeffreys* to beg his Life, who repuls'd 'em at such a brutish Rate, as nothing with one Spark of Humanity would have been guilty of, and in a Manner even too uncivil to be mentioned. The Particulars may be seen in the Petition of the Widows and Orphans of that Country.

The Account given of him by his Relations.

He was observed to be always serious and chearful, ready to entertain Spiritual Discourse, manifesting Affection to God's People and his Ordinances; he seemed to be in a very calm

Indifference to Life or Death, referring himself to God to determine it, expressing his great Satisfaction as to some Opportunities of Escape that were slipt, saying, *That truly he sometimes thought the Cause was too good to flee from suffering in it, though he would use all lawful Means for his Life; but the Providence of God having prevented this, he was sure it was best for him, for he said, he blest God he could look into Eternity with Comfort.* He said, with Respect to Relations and Friends, to whom his Death would be afflictive, *that he was willing to live, if God saw good; but for his own Part, he thought Death much more desirable.* He said, *I have enjoyed enough of this World, but I never found any thing but Vanity in it, no Rest or Satisfaction. God, who is an Infinite Spiritual Being, is the only suitable Object for the Soul of Man, which is Spiritual in its Nature, and too large to be made happy by all that this World can afford, which is all but sensual. Therefore methinks, I see no Reason why I should be unwilling to leave it by Death, since our Happiness can never be perfected till then, till we leave this Body, where we are so continually clogg'd with Sin and Vanity, frivolous and foolish Trifles. Death in it self is indeed terrible, and Natural Courage is too low to encounter it; nothing but an Interest in Christ can be our Comfort in it,* he said, *which Comfort I hope I have;* intimating much Advantage to his Soul by his former Imprisonment.

The Day he went from *Dorchester* to *Lyme*, after he had received the News of his Death the next Day, he was in the same serious Chearfulness, declaring still the same Apprehension of the Desireableness of Death, and the great Supports of his Mind under the Thoughts of so sudden passing through it, alone from the Hope of the Security of his Interest in Christ; taking Leave of his Friends with this Farewel, *Tho' we part here, we shall meet in Heaven.* Passing by his Estate, going to *Lyme*, he said, *Farewel Temporal Inheritance, I am now going to my Heavenly, Eternal One.* At *Lyme*, the Morning that he died, it appeared that he had the same Supports from God, meeting Death with the same Chearfulness; and after he had prayed a while to himself, without any Appearance of Reluctancy, yielded up his Spirit, *Sept.* 12. 1685.

A further Account of the Behaviour of Mr. Christopher Battiscomb, *of his last Speech and Prayer, immediately before he suffer'd at* Lyme, *the 12th of* September, 1685.

He was a true Protestant to the last, well beloved among the Gentry of that Country: But it was his Fortune to be concerned with the Duke of *Monmouth*, and was very faithful to him to the last, during the Time of the Bloody Assizes at *Dorchester*, where he received his Sentence of Death: he was divers Times sent for to the Chamber of the then *L. C. J.* and prompted with Offers of Life to betray some Gentlemen, which he always refused, saying, he scorned to purchase his Life by such indirect Means; and he accordingly chose Death rather than Life; seeing it could not be purchased, but by such unworthy Means. The Day being come, he prepared himself, and received the holy Sacrament, walking down to the Place of Execution, with much Chearfulness and Christian Courage; when he was mounting the Ladder, he smiled, and said, *I am not afraid of this, I am going to a better Place, from a poor and miserable World, to a Celestial Paradise, a Heavenly Jerusalem; I might have chosen, whether I would have undergone this Death, if I had hearkned to the* L. C. J. *but it was upon such unworthy Terms, that should I have accepted of my Pardon, it would have been troublesom to me; I die a True Protestant; I am in Charity with all Men: God preserve this Nation from Popery; the Lord bless you all.* So taking his Leave of them he knew, after Prayer, he launched into Eternity.

A Poem on a Lady that came to my Lord Chief Justice, to beg Mr. *Battiscomb's* Life, Sister to one of the Sheriffs in the *West*, which he denied.

Harder than thine own Native Rocks!
To let the Charming *Silvia* kneel,
And not one Spark of Pity feel;
Harder than sensless Stones and Stocks!

Ye Gods! What Showers of Pearls she gave!
What Precious Tears! Enough to save
A Bleeding Monarch from the Grave.

By every hapless Virgin Curst:
Winter Blasts not more unkind;
Deaf as the rugged *Northern* Wind;
By some *Welsh Wolf* in Murders nurst.
Hast thou Eyes? Or hast thou none?
Or are they worse than Marble grown?
Since Marbles weep at *Silvia's* Moan.

Rebels stiff, and supple Slaves,
All the Frantick World divide,
One must stoop, and t'other ride;
Cringing Fools, and Factious Knaves;
Tho' falling on the Loser's Part,
Gentle Death arrests my Heart,
And has in Honey dipt his Dart.

Life *farewel*, thou gaudy Dream,
Painted o'er with Grief and Joys,
Which the next short Hour destroys;
And drowns them all in *Lethe's* Stream:
What blest Mortal would not die,
Might he with me Embalmed lye,
In Precious Tears from *Silvia's* Eye?

His Character.

All that knew or saw him, must own, Mr. *Battiscomb* was very much a Gentleman. Not that thin Sort of Animal that flutters from Tavern to Play-house, and back again, all his Life; made up of Wig and Crevat, without one Dram of Thought in his Composition; but one who had solid Worth, well drest and set out to the World. His Body made a very handsom and creditable Tenement for his Mind; and 't had been Pity it should have liv'd in any other. He was pretty tall, well made, I think, inclining to Black; not altogether unlike Mr. *Benjamin Hewling*, as he has been thought to resemble the Duke of *Monmouth*.

He was Witty, Brave, exactly Honourable, Pious, and Vertuous: And if ever that Character belonged to any Man, it did eminently to Mr. *Battiscomb*, That he lived universally Beloved, and died as generally Lamented.

MR. *WILLIAM JENKYN.*

HIS Father was sufficiently known, and his Circumstances hard enough, being seized only for his Opinion, and clapt up close in *Newgate;* where the Inconvenience of the Place, and Want of the Exercise he formerly enjoyed, quickly killed him, as he used to say before his Confinement, 'twould certainly do if ever it happen'd. Thus was he requited by that very Person, for whom with Mr. *Love* he ventured his Life so deeply, and so hardly escaped with it. 'Twas his inhumane Treatment which edged and animated his Son; and the Revenge of his Father's Blood may be presumed to have gone very far in pushing him on to engage his Life and Fortune in this undertaking, he having given Funeral Rings for his Father with this Posie, *William Jenkyns, murder'd in Newgate.* He was his Father's only Son, who had taken Care to have him educated suitable to his Ingenuous Birth and Inclinations; he improved sufficiently in all useful Learning, and was now about one or two and Twenty. He and several Young Gentlemen rode down from *London* a little before the Duke landed, and were taken on Suspicion, and laid up in *Ilchester* Goal, till the Duke himself came and relieved them. He continued in his Army till the Rout, when, if I mistake not, he got to Sea, and was forced back again with the *Hewlings*, or some others. He was condemned at the Bloody Assizes in *Dorchester.*

A Friend discoursing to him at *Dorchester* about his Pardon, and telling him the Doubtfulness of obtaining it, he replied, *Well, Death is the worst they can do, and I bless God, that will not surprize me, for I hope my great Work is done.* At *Taunton* being advised to govern the Airiness of his Temper, telling him,

it made People apt to censure him, as inconsiderate of his Condition, to which he answer'd, *Truly, this is so much my natural Temper, that I cannot tell how to alter it; but I bless God I have, and do think seriously of my Eternal Concerns; I do not allow my self to be vain, but I find Cause to be Chearful, for my Peace is made with God, through Jesus Christ my Lord; this is my only Ground of Comfort and Chearfulness, the Security of my Interest in Christ; for I expect nothing but Death, and without this I am sure Death would be most dreadful; but having the good Hope of this, I cannot be melancholly.* When he heard of the triumphant Death of those that suffered at *Lyme*, he said, *This is a good Encouragement to depend upon God.* Then speaking about the mangling of their Bodies, he said, *Well, the Resurrection will restore all with great advantage; the* 15th Chapter *of the* first *of the* Corinthians *is Comfort enough for all Believers.* Discoursing much of the Certainty and Felicity of the Resurrection at another Time, he said, *I will (as I think I ought) use all lawful Means for the saving of my Life, and then if God please to forgive my Sins, I hope I shall as chearfully embrace Death.* Upon the Design of attempting an Escape, he said, *We use this Means for the preserving our Lives, but if God is not with us, it will not effect it; it is our Business first to seek to him for Direction and Success, if he sees good, with resigning our Lives to him, and then his Will be done.* After the Disappointments, when there was no Prospect of any other Opportunity, he spake much of the Admirableness of God's Providence in those Things that seem most against us, bringing the greatest Good out of them; for, said he, *We can see but a little Way, God is only wise in all his Disposals of us; if we were left to chuse for our selves, we should chuse our own Misery.* Afterwards discoursing of the Vanity and Unsatisfyingness of all Things in this World, he said, *It is so in the enjoying, we never find our Expectations answered by any thing in it, and when Death comes it puts an End to all Things we have been pursuing here: Learning and Knowledge (which are the best Things in this World) will then avail nothing; nothing but an interest in Christ is then of any Worth.* One reading to his Fellow-Prisoners, *Jer.* 42. 12, *I will shew Mercy unto you, that he may have Mercy upon you,*

an cause you to return to your own Land; he said, *Yes, we shall, but not in this World, I am persuaded. September* 29th at Night, after he heard he must die the next Morning, he was exceedingly composed and chearful, expressing his Satisfaction in the Will of God: The next Morning he was still more Spiritual and chearful, discovering a very sweet Serenity of Mind in all that he said and did: Whilst he was waiting for the Sheriff, reading the Scriptures, meditating and conversing with those about him of Divine Things, amongst other Things, said he, *I have heard much of the Glory of Heaven, but I am now going to behold it, and understand what it is.* Being desired to disguise himself to attempt an Escape, he said, *No, I cannot tell how to disturb my self about it, and methinks it is not my Business, now I have other Things to take up my Thoughts; if God saw good to deliver me, he would open some other door; but seeing he has not, it is more for the Honour of his Name we should die, and so be it.* One saying to him that most of the Apostles died a violent Death, he replied, *Nay, a greater than the Apostles our Lord himself died, not only a shameful, but a painful death.* He further said, *This Manner of Death hath been the most terrible Thing in the World to my Thoughts, but I bless God, now am I neither afraid nor ashamed to die.* He said, *The parting with my Friends, and their Grief for me, is my greatest Difficulty; but it will be but for a very short Time, and we shall meet again in endless Joys, where my dear Father is already enter'd, him shall I presently joyfully meet.* Then musing with himself a while, he with an extraordinary Seriousness sang these two Verses of one of *Herbert's* Poems:

Death is still working like a Mole,
Digging my Grave at each Remove,
Let Grace work so, and on my Soul
Drop from above,

Oh come! For thou dost know the Way;
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say,
Drop from above.

He then read the 53d of *Isaiah*, and said, He had heard many blessed Sermons from that Chapter, especially from the 16th

Verse, *All we like Sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own Way, but the Lord hath laid on him the Iniquities of us all;* seeming to intimate some Impress made on his Soul from them, but was interrupted; then he said, *Christ is all:* When the Sheriff came he had the same Chearfulness and Serenity of Mind in taking Leave of his Friends, and in the Sledge, which seemed to increase to the last, (as those present have affirmed) joining in Prayer, and in singing a Psalm with great Appearance of Comfort and Joy in his Countenance, in so much that some of his Enemies (that had before censured his Chearfulness for Unthoughtfulness of his Danger, and therefore expected to see him much surprized) now professed they were greatly astonished, to see such a Young Man leave the World, and go through Death as he did.

Mr. Jenkyn's *Letter to Mrs.* Scot, *on the 26th of September*, 1685.

DEAR SISTER,

The News which came in my Brother's Letter of the 22d Instant to Mr. *Dewy*, did not at all surprize me, for indeed I expected no other; and seeing all Hopes of saving my Life are blasted, I thought my self bound to write a Line or two to so near a Relation as your self, wherein I might take my Leave of you, and bid you farewel, till we shall meet again in Glory, and never be separated more: As for my own Part, tho' such a Sort of Death as I am like to suffer, be that which I always dreaded, when at a Distance I have sometimes thought of it, yet I thank my God now it draws near, even but a few Hours off, I find my self supported under the Thoughts of it, and hope by his Strength, who will never forsake his own, I shall be enabled chearfully to undergo it with Glory to his Name, and Comfort to my own, and the Souls of others that are more nearly concerned for me; and as I have made it my own Endeavour to submit to the Will of God in this sad Dispensation without murmuring or repining, I hope you have been sensible of your Duty in the same Respect, which is, patiently to submit to his Will, and eye his Hand in this severe Stroak: And tho' God has been pleased to deny Success to your Endeavours for the saving of my Life, yet I am

satisfied nothing has been wanting on your Parts; and for all the Trouble you have been at on my Account, tho' I do not live to shew my Gratitude, yet I render you my dying Thanks, and beg your Prayers for my Support in the last Moments of my Life. If you receive this before my Death, the certain Time of which I have not Notice of, pray remember my Love to my Brother, and Thanks for all Kindnesses; and as for my Young Relations, my Prayer for them shall be, That they may see more happy Days than I have done, and die a more peaceable, I cannot say more happy Death. And now, dear Sister, I take my Leave of you, and commit you to the Protection of that God, who has made every Thing beautiful in his Time, and will shew you the Meaning of this Providence, which now we do not understand, to whom I trust I am now going, and into the Enjoyment of whose Presence I doubt not but e'er long you will meet, dear Sister,

Your affectionate Brother,
WILLIAM JENKYN.

Mr. *Jenkyn's* Letter to his Mother, on the 29th of *September*, at 12 at Night, *Taunton*.

DEAR AND HONOURED MOTHER,

I have even now received the News of Execution to Morrow, which, tho' I have so short Notice of, yet I hope I am prepared for it, and by God's Strength enabling me, I shall joyfully be carried through it: The Kindness you have been pleased to shew in your great Concern for me since I have been under this Trouble, as well as the Duty I owe to so near a Relation as your self, engages me to acquaint you with my present Condition for your Satisfaction, which truly is such, that I must beg you to accept this present Letter for my last Farewel: And tho' this sad Providence cannot but be grievous to so near and affectionate a Relation as your self, yet I hope it already has, and still does, yield the peaceable Fruits of Righteousness to your self and me, who have been severely exercised with it: As for my own Part, I hope I can truly say, that God has by his Providence weaned me from the World, and made me willing to leave it, and to be dissolved, that I may be with Christ, which is far better:

And now I am come to die; I hope I can truly say, I have nothing else to do but to die; and having fought a good Fight, and finished my Course, I am now in Expectation of that Crown of Reward, which God the Righteous Judge of the whole Earth has promised to all those that love his Appearing and as it is my great Work to be now every Moment fitting my self for my great and last Change, so 'tis the Duty which belongs to you, and the rest of my dear Relations, to resign me up into the Hands of that God, whose I am, and to whom I am going, and not repine at his Righteous Will, which we ought quietly to submit unto. I bless God I die with a clear Conscience, and though I have deserved much worse at the Hands of God for my past Sins, than I am like to undergo, yet I count, with Respect to Man, I die a Martyr for the Protestant Religion, and meerly for doing my Duty in opposing of that Flood of Popery, which seemed to be just overwhelming the Church and Interest of Christ in these Nations; and I wish that the Prudentialists of our Age, that have withdrawn their helping Hand from so glorious a Design, do not within a few Days feel the Smart they have deserved by this their Baseness. But being now just leaving the World, it's grievous to look back on these Things; wherefore, dear and honoured Mother, I take Leave of you also, hoping that I shall again meet with you in that Place of Happiness, where all Tears shall be wiped down from our Eyes, and we shall sorrow no more. I have nothing more to say, but to return you my dying Thanks for all the Trouble and Care you have been at for the saving my Life, which tho' God has not thought fit to make successful, yet my Thankfulness is equally due to you for your Endeavours, as if he had; therefore I shall end with the subscribing my self,

Dear and Honoured Mother,
Your Thankful and Dutiful Son,
WILLIAM JENKYN.

Mr. *Jenkyn's* Letter to Mrs. *Gourden*, on the 30th of *September*, 1685. at 4 Morning, *Taunton*.

DEAR SISTER,

Though you are at a great Distance from my Eye, yet you are very near my Heart, so that to leave the World before I

have wrote a Line or two to bid you farewel, and comfort you under this sad Providence, would be uncomfortable to me: I hope you have by this Time learnt how to welcome evil as well as good Tidings, and submit to the wise Disposer of all Things, who knows what is good for us, better than we do for our selves: Tho' I question not but the News of my Death, especially in such a violent manner, as within a few Hours I am to suffer it, will be afflictive to you; yet I would beg you to consider the Happiness which I am gone to, but a few Years sooner taken out of a wicked and troublesom World unto the Quire of triumphant Martyrs in Glory, which place of Happiness, tho' I have not deserved by any thing of my own Merits, yet for the Merits of my Mediator and Saviour, who has purchased more for me, than can enter into my Heart to conceive, I doubt not but to have a Mansion prepared for me in that Place, where the Wicked cease from troubling, and the Weary are at Rest. And now, dear Sister, I have nothing more to do in this World, but to be preparing and fitting my self for this Place of Rest, which within a few Hours I am going to. I therefore leave you and yours to the Protection and Blessing of God, who is able to keep and support you under this and all other his afflictive Providences, and bring a good Issue out of them; and who will in his own good Time conduct you safe to that Place of Happiness, where you will meet alone for Christ's Sake,

Dear, Dear Sister,

Your Loving and Affectionate Brother,

WILLIAM JENKYN.

Pray remember my Love and Respects to my Brother, and all that enquire after me.

His Character.

He was a very promising and ingenious young Gentleman; he had a great deal of ready Wit, and an extraordinary Briskness and Gaitey. He was a very good Scholar, had run through a Course of Philosophy; but his particular Inclination was to the Mechanical Part of it, wherein he had a very happy Genius, and performed many pretty Things. He wrote very good clean Latin. He was indifferent tall, pretty thin, a fair Complexion,

his Nose a little inclining to one Side, being hurt in his Infancy. He led a sober, vertuous Life, and dy'd a happy Death at *Taunton*, September 30, 1685.

LADY *LISLE*.

HAD those Persons who suffered about *Monmouth's* Business, fell only into the Hands of *Cannibals*, some of 'em, at least, had 'scaped better than they did from *Jeffreys*. Those more tame and civil Creatures would have spared the Old and Whithered, though they had devoured the Young and Tender. But no Age, no Sex made any Difference here; and as those who were just come into the World, Children and Girls of ten or a dozen Years old were refused Pardon; so those who were half out of it, would not be suffered to tumble into the Grave intire, tho', as *Juvenal* says of *Priam*, they had scarce Blood enough left to singe the Knife of the Sacrifices. An Instance of this was my Lady *Lisle*, of such an Age, that she almost slept on her very Trial, condemned for as small a Matter as has been known, by one of those dormant Laws, made only in *Terrorem*, but hardly ever executed only for *corresponding* with *Nelthorp*, an out-law'd Person, and, as was pretended, giving him Shelter at her House, and *Hicks*, who brought him thither. For *Hicks*, he was not then convicted, nor in any Proclamation, and so 'tis a Question whether she could, even in Rigour of Law, deserve Death on his Account. For *Nelthorp*, he himself says in his last Speech, [That he was wholly a Stranger to that worthy Lady; neither did she, as he verily believes, know who he was, or his Name, till he was taken.] For this she was found Guilty, and lost her Head at *Winchester*. Her Case was thought so hard, that the Honourable House of Parliament have now reverst her Judgment. At her Death she made the following Speech.

The last Speech of the Lady *Alicia Lisle*.

Gentlemen, Friends, and Neighbours, it may be expected that I should say something at my Death, and in Order thereunto I

shall acquaint you, that my Birth and Education was both near this Place, and that my Parents instructed me in the Fear of God, and I now die of the Reformed Protestant Religion; believing that if ever Popery should return into this Nation, it would be a very great and severe Judgment; that I die in Expectation of the Pardon of all my Sins, and of Acceptance with God the Father, by the imputed Righteousness of Jesus Christ, he being the End of the Law for Righteousness to every one that believes; I thank God through Jesus Christ, that I do depart under the Blood of Sprinkling, which speaketh better Things than that of *Abel;* God having made this Chastisement an Ordinance to my Soul. I did once as little expect to come to this Place on this Occasion, as any Person in this Place or Nation; therefore let all learn not to be high-minded, but fear: The Lord is a Soveraign, and will take what Way he sees best to glorifie himself, in and by his poor Creatures; and I do humbly desire to submit to his Will, praying to him, *That I may possess my Soul in Patience.* The Crime that was laid to my Charge, was for entertaining a Nonconformist Minister and others in my House; the said Minister being sworn to have been in the late Duke of *Monmouth's* Army; but I have been told, that if I had denied them, it would not at all have affected me; I have no Excuse but Surprise and Fear, which I believe my Jury must make Use of to excuse their Verdict to the World. I have been also told, That the Court did use to be of Counsel for the Prisoner; but instead of Advice, I had Evidence against me from thence; which tho' it were only by hearsay, might possibly affect my Jury; my Defence being but such, as might be expected from a weak Woman; but such as it was, I did not hear it Repeated again to the Jury; which, as I have been informed, is usual in such Cases. However, I forgive all the World, and therein all those that have done me wrong; and in particular, I forgive Colonel *Penruddock,* although he told me, that he could have taken these Men before they came to my House. And I do likewise forgive him, who desired to be taken away from the Grand Jury to the Petty Jury, that he might be the more nearly concerned in my Death. As to what may be objected in Reference to my Conviction, that I gave it under my Hand, that I had discoursed with *Nelthrop;* that could be no

Evidence against me, being after my Conviction and Sentence: I do acknowledge his Majesty's Favour in revoking my Sentence; I pray God to preserve him, that he may long reign in Mercy, as well as Justice, and that he may reign in Peace; and that the Protestant Religion may flourish under him. I also return Thanks to God and the Reverend Clergy, that assisted me in my Imprisonment.

ALICIA LISLE.

MR. *RICHARD NELTHROP.*

HIS Name is often enough met with in *West's* and *Rumsey's* Plot, and good Reason too, he being not near to answer for himself. As to what he was accused, out-lawed, and executed for, his being concerned in a Design for the Assassination of the King and Duke, he solemnly avers, as may be seen below in his Speech, [*That he was always highly against it, and detested any such Thing, was never in the least concerned in it, neither in Purse or Person; never knew of any Arms bought for that Intent, nor did believe there was any such Design.*] Than which, what Words could be more full and satisfactory? He went away in the heat of Swearing, and returned with the Duke of *Monmouth*, thinking it his Duty, as he says, to hazard his Life for the Preservation of the Protestant Religion and *English* Liberties; but as to the Duke of *Monmouth's* being declared King, he was wholly passive in it. He was first committed to *Salisbury* Prison, where he had several Disputes with a Learned and Good Man, whose Opinion then differed from his, concerning the Lawfulness of defending our selves by Arms against illegal Violence, which was his firm Judgment. Thence he was brought to *London*, and imprisoned in *Newgate*. He rejected there, with Scorn, some Offers made him of saving his own Life by taking away other Mens; and tho' he was under inexpressible Trouble during his close Confinement there, which at length arose to Distraction, and the Impair of his Reason; yet

'tis remarkable that he, as *Bateman* before him, before he came to die, after Sentence, was very calm and lively again, the entire Exercise of his Judgment and Understanding returning, with more Joy and Comfort than he had before Pain and Misery. He writ one Letter to his Parents, another to his Children, here inserted together with his last Speech at his Execution the 30th of *Octob.* 1685. At 2 in the Morning he wrote the Letter to his Parents, &c.

Wherein he speaks much of his Brother, and Fellow-Sufferer, Mr.* *Ayloff*, if I mistake not, whom he says, [*He could embrace with more Joy in the Field of Suffering, than ever he could have done had he met him in the Field crown'd with Victory and Lawrels.*]

Mr. *Richard Nelthrop's* Letter to his Parents, Brothers, and Sister.

DEAREST PARENTS, AND EVER LOVING BROTHERS, AND TENDER-HEARTED AND BELOVED SISTER.

Through the infinite Goodness of God, the nearer I approach my End, the more Joy and Comfort I find in my suffering Estate, (that I may so call it :) I can through Mercy say, that I have found more true Delight and Content this Night, than in all the Days and Nights of my whole Life; and I hope the Lord will continue it, that his Name may be glorified by me the meanest and poorest of all his Servants, but through free Grace faithful unto the End. My soul is ravished, I can hardly write, and my Comforts are more unspeakable than my Terrors were. I did this Evening see my dearest Brother and Companion; his Face was to me as that of an Angel, and he gave me that Comfort, that I cannot but say my Love to him is beyond what I ever had to my dearest Relations. When God comes, every Thing has a Beauty and Lustre upon it, here is an Answer of Prayers, and such an Answer, as, dearest Relations, must engage you all to be constant in the Performance of that Duty, which, like *Jacob's* Ladder, tho' it stand upon the Earth, yet it reaches

* This pious and couragious Man, Mr. *Ayloff*, suffered Martyrdom in *London*, about the same Time that Mr. *Nelthrop* did.

up to Heaven: Here's the Love of God made manifest to a poor Sinner at the last Hour, like the Thief upon the Cross, he that never knew before what the Love of God was to his Soul, finds it now filled with it, and running over. Now bless the Lord, O my Soul! Yea, all that is within me, bless his holy Name for this Dispensation. Now Light appears out of Darkness in the Face of Jesus; now all worldly Joy and Comforts seem to me (as they are) Things not hard to part with; Father, Mother, Brothers, Sister, Wife, Children, House, and Lands are (as my dear Saviour saith) to be parted with for him, or we are not worthy of him: I bless his Name, I find no Reluctancy to do it; he has brought me to his Foot-stool, and I can say heartily, The Will of the Lord be done in this Matter. I never before but saw a Beauty in worldly Comforts, but now those seem so faded by the greater Lustre and Beauty, that I see in God in Christ Jesus, that I am astonished where I have been wandering all my Days, spending my Time and my Money for that which is not Bread. O strive to get a Taste of this Love of God in Christ Jesus! And it will perfectly wean you from this deceitful, foolish World. What is worldly Honour and Riches? O set not your Hearts upon them, but get a Treasure in Heaven, that your Hearts may be there also. O lose no Time! For if you ever knew the Sweetness of it, you would never be at Rest till you found him whom your Soul loved; it will be more, yea, infinitely more than all worldly Injoyments can afford you, tho' in their greatest Perfection; it will make your Life sweet, and your Death most comfortable: It is the Bread which this World knoweth not of, and therefore maketh little or no Inquiry after it. Dearest Relations, whilst you and my other dear Friends are like *Aaron* and *Hur*, holding up the Hands of *Moses*, I am through Grace, getting Victory over the *Amalekites*. I can embrace my dear and beloved Brother and Companion with more Joy in the Field of suffering, than ever I could have done, had I met him crowned with the Lawrels of Victory: O the Mercy to die with such a Friend, and such a valiant Souldier of Jesus, who hath kept his Garments clean. I now begin to pity you that stay behind, who have many Temptations to conflict with; for a little, yea, a very little Time, and my Warfare will be accomplished; and if God continue his Love and Influence

upon my Soul, it will be both short and sweet. I have little of this World about me, I leave you all the Legacy of what was ever dearest to me, the best of Wives, and five poor Children, who must pass through an evil and sinful World; but I have committed them to God, who hath commanded to cast our Fatherless Children and Widows upon him. Dear Parents, Brothers, Sister, all Adieu, my Time draws on, my Paper is finished, and your dying Child and Brother recommends you all to him who is All-sufficient, to the God of Peace that brought again from the Dead our Lord Jesus, the great Shepherd of the Sheep, through the Blood of the everlasting Covenant, who will make you perfect in every good Work to do his Will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his Sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be Glory for ever and ever, *Amen.*

RICHARD NELTHROP.

From the Palace of *Newgate, Oct.* the 30th, 1685. Two of the Clock in the Morning.

Mr. *Richard Nelthrop's* Letter to his Children.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

The Providence of God has so ordered it, that your poor and ever-loving Father is taken from you in such a Manner as may cast both worldly Loss and Reproach upon you; but I charge you let not this be a Stumbling-block to you in the way of God, but that you remember your Creator in the Days of your Youth: That you never neglect a Day without reading the Holy Scripture, wherein you'll find your Duty both to God and Man; there you'll find the Way to everlasting Life; there you'll find Christ Jesus instructing you, and dying for you. Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven, and all other Things will be added to you: After your Duty to God Almighty, your dying Father charges and conjures you, that you will answer it at the great Day of Appearance of our dearest Saviour, that you be dutiful and loving to the best of Mothers, as long as God shall continue that great Mercy to you: Hearken to her Voice, and be obedient to the Words of her Mouth, for she'll be faithful to your Souls and Bodies; and remember that Obedience to Parents hath the

promise of this Life, as well as of Eternal Life. Pay a great Duty and Obedience to your Grandfather and Grandmother, Uncles and Aunt, who all of them have not only testified the greatest Love to your dying Father, but from whom, if you carry your selves as becomes you, you may expect both the good Things of this World, and Advice and Counsel for what is beyond all temporal Blessings. Diligence in your lawful Callings to which God shall in his Providence appoint you, is both commendable, and a Duty; but let not the eager Pursuit of the Things of this World, justle out the Time allotted for better Things; Prayer will bless what you get in your Employments, and so at once you obtain God's Blessing upon worldly Mercies, and find God manifesting himself to you in his dear Son *Christ Jesus*, in Pardon of your Sins, and receiving worldly Things in the Covenant. Your tender Years, in which I leave you in this wicked and deceitful World, may render you subject to many Temptations; but I commit you to the Father of the Fatherless, who is able to preserve you both in Soul and Body: Your poor Father hath no Legacy to leave you, but the Blessing of the great Jehovah, which he begs for you upon the bended Knees of his Soul. The Lord God bless you with the Dew of Heaven, and if he sees good, give you *Jacob's* Portion, Food and Raiment; and if the Lord bless you with any temporal Goods, remember they are Talents, employ them well to the Master's Use: No Duty is so acceptable to God as Charity, that's it which your Saviour exalts so far that he says, *Come ye Blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom; for I was an hungry and ye fed me; naked, and ye cloathed me; sick, and in Prison, and you visited me.* I die and leave you, but if you keep close to God and his Ways, he will never leave you, nor forsake you. The sum of the whole is, *Fear God, and keep his Commandments.* Do that to all others, that you would they should do to you, is the Golden Rule of the Gospel, and will be a great Preservative to you from offending either God or Man. Eternity calls me away, and I have neither Time nor Opportunity to add more: Your duties may be various in the World, as servants, as Masters, as Husbands, as Wives, as Parents: There is no Condition of Life but hath its Comforts and its Troubles; the Lord fit you for whatsoever Condition he calls you to, whether

Honour or Dishonour, Riches or Poverty ; but Remember whatsoever it be, it is God's Providence orders and governs the World. Dear James, as thou art the Eldest, strive to be the Best, and a good Example to the rest, a dutiful and a loving Son. Whatever thou or the rest have lost by me, God can make up in this Life. My dear Babes, who have been all Pledges of my Love by the best and most affectionte Wife; I do once more beg it of you, as my last Request, that you obey, love, and honour her, who hath been the greatest worldly Blessing to your Father, and will never think anything too much to do for you. My dear Children, fare well, I must now take my Leave both of you and all worldly Comforts : I trust and hope I am going to the Eternal Inheritance, where Sin and Sorrow cease ; and that I may meet you at the Right Hand of my blessed Saviour, is the dying prayer of,

Dear Children,
Your Affectionate and Loving Father,
RICHARD NELTHROP.

Newgate, 29 Octob. 1685.

Mr. Nelthrop's *Last Speech.*

The great and inexpressible Trouble and Distraction I have been under since I came into Trouble, especially since close Confinement in *Newgate*, hath so broken my Reason, that for many Weeks last past, till the Day my Sentence was passed, I have not had any Composure of Mind, and have been under the greatest Trouble imaginable : Since my dearest Wife hath had the Favour granted her of coming to see me, I am at present under great Composedness of Mind, through the infinite Goodness of the Lord. As to what I stand out-lawed for, and am now sentenced to die, I can with Comfort appeal to the great God, before whose Tribunal I am to appear, that what I did was in the Simplicity of my Heart, without seeking any private Advantage to my self ; but thinking it my Duty to hazard my Life for the Preservation of the Protestant Religion and *English* Liberties, which I thought invaded, and both in great Danger of being lost. As to the Design of Assassinating the late King, or his present Majesty, it always was a Thing highly against my Judgment,

and which I always detested ; and I was never in the least concerned in it, neither in the Purse nor Person, nor never knew of any Arms bought for that intent, nor did I believe there was any such Design, or ever hear of any Disappointment in such an Affair, or Time, or Place, save what after the Discovery of the general Design, Mr. *West* spoke of, as to Arms bought by him : And as to my self, I was in the *North* when the late King was at *New-market*, and the first News I had of the Fire, was at *Beverly* in *York-shire*. As to my coming over with the late Duke of *Monmouth*, it was in Prosecution of the same Ends ; but the Lord in his Holy and wise Providence hath been pleased to blast all our Undertakings ; tho' there seemed to be a very unanimous and zealous Spirit in all those that came from beyond the Seas : And as to the Duke of *Monmouth's* being declared King, I was wholly passive in it, I never having been present at any publick Debate of that Affair, and should never have advised it, but complained of it to Colonel *Holmes*, and Captain *Patchet*. I believe the Lord *Gray* and Mr. F—— the Chief Promoters of it. As to the Temptation of becoming an Evidence, and bringing either into Trouble or Danger the meanest Person of his Life, upon the Account for which I suffer, I always abhorred and detested the Thoughts of it, both when in and out of Danger, and advised some very strongly against it ; except when under my Distraction in Prison, that amongst other Temptations did violently assault me ; but through the Goodness of my dearest God and Father, I was preserved from it, and indeed was wholly incapable, and could never receive the least Shadow of Comfort from it, but thought Death more eligible, and was some Time afore, out of my distracted and disquieted Condition, wholly free from it ; tho' not without other Temptations far more Criminal in the Sight of Men. I bless the Father of all Mercies, and God of all Consolations, that I find a great Resignedness of my Will to his, finding infinitely more Comfort in Death, than ever I could place in Life, tho' in a Condition that might seem honourable ; every Hour seeing the Will of God in ordering this Affair more and more cleared up to me. God hath given, God hath taken, blessed be his holy Name, that hath enabled me to be willing to suffer, rather than put forth my Hand to Iniquity, or to say a Confederacy with

those that do so. I am heartily and sincerely troubled for what hath happened, many Men's Lives being lost, and many poor distressed Families ruined: the Lord pardon what of Sin he hath seen in it. He in his wonderful Providence hath made me and others concerned, Instruments, not only for what is already fallen out, but, I believe, for hastening some other great Work he hath to do in these Kingdoms; whereby he will try and purge his People, and winnow the Chaff from the Wheat; the Lord keep those that are his, faithful unto the End.

I die in Charity with all the World, and can readily and heartily forgive my greatest Enemies, even those that have been Evidences against me; and I most humbly beg the Pardon of all that I have in the least any way injur'd; and in a special Manner humbly ask Pardon of the Lady *Lisle's* Family and Relations, for that my being succoured there one Night with Mr. *Hicks*, brought that worthy Lady to suffer Death: I was wholly a Stranger to her Ladyship, and came with Mr. *Hicks*; neither did she (as I verily believe) know who I was, or my Name, till I was taken: And if any other have come to any Loss or Trouble, I humbly beg their Pardon; and were I in a Condition, I would, as far as I was able, make them a Requital.

As to my Faith, I neither look nor hope for Mercy, but only in the Free Grace of God, by the Application of the Blood of Jesus, my dearest and only Saviour, to my poor sinful Soul. My Distresses have been exceeding great as to my Eternal State, but through the infinite Goodness of God, tho' I have many Sins to answer for, yet I hope and trust, as to my Particular, that Christ came for this very End and Purpose, to relieve the Oppressed, and to be a Physician to the Sick. *I come unto thee, O blesssd Jesus; refuse me not, but wash me in thine own Blood, and then present me to thy Father as righteous! What tho' my Sins be as Crimson, and of a Scarlet Dye? Yet thou canst make them as white as Snow. I see nothing in my self but what must utterly ruin and condemn me, I cannot answer for one Action of my whole Life, but I cast my self wholly upon thee, who art the Fountain of Mercy, in whom God is reconciling himself to the World, the greatest of Sins and Sinners may find an All-sufficiency in thy Blood to cleanse 'em from all Sin. O dearest Father of Mercy, look upon me as righteous in and*

through the imputed Righteousness of thy Son; he payed the Debt by his own offering up himself for Sin, and in that thy Justice is satisfied, and thy Mercy is magnified. Grant me thy Love, O dearest Father, assist me, and stand by me in the needful Hour of Death, give thy Angels Charge over my poor Soul, that the Evil One may not touch nor hurt it. Defend me from his Power, deliver me from his Rage, and receive me into thine Eternal Kingdom, in and thro' the alone Merits of my dearest Redeemer, for whom I praise thee: To whom, with thy self and holy Spirit, be ascribed all Glory, Honour, Power, Might, and Dominion for and ever, Amen.

Dear Lord Jesus, receive my Spirit, Amen.

Newgate, *Octob.* 29. 1685.

RICHARD NELTHROP.

MRS. *GAUNT.*

ONE of the great Reasons why Mrs. *Gaunt* was burnt, was, 'tis very possible, because *she lived at Wapping;* the honest Seamen, and hearty Protestants thereabouts, being such known Enemies to Popery and Arbitrary Government, that the Friends of both gave all who oppose it, the Name of *Wappingers* as an odious Brand and Title. She was a good, honest, charitable Woman, who made it her Business to relieve and help whoever suffered for the forementioned Cause, sparing no Pains, refusing no Office to get them Assistance, in which she was the most industrious and indefatigable Woman living. Among others whom she had thus relieved, who were obnoxious Persons, was one *Burton*, whom with his Wife and Family she had kept from starving, for which (may the very Name of 'em be register'd with eternal Infamy) they swore against her, and took away her Life: Tho', she says in her Speech, there was but one Witness against her as to any Money she was charged to give him, and that he himself, an Out-lawed Person, his Out-lawry not yet revers'd, he not being Out-lawed when she was with him, and hid him away. That which she writ in the Nature of a Speech, has

a great deal of Sense and Spirit, and some strange Expressions which were mentioned in the Introduction to all these Matters; which she concludes with these Words addrest to her Enemies, [*From her that finds no Mercy from you.*]

Were my Pen qualified to represent the due Character of this Excellent Woman, it would be readily granted, That she stood most deservedly entituled to an Eternal Monument of Honour in the Hearts of all sincere Lovers of the Reformed Religion. All true Christians (tho' in some Things differing in Persuasion with her) found in her a Universal Charity and sincere Friendship, as is well known to many here, and also to a Multitude of the *Scotch* Nation, Ministers and others, who for Conscience Sake were formerly thrust into Exile. These found her a most refreshing Refuge. She dedicated her self with unwearied Industry, to provide for their Supply and Support, and therein (I do incline to think) she outstripped every individual Person (if not the whole Body of Protestants in this great City.) Hereby she became exposed to the implacable Fury of Bloody Papists, and those blind Tools who co-operated to promote their accursed Designs. And so there appeared little Difficulty to procure a Jury (as there were well-prepared Judges) to make her a Sacrifice as a Traitor to the State. Her Judges, the King's Counsel, the Solicitor-General, the Common-Serjeant, *&c.* rackt their Inventions to draw *Burton* and his Wife to charge Mrs. *Gaunt* with the Knowledge of his being in a Plot, or in the Proclamation, but nothing of that could be made out, nor is here any Sort of Proof that Mrs. *Gaunt* harbour'd this ungrateful Wretch, or that she gave him either Meat or Drink, as the Indictment charges her; but notwithstanding that, her Jury brought her in Guilty.

The Sentence was executed upon this Excellent Woman upon *Friday* then following, being the 23d *Octob.* 1685. when she left her Murderers the following Memorial.

Newgate, *22d* of Octob. 1685.

Mrs. Gaunt's *Speech, written the Day before her Sufferings.*

Not knowing whether I should be suffered or able, because of Weaknesses that are upon me through my hard and close

Imprisonment, to speak at the Place of Execution; I writ these few Lines to signifie, That I am well reconciled to the Way of my God towards me, though it be in Ways I looked not for; and by Terrible Things, yet in Righteousness; having given me Life, he ought to have the disposing of it, when and how he pleases to call for it; and I desire to offer up my All to him, it being but my reasonable Service; and also the first Terms that Jesus Christ offers, that he that will be his Disciple, must forsake all, and follow all; and therefore let none think hard, or be discouraged at what hath happened at me; for he doth nothing without Cause, in all he hath done to us, he being holy in all his Ways, and righteous in all his Works; and 'tis but my Lot in common with poor desolate *Sion* at this Day. Neither do I find in my Heart the least Regret for what I have done in the Service of my Lord and Master Jesus Christ, in succouring and securing any of his poor Sufferers, that have shewed Favour to his righteous Cause: Which Cause, though now it be fallen and trampled upon, as if it had not been anointed, yet it shall revive, and God will plead it at another Rate than ever he hath done yet, and reckon with all its Opposers and malicious Haters; and therefore let all that love and fear him, not omit the least Duty that comes to Hand, or lyes before them, knowing that now it hath need of them, and expects they shall serve him. And I desire to bless his holy Name, that he hath made me useful in my Generation to the Comfort and Relief of many Desolate Ones; and the Blessing of those that are ready to perish has come upon me, and being helpt to make the Heart of the Widow to sing. And I bless his holy Name, that in all this, together with what I was charged with, I can approve my Heart to him, that I have done His Will; tho' it does cross Man's Will, and the Scriptures that satisfie me are, *Isaiah* 16. 4, *Hide the Outcasts, betray not him that wandereth.* And *Obad.* 13. 14, *Thou shouldst not have given up those of his that did escape in the Day of his Distress.* But man says, You shall give them up, or you shall die for it. Now who to obey, judge ye. So that I have Cause to rejoyce and be exceeding glad, in that I suffer for Righteousness Sake, and that I am accounted worthy to suffer for Well-doing, and that God has accepted any Service from me, which has been done in Sincerity, tho' mixed

with manifold Infirmities, which he hath been pleased for Christ's Sake to cover and forgive. And now as concerning my Fact, as it is called, alas it was but a little one, and might well become a Prince to forgive; but he that shews no Mercy, shall find none: And I may say of it in the Language of *Jonathan, I did but taste a little Honey, and lo I must die for it.* I did but relieve an unworthy, poor, distressed Family, and lo I must die for it. Well, I desire in the Lamb-like Gospel Spirit to forgive all that are concerned, and to say, Lord, lay it not to their Charge; but I fear he will not: Nay, I believe when he comes to make Inquisition for Blood, it will be found at the Door of the furious Judge; who, because I could not remember Things through my Dauntedness at *Burton's* Wife's and Daughter's Vileness, and my Ignorance, took Advantage thereat, and would not hear me, when I had called to Mind that which I am sure would have invalidated their Evidence; tho' he granted something of the same Nature to another, yet denied it to me. My Blood will also be found at the Door of the unrighteous Jury, who found me Guilty upon the single Oath of an Out-lawed Man; for there was none but his Oath about the Money, who is no legal Witness, though he be pardoned, his Out-lawry not being recalled; and also the Law requires two Witnesses in Point of Life: And then about my going with him to the Place mentioned, 'twas by his own Words, before he was Out-lawed, for 'twas two Months after his absconding; and tho' in a Proclamation, yet not High Treason, as I have heard; so that I am clearly murdered by you. And also Bloody Mr. *A.* who has so insatiably hunted after my Life; and though it is no Profit to him, through the ill Will he bore me, left no Stone unturned, as I have Ground to believe, till he brought it to this; and shewed Favour to *Burton*, who ought to have died for his own Fault, and not bought his own Life with mine; and Capt. *R.* who is cruel and severe to all under my Circumstances, and did at that Time, without all mercy or Pity, hasten my Sentence, and held up my Hand, that it might be given; all which, together with the Great One of all, by whose Power all these, and a Multitude more of Cruelties are done, I do heartily and freely forgive, as against me; but as it is done in an implacable Mind against the Lord Christ, and his righteous Cause

and Followers, I leave it to him who is the Avenger of all such Wrongs, who will tread upon Princes as upon Mortar, and be terrible to the Kings of the Earth: And know this also, that though ye are seemingly fixt, and because of the Power in your Hand, are writing out your Violence, and dealing with a despiteful Hand, because of the old and new Hatred; by impoverishing and every Way distressing of those you have got under you; yet unless you can secure Jesus Christ, and all his Holy Angels, you shall never do your Business, nor your Hands accomplish your Enterprizes; for he will be upon you ere you are aware; and therefore, O that you would be wise, instructed and learn, is the Desire of her that finds no Mercy from you,

ELIZABETH GAUNT.

POSTSCRIPT.

Such as it is, you have it from her, who hath done as she could, and is sorry she can do no better; hopes you will pity and cover Weakness, Shortness, and any thing that is wanting; and begs that none may be weakned or humbled at the Lowness of my Spirit: for God's Design is to humble and abase us, that he alone may be exalted in this Day; and I hope he will appear in the needful Time, and it may be reserve the best Wine till last, as he hath done for some before me; none goeth to Warfare at his own Charge, and the Spirit bloweth, not only where, but when it listeth; and it becomes me, who have so often grieved, quenched, and resisted it, to wait for and upon the Motions of the Spirit, and not to murmur; but I may mourn, because through Want of it, I honour not my God, nor his blessed Cause, which I have so longed loved and delighted to love; and repent of nothing about it, but that I served him and it no better.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF MR. *ROSEWELL'S* TRIAL & ACQUITTAL.

ABOUT the same Time, Mr. *Rosewell*, a very worthy Divine, was tried for treasonable Words in his Pulpit upon the Accusation of very vile and lewd Informers; and a *Surry Jury* found him guilty of High Treason, upon the most villanous and improbable Evidence that had been ever given, notwithstanding Sir *John Talbot* (*no Countenancer of Dissenters*) had appeared with great Generosity and Honour, and testified, That the most material Witness was as scandalous and infamous a Wretch as lived.

It was at that Time given out by those who thirsted for Blood, that Mr. *Rosewell* and Mr. *Hays* should die together; and it was upon good Ground believed, that the happy Deliverance of Mr. *Hays* did much contribute to the Preservation of Mr. *Rosewell;* tho', it is very probable, that he had not escaped, had not Sir *John Talbot's* worthy and most honourable Detestation of that accursed Villany, prompted him to repair from the Court of *King's Bench*, to King *Charles* II. and to make a faithful Representation of the Case to him; whereby, when *inhuman bloody Jeffreys* came a little after in a Transport of Joy, to make his Report of the eminent Service he and the *Surry Jury* had done in finding Mr. *Rosewell* guilty; the King (to his Disappointment) appeared under some Reluctancy, and declared that Mr. *Rosewell* should not die. And so he was most happily delivered.

THE EARL OF *ARGYLE*.

WE must now take a Step over into *Scotland*, that poor Country, which has been harass'd and tired for these many Years, to render them perfect Slaves, that they might help to enslave *England*, to prevent which, and secure the Protestant Religion, which 'twas grown impossible to do, but by Arms; this good Lord embarkt from *Holland* about the same Time with the Duke, and arrived in

Scotland with what Forces he could make; to which were added some others who joined him; which after several Marches and Countermarches, were at length led into a Boggy Sort of a Place, on Pretence, or with Intention to bring him off from the other Army then upon the Heels of 'em, where they all lost one another, dispersed and shifted for themselves: the Earl being taken by a Country-man, and brought to *Edinburgh*, where he suffered for his former unpardonable Crime—requiring Care should be taken of the Protestant Religion, and explaining his taking the Test comformable thereto; for the Legality of which he had the Hands of most of the eminent Lawyers about the City. He suffer'd at *Edinburgh* the 30th *June*, 1685. His Speech has a great deal of Piety and Religion, nor will it be any Disgrace to say, 'twas more like a Sermon.—'Tis as follows.

The Earl of Argyle's *last Speech*, June 30. 1685.

Job tells us, *Man that is born of a Woman, is of few Days, and full of Trouble;* and I am a clear Instance of it. I shall not now say any thing of my Sentence, or Escape about three Years and a half ago; nor of my Return, lest I may thereby give Offence, or be tedious: Only being to end my Days in your Presence, I shall, as some of my last Words, assert the Truth of the Matter of Fact, and the Sincerity of my Intentions, and Professions that are Published.

That which I intend mainly now to say, is, To express my humble, and (I thank God) chearful Submission to his Divine Will; and my Willingness to forgive all Men, even my Enemies; and I am heartily well satisfied there is no more Blood spilt, and I shall wish the Stream thereof may stop at me: And that (if it please God) to say, as to *Zerubbabel*, Zech. 4. 6, *Not by Might, nor by Power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.*

I know Afflictions spring not out of the Dust: God did wonderfully deliver and provide for me, and has now by his special Providence brought me to this Place; and I hope none will either insult or stumble at it, seeing they ought not; for God Almighty does all Things well, for good and holy Ends, tho' we do not always understand it. Love and Hatred is not known by what is before us, *Eccles.* 9. 1. and 8. 11, 12, 13.

Afflictions are not only foretold, but promised to Christians; and are not only tolerable, but desirable.

We ought to have a deep Reverence and Fear of God's Displeasure; but withal, a firm Hope and Dependance on him for a blessed Issue, in Compliance with his Will; for God chastens his own, to refine them, and not to ruin them, whatever the World may think, *Heb.* 12. 3. to 12. *Prov.* 3. 11, 12. 2 *Tim.* 1. 8. 2 *Tim.* 2. 11, 12. *Matth.* 10. 18. to 40. *Matth.* 16. 24. to 28.

We are to imitate our Saviour in his Sufferings, as 1 *Pet.* 2. 23. and 1 *Pet.* 4. 16. to 20.

We are neither to despise our Afflictions, nor to faint under them; both are Extreams.

We are not to suffer our Spirits to be exasperated against the Instruments of our Trouble; for the same Affliction may be an Effect of their Passion, and yet sent to God to punish us for Sin: Tho' 'tis a Comfort when we may say to them with *David* Psal. 59. 3, *Not for my Transgression, nor for my Sin, O Lord.*

Nor are we, by fraudulent, pusillanimous Compliances in wicked Courses, to bring Sin upon our selves: Faint Hearts are ordinary false Hearts; Chusing Sin rather than Sufferings, and a short Life with eternal Death, before temporal Death and a Crown of Glory: Such seeking to save a little, loses all; and God readily hardens them to proceed to their own Destruction. How many, like *Hazael*, 2 *Kings* 8. 13, run to Excesses they never thought they were capable of! Let Rulers and others read seriously, and weigh *Prov.* 1. 10. to 20. 2. *Chr.* 28. 6. to 17. *Prov.* 24. 11, 12. and *Prov.* 28. 10. and avoid what is bad, and follow what is good.

For me, I hope by God's Strength to join with *Job*, Chap. 13. 15. and the Psalmist, *Psal.* 22. 4. and 16. 7. and shall pray, as *Psal.* 74. 19. to 24. and *Psal.* 122. 6. to 9. and *Luke* 1. 74. 75, and shall hope, as *Psal.* 94. 14, 15.

I do freely forgive all that directly or indirectly have been the Cause of my being brought to this Place, first or last; and I pray God forgive them. I pray God send Truth and Peace in these *three* Kingdoms; and continue and increase the Glorious Light of the Gospel, and restrain the Spirit of Prophanity, Atheism, Superstition, Popery, and Persecution, and restore all

that have back-slidden from the Purity of their Life or Principles; and bless his whole People with all Blessings, spiritual and temporal, and put an End to their present Trials.

And I intreat all People to forgive me wherein I have offended, and concur with me to pray, *That the great, good, and merciful God would sanctifie my present Lot, and for Jesus Christ his Sake pardon all my Sins, and receive me to his Eternal Glory.*

It is suggested to me, That I have said nothing of the Royal Family; and it remembers me, that before the Justices at my Trial about the *Test*, I said, That at my Death I would pray, That there should never want one of the Royal Family to be a *Defender* of the True, Ancient, Apostolick, Catholick, Protestant Faith; which I do now: And that GOD would enlighten and forgive all of them that are either luke-warm, or have shrunk from the Profession of it. And in all Events, I pray God may provide for the Security of his Church, that Antichrist, nor the Gates of Hell may never prevail against it.

COLONEL *RUMBOLD.*

AT the same Place died Colonel *Richard Rumbold*, June 26. 1685. most of what occurred considerable in his Defence and Speech, you have already in the Business of the Assassination. Two or three Passages more there are worth Remarks in the same, as Arguments of his Sense and Courage. [For this Cause, he says, were every Hair of his Head and Beard a Life, he'd joyfully sacrifice 'em all.] [That he was never Antimonarchical in his Principles, but for a King and Free Parliament; the King having Power enough to make him great, and the People to make 'em happy.] [That he died in the Defence of the just Laws and Liberties of the Nations.] [That none was markt by God above another; for no Man came into the World with a Saddle on their Backs, nor others booted and spurr'd to ride upon 't.] And being askt if he thought not his Sentence dreadful? Answered, [He wisht he had a Limb for every Town in Christendom.]

The last Speech of Col. Richard Rumbold, *at the* Market-Cross *at* Edinburgh, *with several Things that passed at his Trial,* 26 June, 1685.

At the same Place died Colonel *Richard Rumbold*, about Eleven of the Clock he was brought from the Castle of *Edinburgh*, to the Justices Court, in a great Chair, on Men's Shoulders; where at first he was asked some Questions, most of which he answered with Silence; at last said, He humbly conceived, it was not necessary for him to add to his own Accusation, since he was not ignorant they had enough already to do his Business; and therefore he did not design to fret his Conscience at that Time with Answering Questions. After which, his *Libel* being read, the Court proceeded in usual Manner; first asking him, If he had any thing to say for himself before the Jury closed? His Answer was He owned it all, saving that Part, of having designed the King's Death; and desired all present, to believe the Words of a dying Man; he never directly nor indirectly intended such a Villany; that he abhorred the very Thoughts of it; and that he blessed God he had that Reputation in the World, that he knew none that had the Impudence to ask him the Question; and he detested the Thoughts of such an Action; and he hoped all good People would believe him, which was the only Way he had to clear himself; and he was sure that this Truth should be one Day made manifest to all Men. He was again asked, If he had any Exception against the Jury? He answered, No; but wished them to do as God and their Consciences directed them. Then they withdrew, and returned their Verdict in half an Hour, and brought him in Guilty. The Sentence followed; *For him to be taken from that Place to the next Room, and from thence to be drawn on a Hurdle, betwixt Two and Four of the Clock, to the* Cross *of* Edinburgh, *the Place of Execution, and there to be Hang'd, Drawn, and Quarter'd.* He received his Sentence with an undaunted Courage and Chearfulness. Afterwards he was delivered into the Town-Magistrate's Hands; they brought to him two of their Divines, and offered him their Assistance upon the Scaffold; which he altogether refused, telling them,

That if they had any good Wishes for him, he desired they would spend them in their own Closets, and leave him now to seek God in his own Way. He had several Offers of the same kind by others, which he put off in like Manner. He was most serious and fervent in Prayers the few hours he lived, (as the Centinels observed, who were present all the while.) The Hour being come, he was brought to the Place of Execution, where he saluted the People on all Sides of the Scaffold, and after having refreshed himself with a Cordial out of his Pocket, he was supported by two Men, while he spoke to the People in these Words :

Gentlemen and Brethren, It is for all Men that come into the World once to die, and after Death to Judgment ; and since Death is a Debt that all of us must pay, it is but a Matter of small Moment what Way it be done ; and seeing the Lord is pleased in this Manner to take me to himself, I confess, something hard to Flesh and Blood, yet blessed be his Name, who hath made me not only willing, but thankful for his honouring me to lay down the Life he gave, for his Name ; in which, were every Hair in this Head and Beard of mine a Life, I should joyfully sacrifice them for it, as I do this : and Providence having brought me hither, I think it most necessary to clear my self of some Aspersions laid on my Name ; and first, That I should have had so horrid an Intention of destroying the King and his Brother.

[Here he repeated what he had said before to the Justices on this Subject.]

It was also laid to my Charge, That I was Antimonarchical.

It was ever my Thoughts, That Kingly Government was the best of all, justly executed : I mean, such as by our Ancient Laws ; that is, a King, and a Legal, Free-Chosen Parliament. The King having, as I conceive, Power enough to make him Great ; the People also as much Property as to make them Happy ; they being, as it were, contracted to one another. And who will deny me, that this was not the Just Constituted Government of our nation ? How absurd it is then for Men of Sense to maintain, That tho' the one Party of this Contract breaketh all Conditions, the other should be obliged to perform their Part ? No ; this Error is contrary to the Law of God, the Law of Nations, and the Law of Reason. But as Pride hath been the

Bait the Devil hath catched most by ever since the Creation, so it continues to this Day with us. Pride caused our first Parents to fall from the blessed Estate wherein they were created; they aiming to be higher and wiser than God allowed, which brought an everlasting Curse on them and their Posterity. It was Pride caused God to drown the Old World. And it was *Nimrod's* Pride in building *Babel*, that caused that heavy Curse of Division of Tongues to be spread among us, as it is at this Day, One of the greatest Afflictions the Church of God groaneth under, that there should be so many Divisions during their Pilgrimage here; but this is their Comfort that the Day draweth near, where, as there is but One Shepherd, there shall be but One Sheepfold. It was therefore in the Defence of this Party, in their Just Rights and Liberties, against Popery and Slavery—

[At which Words they beat the Drums:] To which he said;

They need not trouble themselves, for he should say no more of his Mind on that Subject, since they were so disingenuous, as to interrupt a dying Man, only to assure the People, he adhered to the true *Protestant Religion*, detesting the Erroneous Opinions of many that called themselves so; and I die this Day in the Defence of the Ancient Laws and Liberties of these Nations: And though God, for Reasons best known to himself, hath not seen it fit to honour us, as to make us the Instruments for the Deliverance of his People; yet as I have lived, so I die in the Faith, that he will speedily arise for the Deliverance of his Church and People. And I desire of all you to prepare for this with Speed. I may say, This is a deluded Generation, vailed with Ignorance, that tho' *Popery* and *Slavery* be riding in upon them, do not perceive it; though I am sure there was no Man born marked of God above another; for none comes into the World with a Saddle on his Back, neither any booted and spurr'd to ride him; not but that I am well satisfied, that God hath wisely ordered different Stations for Men in the World, as I have already said: Kings having as much Power as to make them great, and the People as much Property as to make them happy. And to conclude, I shall only add my Wishes for the Salvation of all Men, who were created for that End.

After ending these Words, he prayed most fervently near three Quarters of an Hour, freely forgiving all Men, even his

greatest Enemies, begging most earnestly for the Deliverance of *Sion* from all her Persecutors, particularly praying for *London, Edinburgh,* and *Dublin, from which the Streams run that rule God's People in these three Nations.*

Being asked some Hours before his Execution, *If he thought not his sentence dreadful?* He answered, *He wished he had a Limb for every Town in Christendom.*

A brief Account of the last speech of Mr. John King, *at the Place of Execution at* Edinburgh, *on the 14th Day of* August, 1679

MEN AND BRETHREN,

I do not doubt but that many that are Spectators here, have some other End, than to be edified by what they may see and hear in the last Words of One going to Eternity; but if any one of you have Ears to hear, (which I nothing doubt but some of this great Gathering have) I desire your Ears and Attention, if the Lord shall help and permit me to speak to a few Things.

I Bless the Lord, since infinite Wisdom and holy Providence has so carved out my Lot to die after the Manner that I do, not unwillingly, neither by Force: It's true I could not do this of my self, Nature always having an Inclination to put the Evil Day far off, but through Grace I have been helped, and by this Grace yet hope I shall: 'Tis true, thro' Policy I might have shunned such a hard Sentence, if I had done some Things; but though I could, I durst not, God knows, redeem my Life with the loss of my Integrity and Honesty. I bless the Lord, that since I have been apprehended and made a Prisoner, God hath very wonderfully upholden me, and made out that comfortable Word, *Fear not, be not dismayed, I am with thee, I will strengthen thee, I will uphold thee by the Right Hand of my Righteousness,* Isaiah 42. 10. I thank the Lord he never yet gave me Leave so much as to have a Thought, much less to seek

after any Shift that might be in the least sinful; I did always, and yet do judge it better to suffer Affliction with the People of God, than to enjoy the Pleasures of Sin for a Season, therefore I am come hither to lay down my Life. I bless the Lord I die not as a Fool dieth, though I acknowledge I have nothing to boast of in my self: Yea, I acknowledge I am a Sinner, and one of the chiefest that hath gone under the Name of a Professor of Religion; yea, among the unworthiest of those that have Preached the Gospel; my Sins and Corruptions have been many, and have defiled me in all Things, and even in following and doing my Duty, I have not wanted my own sinful Infirmities and Weaknesses, for that I might truly say I have no Righteousness of my own, all is evil, and like filthy Rags; but blessed be God that there is a Saviour and an Advocate, *Jesus Christ* the Righteous, and I do believe that *Jesus Christ* is come into the World to save Sinners, of whom I am the chief, and that through Faith and his Righteousness I have obtained Mercy; and that through him, and him alone, I desire and hope to have a happy and glorious Victory over Sin, Satan, Hell, and Death; and that I shall attain unto the Resurrection of the Just, and be made Partaker of Eternal Life. I know in whom I have believed, and that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that Day. I have according to my poor Capacity, Preached Salvation in his Name. and as I have Preached, so do I believe, and with all my Soul have commended it, and still do commend to all of you the Riches of his Grace, and Faith in his Name, as the alone and only Way whereby to come to be saved.

It may be many may think (but I bless the Lord, without any solid Ground) that I suffer as an Evil-doer, and as a busie Body in other Mens Matters; but I reckon not much upon that, having the Testimony of my own Conscience for me. It was the Lot of our Blessed Saviour himself, and also the Lot of many of his eminent, precious Servants and People, to suffer by the World as Evil-doers: Yea, I think I have so good Ground not to be scar'd at such a Lot, that I count it my *Non-such-Honour;* and Oh what am I, that I should be honoured so, when so many Worthies have panted after the like, and have not come at it: My Soul rejoyceth in being brought into Conformity with my

Blessed Lord, and Head, and so Blessed a Company in this Way and Lot; and I desire to pray that I may be to none of you this Day upon this Account a Stone of stumbling, and a Rock of Offence; and blessed is he that shall not be offended in Christ and his poor Followers and Members, because of their being condemned as Evil-doers by the World.

As for those Things for which Sentence of Death hath past against me, I bless the Lord my Conscience doth not condemn me, I have not been rebellious, nor do I judge it Rebellion for me to have endeavoured in my Capacity, what possibly I could for the born-down and ruined Interest of my Lord and Master, and for the Relief of my poor Brethren afflicted and persecuted, not only in their Liberties, Priviledges, and Persons, but also in their Lives; therefore it was that I joined with that poor Handful; the Lord knows, who is the Searcher of Hearts, that neither my Design nor Practice was against his Majesty's Person and just Government, but I always studied to be loyal to lawful Authority in the Lord, and I thank God my Heart doth not condemn me of any Disloyalty; I have been loyal, and I do recommend it to all to be obedient to higher Powers in the Lord.

I have been looked upon by some, and represented by others, to be of a divisive and factious Humour, and one that stirred up Division in the Church, but I am hopeful that they will all now give me their Charity, being within a little to stand before my Judge, and I pray the Lord forgive them that did so misrepresent me; but I thank the Lord whatever Man have said against me concerning this, that on the contrary I have often dissuaded from such Ways and Practices, as contrary to the Word of God, and of our Covenanted and Reformed Religion; and as I ever abhorred Division and Faction in the Church, as that which tends to its utter Ruin, if the Lord prevent it not. So I would in the Bowels of my Lord and Master, if such an one as I am may presume to persuade, and exhort both Ministers and Professors; if there be any Consolation in Christ, if any Comfort of Love, if any Fellowship of the Spirit, if any Bowels and Mercies, that you be like minded, having the same Love, being of one Accord, of one Mind; in Lowliness of Mind, let each esteem others better than themselves, *Phil.* 1. 12. Harmoniousness and Honesty in the Things of God, can never enough be sought after, and

Things that tend to the Prejudice and Hurt of Christ's Interest, can never enough be fled from and avoided.

And as I am come hither willingly to lay down my Tabernacle, so also I die in the Belief and Faith of the holy Scriptures, and in the Faith of the Apostles, and Primitive Christians, and Protestant Reformed Churches, and particularly the Church of *Scotland*, whereof I am a poor Member.

I shall but say a few Words—

First, All you that are profane, I would seriously exhort you, that you return to the Lord by serious Repentance; if you do, Iniquity shall not be your Ruin, if you do not, know that the Day of the Lord's Vengeance is near and hastneth on! Oh know for your Comfort, there is a Door of Mercy yet open, if you be not Despisers of the Day of Salvation. And you that have been, and yet are, Reproachers and Persecutors of Godliness, and of such as live Godly; take heed, Oh take heed, sad will be your Day, when God arises to scatter his Enemies, if you repent not for your ungodly Deeds.

Secondly, All those who are taken up with their own private Interests, and if that go well, they care the less for the Interest of Christ, take heed and be zealous, and repent, lest the Lord pass the Sentence, I will spew you out of my Mouth.

Thirdly, For the truly Godly, and such as are lamenting after the Lord, and are mourning for all the Abominations of this City, and are taking Pleasure in the very Rubbish and Stones of *Zion*, be of good Courage, and cast not away your Confidence. I dare not say anything to future Things, but surely the Lord has a handful that are precious to Him, to whom he will be gracious; to these is a dark Night at present, how long it will last, the Lord knows! Oh let not the sad Disasters, that his poor People meet with, though very astonishing, terrifie you; beware of Snares that abound, cleave fast to your Reformed Religion, do not shift the Cross of Christ, if you be called to it, it is better to suffer than sin, account the Reproaches of Christ greater Riches than all the Treasures of the World.

In the last place, let not my Death be grievous to any of you, I hope it will be more profitable both for you and me, and for the Church and Interest of God, than my Life could have been. I bless the Lord, I can freely and frankly forgive all Men, even

as I desire to be forgiven of God, pray for them that persecute you, bless them that curse you. As to the Cause of Christ, I bless the Lord I never had Cause, to this Day, to repent for anything I have suffered, or can now suffer for his Name. I thank the Lord who has shewed Mercy to such a vile a sinner as I am, and that ever he should advance me to so high a Dignity, as to be made a Minister of his blessed and everlasting Gospel; and that ever I should have a Seal set to my Ministry, upon the Hearts of some in several Places and Corners of this Land: The Lord visit *Scotland* with more and more faithful Pastors, and send a reviving Day unto the People of God; in the mean Time be patient, be stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the Work of the Lord; and live in Love and Peace one with another, and the Lord be with his poor afflicted, groaning People that yet remain.

Now I bid farewel to all my Friends and dear Relations: Fare well my poor Wife and Children, whom I leave in the good Hands of him who is better than seven Husbands, and who will be a Father to the Fatherless. Fare well all Creature Comforts; welcome Everlasting Life, Everlasting Glory, welcome Everlasting Love, Everlasting Praise: Bless the Lord, O my Soul, and all that is within me.

August 14*th*, 1679, Tolbooth, *circa horam septimam.* *Sic subscrib.* JOHN KING.

A brief Account of the last Speech of Mr. John Kidd, *at the Place of Execution at* Edinburgh, *on the* 14*th Day of* August, 1679.

RIGHT WORTHY AND WELL BELOVED SPECTATORS AND AUDITORS.

Considering what bodily Distempers I have been exercised with, since I came out of the Torture, *viz.* scarce two Hours out of my naked Bed in one Day, it cannot be expected, that I should Case to say anything to purpose at this Juncture, es-

pecially seeing I am not as yet free of it; however I cannot but Reverance the good Hand of God upon me, and desire with all my Soul to bless him for this my present Lot.

It may be there are a great many here that judge my Lot very sad and deplorable. I must confess Death it self is very terrible to Flesh and Blood, but as it is an Outlet to Sin, and an Inlet to Righteousness, it is the Christian's great and inexpressible Priviledge; and give me Leave to say this, that there is something in a Christian's Condition that can never put him without the Reach of Insufferableness, even Shame, Death, and the Cross being included,

And then if there be Peace betwixt God and the Soul, nothing can damp Peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, this is a most supporting Ingredient in the bitterest Cup, and under the sharpest and fieriest Trial he can be exposed unto, this is my Mercy, that I have something to lay Claim unto, *viz.* The Intimations of Pardon and Peace betwixt God and my Soul.

And as concerning that for which I am condemned, I magnifie his Grace, that I never had the least Challenge for it, but on the contrary, I judge it my Honour, that ever I was counted worthy to come upon the Stage upon such a Consideration; another Thing that renders the most despicable Lot of the Christian, and mine sufferable, is a felt and sensible Presence from the Lord, strengthening the Soul when most put to it, and if I could have this for my Allowance this Day, I could be bold to say, O Death, where is thy Sting? And could not but cry out Welcome to it, and all that follows upon it: I grant the Lord from an Act of Soveraignty may come, and go as he pleases, but yet he will never forsake his People, and this is a Cordial to me in the Case I am now exposed unto.

Thirdly, The exercising and putting forth his Glorious Power, is able to transport the Soul of the Believer, and mine, above the Reach of all sublunary Difficulties, and therefore seeing I have Hope to be kept up by this Power, I would not have you to look upon my Lot, or any other that is or may be in my Case, in the least deplorable, seeing we have Ground to believe, that in more or less he will perfect his Power and Strength in weakness.

Fourthly, That I may come a little nearer to the Purpose in

Hand, I declare before you all, in the Sight of God, Angels, and Men, and in the Sight of that Son, and all that he has created, that I am a most miserable Sinner, in Regard of my original and actual Transgressions. I must confess, they are more in Number than the Hairs of my Head. They are gone up above my Head, and are past numbring; I cannot but say as *Jacob* said, I am less than the least of all God's Mercies, yet I must declare to the exalting of his Free Grace, That to me, who am the least of all Saints, in this Grace made known, and that by a strong Hand, and I dare not but say, he has loved me, and washed me in his own Blood from all Iniquities, and well is it for me this Day, That ever I heard or read that faithful Saying, That Jesus Christ came into the World to save Sinners, of whom I am chief.

Fifthly, I must also declare in his Sight, I am the most unworthiest that ever opened his Mouth to Preach the unsearchable Riches of Christ in the Gospel. Yea, the Sense of this made me altogether unwilling to fall about so great a Work, until, by the Importunity of some, whose Names are precious and savoury to me and many others, I was prevailed with to fall about it, and yet I am hopeful, not altogether without some Fruit; and if I durst say it without Vanity, I never found so much of the Presence of God upon my Spirit, as I have found in Exercises of that Nature, tho' I must still confess attended with inexpressible Weakness, and this is the main Thing for which I must lay down my Tabernacle this Day, *viz.* That I did Preach Christ and the Gospel in several Places of this Nation; for which I bless him (as I can) That ever such a poor obscure Person as I am, have been thus Priviledged by him, for making Mention of his Grace as I was able.

In the next Place, tho' to many I die desired, yet I know, to not a few my Death is not desired, and it is the rejoycing of my Heart, that I die in the Faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has loved me, and given himself for me, and in the faith of the Prophets and Apostles, and in this Faith of theirs there is not a Name under Heaven by which Men can be saved, but the Name of Jesus, and in the Faith of the Doctrine and Worship of the *Kirk of Scotland*, as it is now established according to the Word of God, Confession of Faith, Catechisms larger and

shorter, and likewise I join my Testimony against Popery, Perjury, Profanity, Heresie, and everything contrary to sound Doctrine.

In the Close, as a dying Person, and as one who has obtained Mercy of the Lord to be faithful, I would humbly leave it upon Godly Ministers to be faithful for their Lord and Master, and not to hold their Peace in such a day, when so many ways are taken for injuring of him, his Name, Way, Sanctuary, Ordinances, Crown, and Kingdom, I hope there will be found a party in this Land, that will continue for him and his Matters, in all Hazards, and as Faithfulness is called for in Ministers, so Professors would concern themselves that they countenance not, nor abet any thing inconsistent with former Principles and Practices. Let the Land consider, how neutral and indifferent we are grown in the Matters of God, even like *Ephraim* long ago, a Cake not turned.

As concerning that which is the Ground of my Death, *viz.* Preaching here and there in some Corners; I bless my God, I have not the least Challenge for it; and tho' those that condemned me are pleased to call such Preachings Rendezvouses of Rebellion, yet I must say this of them, they were so far from being reputed such in my Eyes, that if ever Christ had a People, or Party, wherein his Soul took Pleasure, I am bold to say, these Meetings were a great Part of them; the Shining and Glory of God was eminently seen amongst these Meetings, the convincing Power and Authority of our Lord went out with his Servants in those blasphemously nick-nam'd Conventicles: This, I say, without Reflection upon any. I have a Word to say farther, that God is calling Persons to Repentance, and to do their first Work: O that *Scotland* were a mourning Land, and that Reformation were our Practice, according as we are sworn in the Covenant.

Again, that Christians of Grace and Experience would study more straightness and Stability in this Day, when so many are turning to the Right Hand, and many to the Left; he that endureth to the End shall be saved; he hath appointed the Kingdom for such as continue with him in his Temptations.

Next, If ever you expect to have the Form of the House shewed you in all the Laws thereof, Goings-out-thereof, and Comings-in-thereof, then think it no Shame to take Shame to you for all that has been done: Sitting down on this Side

Jordan, is like to be our Bane. Oh! when shall we get up and run after him, till he brings us into the promised Land, let us up and after him with all our Heart, and never rest till he return.

I recommend my Wife and Young One to the Care and Faithfulness of the God of *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Jacob*; the God that fed me to this Day, and who is the God of my Salvation, their God and my God, their Father and my Father. I am also hopeful, that Christian Friends and Relations will not be unmindful of them when I am gone.

Lastly, I do further bear my Testimony to the Cross of Christ, and bless him that ever he counted me worthy to appear for him in such a Lot as this: Glory to him that ever I heard tell of him, and that ever he fell upon such a Method of dealing with me as this; and therefore let none that loves Christ and his Righteous Cause, be offended in me.

And as I have lived in the Faith of this, that the Three Kingdoms are Married Lands, so I die in the Faith of it, that there will be a Resurrection of his Name, Word, Cause, and of all his Interest therein, tho' I dare not determine the Time when, nor the Manner how, but leave all these Things to the infinitely wise God, who has done, and will do all Things well. Oh that he would return to this Land again, to repair our Breaches, and take away our Back-sliding, and appear for his Work. Oh that he would pass by *Scotland* once again, and make our Time a Time of Love. *Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.* Himself hasten it in his own Time and Way. The Lord is my Light and Life, my Joy, my Song, and my Salvation; the God of his Chosen be my Mercy this Day, and the inriching Comforts of the Holy Ghost keep up and carry me fair through, to the Glory of his Grace, the Edification of his People, and my own eternal Advantage. *Amen.*

August 14*th*, 1679, Tolbooth, *ante horam septimam.* *Sic subscrib.*

JOHN KIDD.

Thus, Reader, having given thee a faithful Account of the Behaviour and Dying-Speeches of the most Eminent Persons who suffered in *SCOTLAND*, I shall return again for *London*, where the Last Person of *Quality* that suffered, was the *DUKE of MONMOUTH*, whose Expedition and Sufferings, *&c.* you have in the following Pages.

JAMES DUKE OF *MONMOUTH.*

THE Last Person with whom we shall conclude this mournful Tragedy, and the Greatest in it is the late *James* Duke of *Monmouth;* One indeed, who, if he had been a little less, might have been at this Time One of the Greatest Men both in *England* and the World. By reason of some Passages in his Life, not so defensible, 'twas thought, at first, better to draw a *Veil* before that unfortunate Prince, and say nothing at all of him. But what Allowances are made for Custom and Education, God only knows. I remember a shrewd Answer given to an Objection of this Nature, *Where* said One, *should he learn any better?* But however, where there has been any Time to think soberly of past Actions, or none of that Nature reiterated, Charity is oblig'd to judge favourably. And besides, the good *West-Country-Men* would be very angry if they should not find their Master that they loved so well, and suffered so much for, among the rest of these Noble Heroes. None can deny but he was a Great General, a Man of Courage and Conduct, and great Personal Valour, having signaliz'd himself both at *Mons* and *Maestricht,* so as to gain an high and just Reputation. He was all along true and firm to the Protestant Interest in and out of Parliament, tho' abhorring any base Way of promoting it, as well as his Friend my Lord *Russel.* This is intended as a Character rather, or very short *Compendium,* than any History of his Life. He was all along the Peoples Darling, whose Hearts were entirely his by his Courtesie and Affability, as other Persons lost 'em by their Sourness and haughty Pride. After *Russel's* Death he went into *Flanders,* whence had he prosecuted his Design, and gone, as 'tis said he intended, into the Emperor's Service, how many Lawrels might he have won, and how many more would *now* have been growing for him? But his Fate was otherwise.—He came over into *England,* an exact Account of whose Enterprise another Place of this Book presents you as 'twas compiled by One present in all that Action. After the Defeat of his Army at *Sedgmoor,* he fled with my Lord *Gray,* who was first taken, and he himself a little after brought up to

London, and on his *Attainder* in Parliament, beheaded on *Tower-Hill*. 'Tis said, a certain Brave Old Officer, who then came over with him, and since with the Prince, offered with a small Party of Horse to have ventured through the Guards, and took him off the Scaffold. But they could not be got together; his Time was come. Providence had designed other Things, that our Deliverance should be more just, and peaceable, and wonderful, and that the Glory thereof should be reserved for their Sacred Majesties, King *William* and Queen *Mary*.

The Thing I shall in the next Place do, that I may leave out nothing material, relating to the *Western* Affair, is to insert the late Duke of *Monmouth's Declaration*, as it was taken from a Copy Printed in *Holland* in the Year 1685.

The Declaration of James *Duke of* Monmouth, *and the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and others, now in Arms for the Defence and Vindication of the Protestant Religion, and the Laws, Rights, and Priviledges of* England.

As Government was originally instituted by God, and this or that Form of it chosen and submitted to by Men, for the Peace, Happiness, and Security of the Governed, and not for the Private Interest and Personal Greatness of those that Rule: So that Government hath always been esteemed the best, where the Supream Magistrates have been invested with all the Power and Prerogatives, that might capacitate them, not only to preserve the People from Violence and Oppression, but to promote their Prosperity; and yet where nothing was to belong to them by the Rules of the Constitution, that might enable them to injure and oppress them, And it hath been the Glory of *England* above most other Nations, that the Prince had all intrusted with him that was necessary, either for the advancing the Welfare of the People, or for his own Protection in the Discharge of his Office; and withal stood so limited and restrained by the Fundamental Terms of the Constitution, That without a Violation of his own Oath, as well as the Rules and Measures of the Government, he

could do them no Hurt, or exercise any Act of Authority, but through the Administration of such Hands as stood obnoxious to be punished, in case they transgressed: So that according to the Primitive Frame of the Government, the Prerogatives of the Crown, and the Priviledges of the Subject, are so far from justling one another, that the Rights reserved unto the People, tended to render the King Honourable and Great, and the Prerogatives settled on the Prince, were in Order to the Subjects Protection and Safety. But all humane Things being Subject to Perversion, as well as Decay, it hath been the Fate of the *English* Government to be often changed and wrested from what it was in the first Settlement and Institution. And we are particularly compelled to say, that all the Boundaries of the Government have of late been broken, and nothing left unattempted for turning our limited Monarchy into an absolute Tyranny. For such hath been the Transaction of Affairs within this Nation for several Years last past, that though the Protestant Religion and Liberties of the People were fenced and hedged about by as many Laws as the Wisdom of Man could devise for their Preservation against Popery and Arbitrary Power, our Religion hath been all along countermined by Popish Counsels, and our Priviledges ravished from us by Fraud and Violence. And more especially, the whole Course and Series of the Life of the D. of *York*, hath been but one continued Conspiracy against the Reformed Religion and the Rights of the Nation. For who ever considers his contriving the Burning of *London*, his instigating a Confederacy with *France*, and a War with *Holland*, his fomenting the Popish Plot, and encouraging the Murther of Sir *Ed. Godfrey* to stifle it; his charging Treason against Protestants, and suborning Witnesses to swear the Patriots of their Religion and Liberties out of their Lives, his hiring execrable Villains to assassinate the late Earl of *Essex*, and causing those others to be clandestinely cut off, in Hopes to conceal it; his advising and procuring the Prorogation and Dissolution of Parliaments, in Order to prevent their looking into his Crimes, and that he might escape the Justice of the Nation; such can imagine nothing so black and horrid in itself, or so ruinous and destructive to Religion and the Kingdom which we may not expect from him.

The very Tyrannies, which he hath exercised since he snatched

the Crown from his Brother's Head, do leave none under a Possibility of flattering themselves with Hopes of Safety, either in their Consciences, Persons, or Estates: For in Defiance of all the Laws and Statutes of the Realm, made for the Security of the Reformed Protestant Religion, he not only began his Reign with a bare-faced avowing himself of the *Romish* Religion; but hath called in Multitudes of *Priests* and *Jesuits*, for whom the Law makes it Treason to come into this Kingdom; and hath impowered them to exercise their idolatries. And by his being daily present at the Worship of the Mass, hath publickly assisted at the greatest Fopperies of their Superstition. Neither hath he been more tender in trampling upon the Laws which concern our Properties, seeing in two Proclamations, whereof the one requires the collecting of the Customs, and the other the continuing that Part of the Excise which was to expire with the late King's Death; he has violently, and against all the Law of the Land, broken in upon our Estates. Neither is it any Extenuation of his Tyranny, that he is countenanced in it by an extrajudicial Opinion of seven or eight suborned and forsworn Judges; but rather declaring the Greatness and Extent of the Conspiracy against our Rights, and that there is no Means left for our Relief but by Force of Arms; for advancing those to the Bench that were the Scandal of the Bar, and constituting those very Men to declare the Laws, who were accused and branded in Parliament for perverting them, we are precluded all Hopes of Justice in *Westminster-Hall;* and through packing together by false Returns, new illegal Charters, and other corrupt Means; he doth at once deprive us of all Expectations of Succour, where our Ancestors were wont to find it; and Hopes to render that which ought to be the Peoples Fence against Tyranny, and the Conservator of their Liberties, the Means of subverting all our Laws, and of establishing of his Arbitrariness, and confirming our Thraldom. So that unless we could be contented to see the Reformed Protestant Religion, and such as profess it, extirpated; Popish Superstition and Idolatry established, the Laws of the Land trampled under Foot; the Liberties and Rights of the *English* People subverted; and all that is Sacred and Civil, or of Regard (amongst Men of Vertue and Piety) violated; and unless we could be willing to be Slaves as well as Papists, and forget

the Example of our Noble and Generous Ancestors, who conveyed our Priviledges to us at the Expence of their Blood and Treasure; and withal be unmindful of our Duty to God, our Country and Posterity; deaf to the Cries and Groans of our oppressed Friends, and be satisfied, not only to see them and our selves Imprisoned, Robbed, and Murthered, but the Protestant Interest throughout the whole World betrayed to *France* and *Rome;* we are bound as Men and Christians, and that in Discharge of our Duty to God and our Country, and for the Satisfaction of the Protestant Nations round about us, to betake our selves to Arms. Which we take Heaven and Earth to Witness, we should not have done, had not the Malice of our Enemies deprived us of all other Means of Redress; and were not the Miseries that we already feel, and those which do further threaten us, worse than the Calamities of War. And it is not for any Personal Injuries, or Private Discontents, nor in Pursuance of any corrupt Interest, that we take our Swords into our Hands, but for vindicating our Religion, Laws and Rights, and rescuing our Country from Ruin and Destruction, and for preserving our selves, Wives and Children from Bondage and Idolatry. Wherefore, before God, Angels, and Men, we stand acquitted from, and do charge upon our Enemies, all the Slaughter and Devastations that unavoidably accompany an intestine War.

Now therefore we do hereby Solemnly Declare and Proclaim War against *J.* D. of *Y.* as a Murtherer, and an Assassinator of innocent Men, a Traitor to the Nation, and Tyrant over the People. And we would have none that appear under his Banner, to flatter themselves with Expectation of Forgiveness, it being our firm Resolution to prosecute him and his Adherents, without giving way to Treaties or Accommodations, until we have brought him and them to undergo what the Rules of the Constitution, and the Statutes of the Realm, as well as the Laws of Nature, Scripture, and Nations judge to be a Punishment due to the Enemies of God, Mankind, their Country, and all Things that are Honourable, Vertuous, and good.

And though we cannot avoid being sensible, that too many have, from Cowardice, Covetousness, and Ambition, co-operated to the subverting our Religion, and enslaving their Country; yet we would have none from a Despair of finding Mercy, persevere

in their Crimes, nor continue the Ruin of the Kingdom : For we exclude none from the Benefit of Repentance, that will join with us in retrieving what they have been accessory to the Loss of; nor do we design Revenge upon any, but the Obstinate, and such as shall be found at this Juncture yielding Aid and Assistance to the said *J.* D. of *Y.*

And that we way both govern our selves in the Pursuit of this Glorious Cause, wherein we are engaged, and give Encouragement to all that shall assist us in so Righteous and Necessary an Undertaking; we do in the Presence of the Lord, who knows the Secrets of all Hearts, and is the Avenger of Deceit and Falshood, proclaim and publish what we aim at; and for the obtaining whereof, we have both determined to venture, and are ready to lay down our Lives. And tho' we are not come into the Field to introduce Anarchy and Confusion, or for laying aside any Part of the Old *English* Government; yet our Purposes and Resolutions are, to reduce Things to that Temperament and Ballance, that future Rulers may remain able to do all the Good that can be either desired or expected from them, and it may not be in their Power to invade the Rights, and infringe the Liberties of the People.

And whereas our Religion, the most Valuable Thing we lay Claim unto, hath been shaken by unjust Laws, undermined by Popish Counsels, and is now in Danger to be subverted; We are therefore resolved, to spend our Blood for preserving it to our selves and Posterity; nor will we lay down our Arms, till we see it established and secured beyond all Probability of being supplanted and overthrown, and until all the Penal Laws against Protestant Dissenters be repealed, and Legal Provision made against their being disturbed by Reason of their Consciences, and for their enjoying an equal Liberty with other Protestants.

And that the Meekness and Purity of our Principles, and the Moderation and Righteousness of our End, may appear unto all Men: We do declare, That we will not make War upon, or destroy any for their Religion, how false and erroneous soever: So that the very Papists, provided they withdraw from the Tents of our Enemies, and be not found guilty of conspiring our Destruction, or Abettors of them that seek it, have nothing to fear or apprehend from us, except what may hinder their altering our

Laws, and indangering our Persons in the Profession of the Reformed Doctrine, and Exercise of our Christian Worship.

Our Resolution in the next Place is, to maintain all the just Rights and Priviledges of Parliament, and to have Parliaments annually chosen and held, and not prorogued, dissolved, or discontinued within the Year, before Petitions be first answered, and Grievances redressed.

And seeing many of the Miseries, under which the Nation doth groan, arise from displacing such out of the Number of Judges, as would not, for promoting Popish and Arbitrary Designs, wrest and misapply the Laws; and from constituting corrupt and mercenary Men in their Rooms, on Purpose to stretch the Laws beyond the Reason and Intention of them, and to declare that for Law which is not: We can neither with Silence pass over the mentioning of them, nor should we have Peace in our selves, if we did not endeavour to prevent the like Mischief in Time to come. For by Reason of ill Men being advanced to the Bench, and holding their Places only *durante bene-placito*, many Persons have been condemned in exorbitant Fines for no Crimes, or for very small ones: Many Statutes made for the Safety of the Subject, particularly the *Habeas Corpus* Act, have been wickedly eluded to the Oppression of the Innocent and Loyal Men. The Popish Lords that were impeached in Parliament, for a most hellish Conspiracy, have, to the subverting the Rights of the House of Commons, and trampling on the Rights of the *House of Lords, been discharged and set free.* The imposing a Mayor and Sheriff upon the City of *London* by Fraud and Violence, have been justified, and those who in Discharge of their Duty opposed it, illegally prosecuted, and arbitrarily punished. *London*, and other Cities and Corporations, have been robb'd of their Charters, upon unrighteous Judgments of pretended Forfeitures: Sir *Thomas Armstrong* executed without being allowed the Benefit of a Trial: Col. *Algernon Sidney* condemned to die, upon the Deposition of one scandalous Witness: And that Loyal and Excellent Person, the late *William* L. *Russel, Murthered* for alledged Crimes; in Reference to which, if all had been true, which was sworn against him, yet there was nothing which according to Law could have reached his Life. Upon the Considerations aforesaid, we further

declare, that we will have Care taken for the future for debarring ignorant, scandalous, and mercenary Men from the Administration of Justice, and that the Judges shall hold their Places by the ancient Tenure of *quamdiu se bene gesserint;* and to leave it to the Wisdom of a Parliament to settle some Way and Method for the Approbation of such as shall be advanced to the Degree and Dignity of Judges.

And for as much as the Invasion made on the Rights of Cities, Burroughs, and Towns Corporate, by the Seisure of their Charters, whether by Surrender, or upon Pretence of Forfeiture, have been wholly Arbitrary and Illegal; we likewise therefore declare, we will, to our utmost, endeavour to see them repossessed in what they formely had and could legally lay Claim to, and that we do esteem all Judgments given against them, and all Surrenders made by a corrupt and perjured Party amongst them, null and void in Law; and do hold and declare their old Charters, notwithstanding the new ones lately granted, to be good and valid; and accordingly we do invite and incourage all honest Burgesses and Freemen to reassume the Rights and Priviledges, which by Vertue of the said old Charters belonged to their several and respective Corporations, and to deliver themselves from those late Parasites and Instruments of Tyranny set up to oppress them.

Moreover, for the restoring the Kingdom to its Primitive Condition of Freedom and Safety, we will have the *Corporation and Militia Acts* repealed, and all Out-lawries of Treason against any Person whatsoever, upon the late pretended Protestant Plot, reversed; and also all other Out-lawries, Banishments, Warrants, Judgments, Imprisonments, and Injurious Proceedings against any other Persons, upon any of the Penal Statutes made against Protestant Dissenters, made null and void. And we will have new Laws enacted for placing the Election of Sheriffs in the Freeholders of the several Counties, for settling the Militia in the several Shires, and for preventing all Military standing Forces, except what shall be raised and kept up by Authority and Consent of Parliament.

And whereas several Gentlemen, and others, who have been worthy and zealous Asserters of the Protestant Interest, and Laws of the Kingdom, are now in Custody in divers Places

within the Realm, upon most unjust Accusations, Pretences, Proceedings, and Judgments; we do hereby further declare their said Imprisonments to be Illegal, and that in Case any Violence shall be offered to them, or any of them, we will revenge it to the utmost upon such of our Enemies as shall fall into our Hands.

And whereas the said *J.* D. of *Y.* in Order to the expediting the Idolatrous and Bloody Designs of the Papists, the gratifying his own boundless Ambition after a Crown, and to hinder Inquiry into the Assassination of *Arthur* Earl of *Essex*, hath poisoned the late King, and thereby manifested his Ingratitude as well as Cruelty to the World, in murthering a Brother who had almost ruined himself to preserve and protect him from Punishment: We do therefore further declare, That for the aforesaid Villanous and Unnatural Crime, and other his Crimes before mentioned, and in Pursuance of the Resolution of both Houses of Parliament, who voted to revenge the King's Death, in Case he came to an untimely End, we will prosecute the said *J.* D. of *Y.* till we have brought him to suffer what the Law adjudged to be the Punishment of so execrable a Fact.

And in a more particular Manner, his Grace the Duke of *Monmouth*, being sensible of the Barbarous and Horrid Parricide committed upon his Father, doth resolve to pursue the said *J.* D. of *Y.* as a mortal and bloody Enemy, and will endeavour as well with his own Hand, as by the Assistance of his Friends and the Law, to have Justice executed upon them.

And the said *James* Duke of *Monmouth*, the *new Head and Captain General* of the Protestant Forces of this Kingdom, assembled for the End aforesaid, from the Generousness of his own Nature, and the Love he bears to these Nations, whose Welfare and Settlement he infinitely prefers to whatsoever may concern himself, doth not at present insist upon his Title; but leaves the Determination thereof to the Wisdom, Justice, and Authority of a Parliament legally chosen, and acting with Freedom: And in the mean Time doth profess and declare by all that is Sacred, that he will, in Conjunction with the People of *England*, imploy all the Abilities bestowed upon him by God and Nature, for the Re-establishment and Preservation of the Protestant Reformed Religion in these Kingdoms, and for res-

toring the Subjects of the same to a free Exercise thereof, in Opposition to Popery, and the consequences of it, Tyranny and Slavery. To the obtaining of which End, he doth hereby promise and oblige himself to the People of *England*, to consent unto, and promote the passing into Laws all the Methods aforesaid; that it may never more be in the Power of any single Person on the Throne, to deprive the Subjects of their Rights, or subvert the Fundamental Laws of the Government designed for their Preservation.

And whereas the Nobility, Gentry, and Commons of *Scotland* are now in Arms upon the like Motives and Inducements that we are, and in Prosecution of Ends agreable with ours; We do therefore approve the Justice of their Cause, commend their Zeal and Courage, expecting their, and promising our Assistance, for carrying on that Glorious Work we are jointly engaged in; being obliged, for avoiding Tediousness, to omit the recounting many Oppressions under which the Kingdom hath groaned; and the giving a Deduction of the several Steps that have been taken for introducing of Popery and Tyranny: We think fit thereof to signifie, both to our Countrymen and Foreigners, that we intend a larger Testimony and Remonstrance of the Grievances, Persecutions, Cruelties, and Tyrannies we have of late layn under; and therein a more full and particular Account of the unparallell'd Crimes of the D. of *Y.* And we make our Appeal unto God, and all Protestant Kings, Princes, States, and People, concerning the Justice of our Cause, and the Necessity we are reduced unto of having our Recourse to Arms. And as we do beseech, require, and adjure all sincere Protestants and true *Englishmen*, to be assisting to us against the Enemies of the Gospel, Rights of the Nation, and Liberties of Mankind: So we are confident of obtaining the utmost Aid and Succour which they can yield us, with their Prayers, Persons, and Estates, for the Dethroning the said Tyrant, *&c.* nor do we doubt being justified, countenanced, and assisted by all Protestant Kings, Princes, and Commonwealths, who either regard the Gospel of Jesus Christ, or their own Interest: And above all, our Dependance and Trust is upon the Lord of Hosts, in whose Name we go forth, and to whom we commit our Cause and refer the Decision betwixt us and our Enemies in the Day of Battle.

Now let us play the Men for our People, and for the Cities of our God, and the Lord do that which seemeth good unto him.

Thus, Reader, I have given you a Copy of the Duke of *Monmouth's* Declaration, (which was disperst in the *West* of *England* in the Year 1685.) But it not being the Part of an Historian to make Remarks, I have satisfied my self with barely inserting, it leaving every Reader to make what Reflections on it he thinks fit.

A brief Abstract of his True Speech.

I repent in general of all my Sins, and am more particularly concerned for what Blood hath been spilt on my Account, and the rather, seeing the Issue is such as I fear will prove of fatal Consequence to the Reformed Protestant Religion.

Instead of being counted Factious and Rebellious, the very opposing of Popery and Arbitrary Power, now arising and appearing plain enough, would sufficiently have protected my Cause; besides, several other most hainous and notorious Crimes, (such as the unhappy Fate of the Earl of *Essex*, and my Father of ever blessed Memory, and others now covered over with Jesuitical Policy) should have been detected and avenged.

I have lived, and shall now die in the Faith of this, that God will *work a Deliverance for his People*, and then will be discovered the great and horrid, and scarcely to be parallell'd Villanies our Enemies have been guilty of; but now you see my Case is desperate, yet know that I die a *MARTYR FOR THE PEOPLE*, and shall rather pity the State, that their false and covetous Minds have brought themselves and me to; than discover who are the Persons concerned in my Overthrow, and I heartily forgive all that have wronged me, even those that have been instrumental in my Fall, earnestly praying for their Souls.

And I hope King *James* will shew himself to be of his Brother's Blood, and extend his Mercy to my Children, even as he was wont to his greatest Enemies, they being not capable to act, and therefore not conscious of any Offence against the Government.

His *ELEGY.*

Come, Mortals, come, now set yourselves to weep,
Is not your Glorious *M*——— gone to sleep?
Send us some Tears, you *Indians*, from your Shoa r,
For it's our Grief that we can mourn no more.
We want some Mourners from the utmost Coast
Of all the Earth, that Grief may not be lost.
When *Britain* hath sat down and mourn'd her Fill,
She ought to send for other Mourners still.
Created Things, come set your selves to mourn,
Since Lovely *M*——— from the World is torn.
Should you not mourn, and tell your Children so,
That Ages hence may mourn and sorrow too,
'Cause we have lost so great a Good as this,
Who was our Flow'r, and mourning *Europe's* Bliss?
The Sun did mourn the Morning of that Day,
And with the Clouds of Darkness did array
His Glorious Face, that Mortals might not see
His Royal Rays, while they did murther thee.
O Lovely *M*———, Glory of our Land,
Who for God's Word did like a Pillar stand.
All Things but Devils seemed then to weep,
Nor could the Earth almost in Silence keep.
Methought all joy would vanish from the Earth,
And Pleasantness would stop with *M*———'s Breath.
Methought the Sun might now be angry grown,
And would no more on Earth be seen or known.
We fear'd the Heavens now disturbed were,
And for the Earth would take no further Care.
All good Men griev'd to see that fatal blow,
Whilst floods of Tears did from the Heavens flow.
But that black Blow, instead of proving Three,
Like *Russell's* Fate, *Five Bloody Stroaks* they see.
Ye Ages all, let this recorded be,
And let all Mankind, *M*———, mourn for thee.
Could we but draw those blessed Looks of his,
As when we saw him walking hence to Bliss,

When from the *Tower* he did the Hill ascend,
Where *Troops of Angels* did his Soul attend;
One would have thought, to see him in that Throng,
That he to Bliss already did belong.
His Countenance all others did out-shine,
And made his very Foes to Grief incline.
No sooner was his Soul arriv'd in Bliss,
Where he receiv'd a better Crown for this;
Than *Phœbus* and the Earth began to shine,
And pleasant Looks towards us do incline.
The Clouds and Tears were wip'd from Heaven's Face,
And *Glorious Brightness* did again take Place.
Now, Happy Soul, we leave thee to thy Rest,
To live in Joys that cannot be exprest.

Argile and the Duke of *Monmouth* being now both safe in their Graves, King *James* was so pufft up with a petty Victory over a few *Clubmen*, and so wrapt up with a Conceit, that he had now conquer'd the whole Nation, (so that now believing himself impregnable) he resolves to be reveng'd upon the *Western People* for siding with his Capital Enemy *Monmouth*, and to that purpose sends down his Executioner in Ordinary, *Jeffreys*, not to decimate according to the Heathen Way of Mercy, but with the *Beesom of his Cruelties*, to sweep the Country before him, and to depopulate instead of Punishment, at which Time Acquaintance or Relation of any that fell in the Field, with a slender Circumstance tack'd to either, was a Crime sufficient for the extirpation of the Family. *And Young and Old were hang'd by Clusters*, as if the Chief Justice had designed to raise the Price of Halters; besides the great Number of those that upon bare Suspicion were transported beyond Sea, and there sold for Slaves, and the Purchase-Money given away to satisfy the Hunger of needy Papists.—After-Ages will read with Astonishment the barbarous Usage of those poor People; of which among many Instances, this one may seem sufficient, whereby to take the Dimensions of all the rest: That when the Sister of the two *Hewlings* hung upon the Chief Justice's Coach, imploring Mercy on the behalf of her Brothers, the *merciless* Judge, to make her let go, caus'd the Coach-man

to cut her Hands and Fingers with the Lash of his Whip. Nor would he allow the Respite of the Execution but for two Days, tho' the Sister with Tears in her Eyes offered a *Hundred Pounds* for so small a Favour. And whoever shelter'd any of those *forlorn Creatures*, were hurried to the Slaughter-house with the same inexecrable Outrage, without any Consideration either of Age or Sex; Witness the Execution of the Lady *Lisle* at *Winchester*. As for *Argile* and the *Duke*, tho' they might die pitied, yet in Regard they had declared open Hostility, it was no more than they were to expect upon ill Success.

We shall now, to compleat our *Western Martyrology*, (and that we may not be too tedious) proceed to give the particular Cases of those that were condemned and executed in the *WEST*, with their *Christian Behaviour and Dying-Speeches*, as their plain Country Friends have preserved 'em.

The Dying-Speech and Behaviour of Mr. Matth. Bragg.

And we begin with Mr. *Matthew Bragg*, who was a Gentleman, and descended from an Ancient and Good Family; he was bred an Attorney, in which he practised the Law: His Case being this, he happened to be upon the Road riding home to his House, being come from a Gentleman's House for whom he kept courts. He, as before, being met with by a Party of Horse belonging to the Duke of *Monmouth*, who were going to search the House of a *Roman Catholick* for Arms, who lived two or three Miles from the Place they met him, they required him to go with them, and show them the way, he knowing the Country better than they did; he desired to be excused, telling them, *It was none of his Business, and besides had no Arms.* But his Excuses signified nothing, they forced him amongst them, where they went; when being come, a Party enter'd the House, and searcht it: Mr. *Bragg* never dismounted, they being then satisfied, took him along with them to *Chard*, where then the

Duke of *Monmouth* was. Being there, after having set up his Horse where he used to do, often having Occasion there, he was tampered with to engage in the Design, but he refused it; but the next Morning made haste out of Town, not seeing the Duke at all; calling for his Horse, it was told him, *That it was seized for the Duke's Service.* So then he took his Cane and Gloves, and walked to his own House, which was about five or six Miles, and was no more concerned in the Affair, than that after the Duke's Defeat at *Kings-Sedge-Moore*, some busie Person informeth, and requireth a Warrant from a Justice of Peace for the said Mr. *Bragg*, who obliged himself to enter into a Recognizance to appear at the next Assizes; the said Justice accounting the Matter in itself but trivial; and indeed all Men did judge him out of Danger. At *Dorchester* he appeared in Court to discharge his Bail, on which he was presently committed, and the next Day being Arraigned, pleading *Not Guilty*, put himself on the Trial of God and his Country, which found him and 28 more of 30 Guilty; the Lord Chief Justice often saying, *If any Lawyer or Parson came under his Inspection, they should not escape;* the Evidence against him was the *Roman Catholick*, whose House was searcht, and a Woman of ill Fame, to whom the L. Chief Justice was wonderfully kind; but his Evidence, which were more than Twenty, to prove his Innocence, signified nothing, the Jury being well instructed by my Lord Chief Justice. Being thus found Guilty, Sentence was presently pronounced, and Execution awarded, notwithstanding all the Interest that was made for him, as before recited.

Thus being condemned on *Saturday*, and ordered to be executed on *Monday*, he spent the Residue of his little Time very devoutly, and much becoming a good Christian, and a true Protestant of the Church of *Englaud*, all which availed nothing with this Protestant Judge. He was frequently visited by a worthy Divine of the Church of *England*, who spent much Time with him, and received great Satisfaction from him. The said Divine told me, *That his Deportment, Behaviour, and Converse was so much like an extraordinary Christian, that he could not in the least doubt but this violent Passage would put him into the Fruition of Happiness.* He wisht and desired a little longer Time, out of no other Design, but thoroughly

to repent of his Sins, and make himself more sensible of, and fit for to receive the Inheritance that is prepared for those that continue in well-doing to the End. When he came to the Place of Execution with great Courage and Resolution, being, as he said, *Prepared for Death*, he behaved himself very gravely and devoutly. Being asked, when he was on the Ladder, *Whether he was not sorry for his being concerned in the Rebellion;* He replied, *That he knew of none that he was guilty of;* and prayed them not to trouble him; adding, *He was not the first that was martyr'd; he was so much a Christian as to forgive his Enemies.* And after some private Devotions he suddenly was translated, as we have all Hopes to believe, from Earth to Heaven. The only Favour of this Protestant Judge was, to give his Body to his Friends, in Order to its Interment amongst his Ancestors.

The Behaviour of Mr. Smith, *Constable of* Chardstock.

Another Eminent Person that suffered with him at the same Time and Place, was one Mr. *Smith*, who was Constable of *Chardstock*, who having some Monies in his Hands that belonged to the Militia, which came to the Knowledge of some of the Duke's Friends, they obliged him to deliver it to them, which he was forced to deliver; and for this was indicted for High-Treason, in assisting the Duke of *Monmouth*. To which he pleaded *Not Guilty*. The Evidence against him were the same with those that had been against Mr. *Bragg*. The said Mr. *Smith* informed the Court and the Jury, what little Credit ought to be given to the Evidence. The Lord Chief Justice thundered at him, saying, *Thou Villain, methinks I see thee already with a Halter about thy Neck; thou impudent Rebel, to challenge these Evidences that are for the King.* To which the Prisoner replied very boldly, *My Lord, I now see which way I am going, and right or wrong I must die; but this I comfort my self with, That your Lordship can only destroy my Body; it is out of your Power to touch my soul. God forgive your Rashness; pray, my*

Lord, know it is not a small Matter you are about, the Blood of Man is more precious than the whole World. And then was stopped from saying any more. The Evidences being heard, a strict Charge was given the jury about him. To be short, the Jury brought him in Guilty; so that he with the rest received the Sentence of Death all together, and were executed on *Monday;* but by particular Order from my Lord, he was ordered to be first executed. The Day being come for Execution, being *Monday*, he with a Courage undaunted, was brought to the Place, where with Christian Exhortations to his Brethren that suffered with him, he was ordered to prepare, being the first to be executed, where he spake as followeth: *Christian Friends, I am now, as you see, launching into eternity; so that it may be expected I should speak something before I leave this miserable World, and pass through those Sufferings, which are dreadful to Flesh and Blood; which indeed shall be but little, because I long to be before a Just Judge, where I must give an Account, not only for the Occasion of my Sufferings now, but for Sins long unrepented of, which indeed hath brought me to this dismal Place and shameful Death. And truly, dear Country-men, having ransacked my Soul, I cannot find my small concern with the Duke of* Monmouth, *doth deserve this heavy Judgment on me; but I know, as I said before, it is for Sins long unrepented of. I die in Charity with all Men; I desire of all you to bear me Witness, I die a true Professor of the Church of* England; *beseeching the Lord still to stand up in the Defence of it. God forgive my passionate Judge, and cruel and hasty Jury; God forgive them, they know not what they have done. God bless the King; and though his Judges had no Mercy on me, I wish he may find Mercy when he standeth most in Need of it; Make him, O Lord, a nursing Father to the Church; let Mercy flow abundantly from him, if it be thy Will, to those poor Prisoners, to be hereafter tried; and, Lord, if it be thy Holy Will, stop this issue of Christian Blood, and let my guiltless Blood be the last spilt on this account. Gentlemen all, fare well, fare well all the things of the World:* Then singing some few Verses of a Psalm, and putting up some private Ejaculations to himself, said, *O Lord, into thy Hands I commend my Spirit,* and so submitted to the Executioner, *Sept.* 7. 1685.

The Behaviour and Dying-Speech of Mr. Joseph Speed *of* Culliton.

At the same Time and Place, as he came near the Place of his Execution, he spying his Country man and Friend, called him, and said, I am glad to see you here now, because I am not known in these Parts; being answered by his Friend, I am sorry to see you in this Condition: He replies, It is the best Day I ever saw; I thank God I have not led my Life as Unchristian-like as many have done, having since the Years of 16 always had the Checks of Conscience on me, which made me to avoid many gross and grievous Sins; my Course of Life hath been well known to you, yet I cannot justifie my self; all Men err. I have not been the least of Sinners, therefore cannot excuse myself; but since my Confinement I have received so great Comfort, in some Assurance of the Pardon of my Sins, that I can now say, I am willing to die, to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, and say to Death, *Where is thy Sting?* And to Grave, *Where is thy Victory?* Being asked by some rude Soldiers, Whether he was not sorry for the Rebellion he was found guilty of? He couragiously replied, If you call it a Rebellion, I assure you I had no sinister Ends in being concerned; for my whole Design in taking up Arms under the Duke of *Monmouth*, was to fight for the Protestant Religion, which my own Conscience dictated me to, and which the said Duke declared for, and had, I think, a lawful Call and Warrant for so doing, and do not question, that if I have committed any Sin in it, but that it is pardoned; Pray, Mr. Sheriff, let me be troubled no more in answering of Questions, but give me Leave to prepare my self (those few Minutes I have left) for another World, and go to my Jesus, who is ready to receive me: Then calling to his Friend, who stood very near him, said, My dear Friend, you know I have a dear Wife and Children, who will find me wanting, being somewhat incumbered in the World, let me desire you as a Dying Man, to see that she be not abused; and as for my poor Children, I hope the Father of Heaven will take Care of them, and give them Grace to be dutiful to their distressed Mother; and so with my Dying love to all my Friends, when you see them, I

take Leave of you, and them, and all the World, desiring your Christian Prayers for me to the last Moment; then repeating some Sentences of Scripture, as, *Colossians, chap.* 3. 5. i, 2, *If you then*, &c. and praying very fervently, said, I thank God I have Satisfaction; I am ready and willing to suffer Shame for his Name: And so pouring fourth some private Ejaculations to himself, and lifting up his Hands, the Executioner did his Office: The Soldiers then present said, They never before were so taken with a Dying Man's Speech; his Courage and Christian-like Resolution, caused many violent Men against the Prisoners, to repent of their Tyranny towards them; some of whom in a short Time died full of Horror: And thus fell this good Man, a true Protestant, and one that held out to the End.

An Account of those that Suffered at Bridport *and* Lyme.

At *Bridport* one *John Sprage*, who was a very good Man, and behaved himself with a great deal of Christian-like Courage to the End: His Speech and his Devotions, *&c.* must be omitted, not being possible to take them, by Reason of the Rudeness, *&c.* and the Shortness of the Time allowed him by the Soldiers.

With Mr. *John Sprage* there were executed Twelve in the County of *Dorset.* Mr. *John Sprage* of *Lyme*, a Man more fit to die, than he that condemned him was fit to live: He was a zealous Christian, and a Man that in a Manner lived in Heaven while on Earth; he was but of an ordinary Estate in this World; But to be short, his Praise, his Worth, his Fame will never die in those Places where known; he went about doing good, even in his worldly Employments, as I have been credibly informed; hardly any thing coming that Way, but what his Spiritual Meditations were upon. He was apprehended near *Salisbury*, brought to *Dorchester*, where I saw him several Times, and was conversant with him before his Trial; he carried himself very moderately to all; some of divers Principles in Matters of

Religion, he continually prayed with them, advising and instructing them to those holy Duties which were necessary to Salvation. Being asked, how he could endure those Hardships he had undergone since his being taken? Says he, *If this be all, 'tis not so much; but my Friend, if you were to take a Journey in those Ways you were not acquainted with, you would (I hope) desire Advice from those that had formerly used those Ways, or lived near by them: Yes,* says he: Then said he, *The Ways of Affliction which I have lately travelled in, I had Advice many a Time from a Minister, who hath often told his Congregation of the Troublesomness of the Road, and of the Difficulty of getting through; and hath given me, and Hundreds of others to understand the Pitts and Stones in the Way, and how to avoid them; he has been a Man used to these Roads many Years; I have taken his Advice; I am got thus far on comfortably, and I trust shall do so to the End; I am not afraid to fight a Duel with Death, if so it must be: Now I thank God I can truly say, O Death where is thy Sting? And O Grave, where is thy Victory!* Two or three Days after their Sentence, they were drawn to Execution, but were very rudely and approbriously dealt with, to the Shame of those that then had the Charge over them; their Rigor unto them was more like *Turks* than *Christians.* But to conclude, being come to the Place of Execution, he prayed very devoutly with them all, but by the Rudeness of the Guards, there could be no Copy taken to be said to be true: All of them died very courageous, especially this Stout Christian Champion, who spake to them in these Words, (looking on the Soldiers) saying, *Little do you think that this very Body of mine, which you are now come to see cut in Pieces, will one Day rise up in Judgment against you, and be your Accuser, for your Delight in spilling of Christian Blood; the Heathens have far more Mercy; O 'tis sad, when England must out-strip Infidels and Pagans! But pray take Notice, don't think that I am not in Charity with you; I am so far, that I forgive you and all the World; and do desire the God of Mercies to forgive you, and open your Hearts, and turn you from Darkness to Light, and from the Power of Satan to the Lord Jesus Christ; and so Farewel. I am going out of the Power of you all: I have no Dependence but upon my*

Blessed Redeemer, to whom I commit my dear Wife and Children and all the World.

The next Place was *Lyme*, where many of Note died, particularly Col. *Holmes*, who was the first of those there executed, near the same Place where they landed, when they came a-Shoar with the Duke of *Monmouth*, being brought to the Place after some Difficulty; for the Horses that were first put into the Sledge would not stir, which obliged those concerned to get others, which they did from the Coachman, who had that Morning brought them to Town; when they were put into the Sledge, they broke it in Pieces, which caused the Prisoners to go on foot to the Place of Execution; where being come, as I told you before, the Colonel began thus at the Foot of the Ladder; he sat down with an Aspect altogether void of Fear, but on the contrary with a kind of smiling Countenance, so began to speak to the Spectators to this Purpose, That he would give them an Account of his first Undertaking in the Design, which was long before in *London;* for there he agreed to stand by, and assist the D. of *Monmouth*, when Opportunity offered; in Order to which he went to *Holland* with him, and there continued until this Expedition, in which God had thought fit to frustrate his and other good Mens Expectations: He believed the Protestant Religion was bleeding, and in a Step towards Extirpation and, therefore he with these his Brethren that were to suffer with him, and Thousands more, had adventured their Lives and their All to save it; but God Almighty had not appointed 'em to be the Instruments in so glorious a Work; yet notwithstanding he did verily believe, and doubted not, but that God would make Use of others, that should meet with better Success, tho' the Way or Means was not yet visible, but of this he did not doubt: He also was satisfied of the Duke's Title, so that Matter did not afflict him on Account of his engaging on his Score: And going on further with a Discourse of this Nature, he was asked by a Person, *Why he did not pray for the King?* He with a smiling Countenance answered, *I am sorry you do not yet understand the Difference between Speaking and Praying;* And having ended his Discourse, he then prepared himself by Prayer for his Dissolution, which was very Devout and Pious for half an Hour; which was as follows:

Colonel *Holme's* Last Prayer.

Most Glorious, most Great, and most Merciful God, there is none in Heaven or in Earth that is like unto thee; Heaven is thy Throne, and the Earth is thy Footstool; who shall say unto thee, What doest thou? Here we are poor deplorable Creatures come to offer up our last Prayers and Services unto thee; we beseech thy Favourable Ear to our Prayers, and the Comfort of thy Holy Spirit, at this Time; we praise and magnifie thy Name, for all the Dispensations of thy Providence towards us, especially for this thy Providence, in bringing us to this Place, and at this Time, to suffer Shame for thy Name: Help and assist all of us to submit to thy Will patiently. Pardon all our Sins, remove them out of thy Presence as far as the East is from the West, and accept of us in the Merits of thy Son Jesus Christ; thou who art the Searcher of Hearts, and Trier of Reins, let there not at the Moment of Death be the least Spark of Sin indwelling in us, nor the Strivings of Flesh and Blood, that may hinder us from a joyful Passage unto thee: Give us Patience also under these Sufferings, and a Deliverance to all others from undergoing them, and in thy good Time work a Deliverance for poor *England*, let thy Gospel yet flourish among them, hasten the downfal of Antichrist, we trust the Time is come; prevent, O Lord, this Effusion of Christian Blood; and if it be thy Will, let this be the last: Lord, bless this Town, let them from the highest to the lowest set the Fear of God before their Eyes: Bless all sorts and conditions of Men in all Ranks and Qualities, pardon all their Sins, give them all true repentance, and the Grace of thy Holy Spirit; fit and prepare us for the chearful Fulfilling of thy Holy Will; let the Comforter be still with us; be merciful to all our Friends, and Relations, and Acquaintance; forgive our Enemies, accept of our Thankfulness for all the Mercies and Favours afforded us, and hear, and graciously answer us in these our Requests, and what else thou knowest needful and expedient for us, and all for our Redeemer the Lord Jesus Christ his Sake; who died for us, that we might reign with him for ever and ever; to whom with thee and thy Blessed Spirit of Grace be ascribed, as is most due, all Honour, Glory, and Praise, both now and for ever.

After having ended his prayer, he took Occasion to speak to his suffering Brethren, taking a solemn Leave of them, encouraging them to hold out to the End, and not to waver, observing that this being a Glorious Sun-shining Day, I doubt not, though our Breakfast be sharp and bitter, it will prepare us, and make us meet for a comfortable Supper, with our God and Saviour, where all Sin and Sorrow shall be wiped away; so embracing each of 'em, and kissing of 'em, told the Sheriff, *You see I am imperfect, only one Arm, I shall want Assistance to help me upon this Tragical Stage;* which was presently done, and Execution suddenly followed.

He with Eleven more were brought from *Dorchester* to *Lyme*, Six in a Coach, and Six in a Cart; as he was drawn through the Town, he chearfully beholding the People, advised them not to be discouraged at their severe Deaths; for that though it was their hard Fortunes to lose the Day in so good a Cause, yet he questioned not but it would be revived again, and by such Means as he nor they could not imagine; God, I hope and trust, will never let this Nation to fall into Popery. Being brought to the Inn where they stopped near two Hours, until the Butchers had prepared every Thing for the Slaughter, they were visited by a very Worthy Divine, and Vicar of that Town, who offered them those Spiritual Helps, as usual in those Occasions, which some of them embraced, and others not; their Principles being different from the Church of *England.* The Jaylor speaking to Colonel *Holmes* to knock off his Irons, he said, Great Men of State wear Chains, and 'tis accounted for their Honour, but though there is a vast Difference betwixt those Golden ones and mine, yet I take mine to be more honourable, as that good Apostle said, he accounted it an Honour to suffer Shame for his Master's Name; the Sledge being in Readiness they prepared to enter it; but alas! Who should draw such Men to Execution? Though Men were so bloody, the very Beasts refused to draw them; and instead of going forward, they went backwards, and could by no Means make them do it, which so inraged some Persons, that they took the Coach-Horses out of the Coach, and placed them to the Sledge; but presently the Sledge broke in Pieces; then spake this worthy good Man: Pray, Gentlemen, you see all your strivings will not do to draw us to

Execution, I verily believe there is more in it than you are aware of; pray read about the Prophet, that went out of God's Way, his Beast saw that he could not.

Give us Leave, and we will walk to the Place; being there come, the Colonel prepared first to mount that Tragical Stage, the Heads of his Speech you have before; imbracing his Fellow-Sufferers, and kissing them, and giving them some ghostly Comforts; he desired Help of the Sheriff to go up the Ladder, having but One Arm, and the Gallows higher than ordinary, which was granted: And in a short Time after the Executioner did his Office.

Col. *Holmes* in his Prayer not mentioning the King, he was charged as before; to which he replied, He prayed for him in general, praying for all Mankind. Thus fell the Valiant and good Christian, Col. *Holmes;* his Dying-Words we have now found come to pass; he was much lamented by all that saw him, except by some, that, 'tis feared, are delivered up to a seared Conscience.

Now follows the Execution of Mr. Sam. Larke.

Mr. Sampson Larke, who was a very eminent, pious Man, and had lived in that Town but little before many Years; he was there well acquainted, and all People that knew him had a Value for him, behaving himself with that Humility and Circumspection, as no Body could have any other Occasion but to value him: He designed to have spoken somewhat on a Portion of Scripture, and was beginning, having mentioned the Place he intended to speak upon, but was interrupted, and told, the Work of the Day being great, they should want Time. So then he stopt, and replied, *He could make Application where he should not meet with interruption;* And so applied himself to Prayer, which he performed with great Devotion and Zeal for a Quarter of an Hour, to the great Satisfaction of the Auditors; and so taking Leave of his suffering Brethren, he mounted the Stage, which was to be the last Act he made in this World; being on the Ladder, he saw some of his Friends and Neighbours weeping and mourning for him, to whom he spake, *Pray weep*

not for me, I am going to a Place of Bliss and Happiness, wherefore pray repair to your Houses, and e'er you get thither, I doubt not but I shall be happy with my God and Saviour, where all Tears shall be wiped away, and nothing shall remain but Hallelujahs to all Eternity.

There was also Mr. *William Hewling* of *London*, a young Gentleman under Twenty, who came over with the Duke of *Monmouth*, he seemed to be in a calm and composed Frame of Spirit, and with a great deal of Courage and Seriousness he behaved himself. There is already something said of his Converse and Discourse, which amongst others is Printed; therefore we shall say nothing more of him, but that in all Manner of Appearance he died a good Christian, a true Protestant, and doubtless now enjoys the Benefit of it. There were several worthy Gentlemen more there executed, *viz.* Mr. *Christoph Battiscomb*, Dr. *Temple*, Capt. *Madders*, Captain *Matthews*, Captain *Kid*, &c. in all Twelve, who all of them died with that Courage and Resolution as became Christians, and such who eminently had adventured their Lives and Fortunes in Defence of what was most dear to them; and namely our Religion, which though God did not think fit to defend and secure it, yet in his Wisdom we hope it will be in some Measure secured by other Instruments, the Glory of the same being only due to him. So that now leaving this Place, we proceed to other Parts of the Country, where with the like Butchery were only Five executed, amongst whom was one Mr. *Tyler* of *Bristol*, who had had Command in the Duke's Army, where he behaved himself very stoutly to the last; after the Army was dispersed, he among others was taken, received Sentence of Death at *Dorchester*, and here brought for the Completion of the same, and from thence we hope was translated to Heaven. He spent his Time between the Sentence and Execution very devoutly, in confirming and strengthening those that were to be his Fellow-Sufferers; and made it his Business to bring them to a Willingness to submit to, and a Preparedness for Death: The Day being come, and he brought to the Place of Execution, he thus spoke, *My Friends, you see I am now on the Brink of Eternity, and in a few Minutes shall be but Clay; you expect I should say something, as is usual in such Cases, as to the Matter of Fact I die for, it*

doth not much trouble me, knowing to my self the Ends for which I engaged myself with the Duke of Monmouth *were both good and honourable.* Here being stopp'd, and not suffered to proceed further, he then comforted his Fellow-sufferers, desiring them to join with him in singing an Hymn, which he himself Composed for the Occasion as follows:

A HYMN made by Mr. Joseph Tyler, *a little before his Execution.*

1.

O Lord, how Glorious is thy Grace,
And wondrous large thy Love;
At such a dreadful Time and Place,
To such as faithful prove!

2.

If thou wilt have thy Glory hence,
Though a shameful Death we die,
We bless thee for this Providence,
To all Eternity.

3.

Let these Spectators see thy Grace
In thy poor Servants shine;
While we by Faith behold thy Face
In that bless'd Son of thine.

4.

Though Men our Bodies may abuse.
Christ took our Souls to Rest;
Till he brings forth the joyful News,
Ye are my Father's Blest,

5.

Appear for those that plead thy Cause,
Preserve them in the Way,
Who own King *Jesus* and his Laws,
And dare not but obey.

6.

O God confound our cruel Foes,
Let *Babylon* come down;
Let *England's* King be one of them
Shall raze her to the Ground.

7.

Through Christ we yield our Souls to thee,
Accept us on his Score;
That where he is, there we may be,
To praise thee ever more.

After the Hymn sung he prayed devoutly for half an Hour; after Prayer he gave great Satisfaction to all present of his Assurance of Heaven, had many weeping Eyes for him, and was much lamented in the Town, though a Stranger to the Place; so unbuttoning himself, said to the Executioner, *I fear not what Man can do unto me; I pray thee do thy Work in Mercy, for I forgive thee with all my Heart, and I also pray to God to forgive thee; don't mangle my Body too much;* and so lifting up his Hands to Heaven, the Executioner did his Office. There was also one *William Cox* that died with him, who also died very couragiously, despising the Shame, in Hopes and Expectation of a future better Estate. He and his two Sons were some of the first that came to the Duke of *Monmouth*, and all taken, and all condemned together: The Father only suffered, the Sons by Providence were preserved. When he was going to Execution he desired Leave to see his Sons, then in another Prison in the Town, to whom he gave his Blessing; and though he was going to be executed, yet had that Satisfaction to hope that God would preserve them, which was so.

Some further Passages relating to Mr. Sampson Larke, *with his Prayer at the same Time and Place when Executed.*

Immediately after Col. *Holmes* was executed, this good Man was ordered to prepare to follow; accordingly going to deliver

some few Words to the People, some whereof were formerly of his Congregation, but being told he could not expect much Time, because it was so late, and so many to be executed after him; so he suddenly concluded, and said, *I will now speak a few words to him which I am sure will hear me.* And so began his Prayer as followeth:

Blessed Lord God, we thine unworthy Creatures now here before thee, cannot but acknowledge from the Bottom of our Hearts our own unworthiness; we must confess we have been grievous Sinners, and have brought forth the evil Fruit of it in our Lives, to the great Dishonour of thy Name, for which we have deserved thy heavy Wrath and Indignation to be poured forth upon us, not only in this Life, but in that which is to come.

O let us bless God for our Suffering and Afflictions, as well as for our Mercies, we bless thee in particular for this; O sanctifie it to us; let us be effectually convinced of the Vanity of the World, and of our own Sinfulness by Nature and Practice, and to see that to be Sin which we never saw before; O Lord, make us sensible of the absolute Necessity of the Righteousness of Christ to justifie us, and let him be now made much more dear and precious to our Souls than ever, that so we may be wrought into a more heavenly Frame, and raised to a higher Degree of Spirituality, and so made more meek and humble; and let us judge charitably of others, that differ from us in Opinion and Judgment. And now, O Lord, though by thy most righteous Judgment we most justly deserve these Sufferings, and such an ignominious Death, for our Sins against thee, not for Treasons against the Kingdom, let us be in a Preparedness for it. Pardon all our Sins, help us quietly to submit to thy holy will; speak Peace to all our Souls. Look in Mercy, O Lord, on this poor Nation, especially on this Town, and every particular Person in it; let them all mind those Things which concern their Peace, before they are hid from their Eyes. Comfort my dear and distressed Wife, be a Husband unto her, deliver her out of the Paw of the Lion, and the Paws of the Bear. Look upon all thy poor afflicted Ones, all Prisoners and Captives, work Deliverance for them if thou seest it good; but thy Will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven. And now, Lord, humble Meekness and submission I submit to thy Will,

depending upon the Merits of my Saviour, to whom with thy Blessed Self and Spirit be ascribed all Honour and Praise both now and for ever. Amen.

Then mounting the Ladder, he called to some of the Town who weeped for him, but were at some Distance, *Go Home to your own Houses, pray do not weep for me, and before you get up yonder Hill, I shall be with my Heavenly Father in Fulness of Joy and Pleasure for ever more.* And so advising those before him to leave off those cruel Sentiments they had taken of him, besides some heavenly Discourses with some of his Friends, he was turned off, to the great Grief of the good People of the Town, especially those of his own Congregation. To give him nothing but his Due, he was a Man mighty charitable, relieving and visiting the Poor and Needy, Preached in Season and out of Season, and made it his Business to go about doing good, and to put poor Souls in a Way for eternal Life; he was an Old Christian, as well as Aged in Years; he was a general Loss, especially to his dear and tender Wife: But all our Losses are nothing to be compared to that Glory that he now enjoys.

Mr. Sampson Larke's *Letter to a Friend just before his Execution.*

My dear Friend, I am ready to be offered, and the Time of my Departure is at hand; I have through Grace fought a good Fight, have finished my Course, have kept the Faith, and am in Hopes of the Crown of Righteousness prepared for me, and all God's faithful Ones: The Experiences I have had of the Promises, hath given me comfortable Hopes that he will carry me to the full End of my Journey, with his Name, and that Truth of his, which I have made Profession of. My great Crime is for my being a Preacher of the Gospel, and here I am to be made a Sacrifice, where I have mostly preached Christ's Gospel. I think my Judges have devised this punishment for my Hurt, but I trust God will turn it to my Good; the great Trouble I have is for those good Hearts that I must leave behind me: but this is my Comfort, knowing that all such as fear God, he will be a Father to them. My dear Wife is greatly troubled, but through Mercy much supported, and

something quieted; if any of you have Opportunity to give her Help, I hope you will do it. As for our confessing our selves Guilty, it was expressly as to Matter of Fact, and not of Form; and this I did with some Freedom, and the rather, because all my worthy Brethren that went before me took that Way, and the many Ways having been used to have a further Discovery, yet nothing of that Kind by any but only by Captain Jones. Since our Sentence, some wretched Men have been with us, to draw from us a Confession of our being Rebels, that we might have their Absolution. I bless God, he hath hitherto helped me to be faithful, and I hope he will not leave me in the most needful Time. I must conclude, being ready to be called away; my dear Love to all my Christian Friends, and especially those in the Goal. The Lord be with you all, Amen. Your dying Friend, in Hopes of Eternal Life, through Jesus Christ, Amen.

SAMPSON LARKE.

From the House of my blessed Bondage
in *Dorchester*, Septemb. 7. 1685.

An Account of those Executed at Sherborn.

At *Sherborn*, in the same County, were executed Twelve, who all died couragiously, especially one Mr. *Glisson* of *Yeoval*, in the County of *Somerset*, his extraordinary Deportment and Carriage at the Place of Execution, was so very considerable, as gave great Satisfaction to his Friends, and Amazement to his Enemies. He declared to the World that he was a true Protestant, and had not ingaged with the Duke of *Monmouth*, but judged it high Time to stand up for the Defence of the same, though God Almighty had thought fit to frustrate his Designs, and to bring him to that Place to Seal the same with his Blood. Also *John Savage*, and *Richard Hall*, of *Culliton*, in the County of *Devon*, suffered at the same Time and Place; in their particular Conversation they valued those most that they saw most of Piety in, and pitied others that they saw not so well prepared; saying, that the Remembrance of our Vanity

may cause Compassion towards such as were in such a Condition; exhorting all to be serious, and to consider their latter End, which deserved the greatest Attention of Mind; the Way to die comfortably, being to prepare for it seriously; and if God should miraculously preserve us from this Death now before our Eyes, it should be the Duty of us all to spend the remaining Part of our Time, in such a Manner as now, when we see Death just at the Door. At the Hour of Execution their Chearfulness and Comfort was much increased, saying, *Now the Will of God will be done, and he hath most certainly chosen that for us which is best;* with many other such like Christian Expressions, too tedious here to be inserted, because we design to keep to our first Intentions, and not to swell this Treatise too big. Upon the whole, after they had with much Earnestness recommended their Souls to the All-wise God by Prayer, they all with much Content and Satisfaction submitted themselves to the Executioner, not doubting of a happy Translation, and accordingly were executed and quartered as before; the rest of the Executions in this County, as at *Weymouth*, *Pool*, *Shafton*, *Wimborne*, &c., not being there, we shall pass over, and only give you particular Touches, which we saw to our perfect, Knowledge; and so we return to *Culliton* in the County of *Devon*, where *John Sprague* and *William Clegg*, both of that Town, were condemned at *Exon*, and there brought to be executed. Before they were brought into the Place, a Messenger came from the Prisoner's with a Request to the Vicar of the Parish, to desire his Company and Assistance in this their Extremity, and to administer those Spiritual Helps that were suitable to Men in their Circumstances. Accordingly the said Minister came very readily, and did demand of them, *What they had to desire of him?* The dying Persons answered, *They desired his Prayers.* Accordingly he prayed with them a considerable Space of Time. And after that he asked of them several Questions, for to give him and the World Satisfaction of the prepared Condition they were in, in Order to their launching into Eternity, especially about the Doctrine of *Non-resistance*. *John Sprague* very soberly and moderately replied, but whether satisfactory or not, we leave to the Reader; *He believed that no Christian ought to resist a lawful Power; but the Case being between Popery and Protestantism,*

altered the Matter; and the latter being in Danger, he believed that it was lawful for him to do what he did, though God in his Providence had thought fit to bring him to this Place of Execution. After reading a Chapter out of the *Corinthians*, and singing a Psalm suitable to the Occasion, he very vehemently and fervently recommended his Soul to the All-wise God by Prayer for near half an Hour, to the great Satisfaction of all that heard him; then his Wife and Children coming to him, weeping bitterly, he imbraced them in his Arms, saying, *Weep not for me, but weep for your selves, and for your Sins, for that he had that quiet Satisfaction, that he was only going to be translated into a State of Bliss and Happiness, where he should sin and sorrow no more, but that all Tears should be wiped away, wishing them to be diligent in the Service of God.* Then recommending his Wife and Children to the Protection of the Almighty God, *who had promised to be Husband to the Widow, and a Father to the Fatherless, who was faithful and able to make up their Loss in him, in that which should be better for them than he could be; desiring God to be a Refuge for them to fly to for Security and Preservation from the Troubles that seemed to threaten this poor Nation; the which if they did conscientiously perform, though Death here made a Separation, he doubted not of meeting them in Heaven at last.* And so the Executioner did his Office. During which Time his Brother-Sufferer, *William Clegg*, was all the Time on his Knees, praying to himself with a seeming Zeal; suddenly after which, his Time being come to follow his Brother, he only told the People, *That his Fellow-sufferer had spoken what he thought was necessary, and they were also his Sentiments.* And so submitted to Execution.

An Account of those Executed at Axminster *and* Honiton.

At *Axminster* one also was executed, his Name Mr. *Rose*, he was a Gunner that landed with the Duke of *Monmouth*, he had a great Resolution, and not at all startled with the Fear

ot Death. He said, *That he defy'd Death, and all them that were the Occasion of it.* He was very couragious, and died so. He spent some Time in private Prayer, and was not allowed Time, because there was to be Execution at *Honiton*; so that his Execution being over, we pass on to *Honiton*, where there were executed, one of which was a Chyrurgeon, his Name, if I do not mistake not, was Mr. *Pott*, who behaved himself with that extraordinary Christian Courage, that all the Spectators were almost astonished, he being but Young, about Twenty, his Prayers being fervent, his Expressions so pithy, and so becoming a Christian of greater Age, that drew Pity and Compassion from all present; a rude Fellow, just before he was to be executed, called for a Bottle of Wine, and so began the King's Health to One of the Guard, which he perceiving, *Poor Soul*, said he, *your Cup seemeth to be sweet to you, and you think mine is bitter; which indeed is so to Flesh and Blood; but yet I have that Assurance of the Fruition of a future Estate, that I doubt not but this bitter Potion will be sweetned with the Sugar of the loving Kindness of my dearest Saviour, that I shall be translated into such a State, where is Fulness of Joy and Pleasure for evermore.*

Before I conclude, one Mr. *Evans* a Minister ought not to be omitted, who did all along, in the Time of his Confinement in Prison, behave himself with that Devotion and Strictness, that became a Christian of great Eminency, as indeed he was; he spent much of his Time in Preaching and Praying to his Fellow-Prisoners, exhorting them to hold out to the End; he at last by Appointment being condemn'd, was executed by himself; at which Time and Place he behaved himself with great Courage and Devotion, and with a great Willingness and Chearfulness he submitted to Execution. There might have been much more said of this worthy Man, but because we will keep to our Design, shall be omitted. Many others, who were also very Eminent, suffered in this County, for asserting and endeavouring to secure the Protestant Religion.

The Case of Mr. Simon Hamling.

Thus having finished what we have to say at present, shall only add the Case of one Mr. *Simon Hamling* at *Taunton*, to show that sometimes Innocency will not protect. Mr. *Hamling* was formely an Inhabitant of the Place, but of late Years had lived two or three Miles from thence; he was a very honest, worthy, good Christian, but was a Dissenter, and indeed in the Judgment of some fiery Men, that might be Crime enough, as did too sadly appear in divers Cases. But to our Purpose: Mr. *Hamling* living in the Country, hearing of the Duke of *Monmouth's* being in Town, he there came to speak with his Son, who lived in that Place; where being come he gave him Advice, which was, *That as he expected his Blessing and Countenance, he should not at all concern himself in the Matter, but submit to the Will of God in all Things.* And having thus advised his Son, he returns home; and two Days after came again to Town on a Market-day with his Wife, to buy Provisions for his Family, and returned to his House again. And this was all the Times he was in Town whiles the Duke was there. But after the Business was over, he was brought in on Suspicion, being a Dissenter, that was Crime enough, except Coin appear'd to a Justice of that Town, who usually did commit, or dismiss as that appeared. This Man was arraign'd at *Taunton*, pleaded *Not guilty.* The Matter above is the Truth of this Case; the Evidences were two profligate Rascals, that had Incouragement from the Justice, they usually doing what he put them on. The Prisoner had many to prove this Fact, and his Honesty; but this did not avail, the Jury found him guilty, with two more, who were presently sentenc'd, and next morning executed, to be Examples to others. It is said, that the Justice made application to our famous Protestant Judge, and hinted some Mistake concerning him. To which, as I have been informed, he should reply, *You have brought him on; if he be innocent, his Blood be upon you.* Which was a very fine Reply from a merciful Judge; but nothing else could be expected, as the whole Treatise evinceth: The tender Mercies of the Wicked being cruel. This Man behaved himself very worthily at the Place of

Execution, and did at the last declare his Crime to be the same as is above mentioned, and not otherwise. Thus fell this pious Christian, a Man by all sober People that knew him beloved, and disrespected by none but loose Villains, which at last took away his Life.

There was one Mr. *Catchett* executed with him, his Crime, being a Constable of the Hundred, he was surprised by a Party of the Duke's, and shewed a warrant to bring in Provisions and other Necessaries for the Use of the Army, which if he had not obey'd was threatned to have his House burnt, *&c.*, so that he was obliged to do what he did for his own preservation ; but this was not sufficient, for being found guilty, he was also executed at the same Time and Place.

The Case of Mr. Thomas Lawrence.

Mr. *Thomas Lawrence* at *Dorchester*, had also very hard Measure. He had the Managing of an Estate belonging to a Person of Quality, who had a Barn in the Parish of *Lyme*, where the Duke landed. The Day after his landing a Party came and took away three Horses from off this Estate, which he having the Trust and Care of, makes Application to the Duke for them, adding, *That he ought not to suffer any of his Master's Goods to be wanting, but must endeavour to recover them again.* So mov'd hard to the Duke for the Horses, but all would not prevail, but at last had one, and was forced to leave two. This was look'd on as an abetting, being judg'd to be by Consent. After the Defeat was given, he was had before a Justice of the Peace, who bound him over to the Assises, where appearing, he was committed ; pleaded *Not guilty* on his Trial, which he pleaded to very honestly, yet was found guilty, and sentenced to die. My Lord was excellent at Improvement, t'was thought he would, if possible, have brought in the Gentleman that owned the Estate, who was very rich. This honest Mr. *Lawrence* was to be sacrificed, and his execution ordered to be at *Warham*, but my Lord's Favourite got a Reprieve for him by the Help of

Four hundred Pounds, Two hundred being actually paid, the other secured by Bond.

I promised, before I conclude, to give some Account of the barbarous and cruel Whippings which were executed on many good, honest, and sufficient Persons, both Men and Women, in the Counties of *Dorset*, *Devon*, and *Somerset*, by the severe and cruel Sentence of the Lord Chief Justice; some for such small Crimes, as an impartial Man may judge they deserved none at all: More especially one Mr. *Stayle* of *Thorncomb* in *Devonshire*, his Sufferings were so hard, that it caused many to pity him; he was a good Liver, well beloved among his Neighbours, and a true Protestant. Also one Mrs. *Brown* of *Lyme* suffered very dear in that Nature; she only jokingly said unto the Officer of the Excise, *I will pay my Excise to King* Monmouth; which being sworn before this severe Judge, she was found guilty of a Misdemeanor, was sentenc'd to be whipt in several Market Towns, which accordingly was done. But this Cruelty was not only extended to those of Riper Years, and able better to endure those painful Sufferings, but even to Children. A poor Boy of *Weymouth*, in the County of *Dorset*, having got some Pamphlet relating somewhat to satisfie the People that the Duke of *Monmouth* came to secure the Protestant Religion, had the hard Fortune to take his Trial before this harsh Judge; I think he was about ten or twelve Years of Age; he had the Flesh of his Back so cut with the Whipping, that I heard he died with the same; but whether he is dead or not, never was such Cruelty in all this World. And now we may see how just the Lord is, he that all that Time had no Mercy for any but those that appeared loose Villains, is pitied but by few.

Capt. Madders's *Last Prayer at the same Time and Place.*

Capt. *Madders* at the Time of the Duke's Landing was a Constable at *Crewkern*, in the County of *Somerset*, and so diligent and active for the King in his Office, that when two Gen-

tlemen of *Lyme* came there, and brought the News of the Duke's Landing, and desired Horses to ride Post to acquaint his Majesty therewith, he immediately secured Horses for them, the Town being generally otherways bent, and assisted them so far as any called Loyal in those Times could do, which was represented to the Lord Chief Justice, in expectation thereby to save his Life. But an Enquiry being made about his Religion, and returned by a very worthy Gentleman of those Parts, That he was a good Protestant, an honest Man, had a very good Character amongst his Neighbours : *O then*, says he, *I'll hold a Wager with you he is a* Presbyterian, *I can smell them forty Miles.* Though moderately I now say, they can smell him two hundred Miles *West;* then surely he must die, because he was, and had the Character of a honest Man, a good Christian, and a brave Tradesman. But to be short, I could say a great deal more of him, being immediately acquainted with him, and was with him to the very last. Being brought to the Place of Execution, he was the last Man except one executed, and he behaved himself, whilst the rest were executing, with great Zeal ; and lifting up his Hands and Eyes, would often say, *Lord, make me so willing and ready to the last.* And God did hear his Prayers; for though he seemed to the Spectators to be somewhat unwilling to die, yet at the last he died with as much Assurance and Christian Resolution as any ; for after his publick Prayer he came once down the Ladder, and prayed again privately, then mounted the Ladder again ; the Sheriff saying, *Mr.* Madders, *If you please you may have more Liberty;* he answered, *No, I thank you, Mr. Sheriff, now I am ready, I am willing, and desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ. Oh! you cannot imagine what Comfort and Refreshment I have received in a few Minutes; my Comforts are so great that I cannot contain my self.* So blessing and praising of God, he was translated, as I hope (we have no Grounds to imagine the contrary) from Earth to Heaven, repeating *Rev.* 20. 6, *Blessed and holy is he that hath Part in the first Resurrection, on such the Second Death hath no Power.* His publick Prayer was as followeth :

O Eternal and ever blessed Lord God, look down upon me a miserable Sinner with an Eye of Pity and Compassion, in and through my dear Redeemer the Lord Jesus Christ. O Lord,

I acknowledge my self a great and grievous Sinner; I have sinned against the clearest Light and the dearest Love; I have deserved to have have been spurned from thy Presence, and from the Glory of thy Power, and that thou shouldest now say unto me, I will have no more to do with such an unworthy Wretch, such a polluted, filthy Creature as thou art, and hast been: But, O Lord, there is Mercy with thee that thou mayest be feared; and thou hast promised, that if a Sinner turn from his Wickedness, thou wilt have Mercy on him; and tho' his Sins were as Scarlet, thou wouldest make them white as Wool: Fulfil, O Lord, thy gracious Promise unto me, a poor Supplicant, in this my last Hour of my Life; purge and cleanse me from all Sin and Filthiness, give me true Repentance; and if there lyeth any Sin not yet repented of, O Lord, thou hast heard my Prayers, my Sighs and Groans; I hope and trust thou hast pardoned all my Sins, and wilt immediately receive my Soul. Look down in Mercy on my dear Wife and Family, be thou a Comfort, and all in all unto them. Now, Lord, I am coming to thee, assist me to the last Moment; comfort my distressed Soul; do more for me than I am able to ask for, or think of; but what thou knowest to be needful and necessary for me, in and through the Merits of my dear Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom with thee and thy blessed Spirit of Grace be ascribed the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory for ever and ever. *Amen.*

The Dying-words of Capt. Kidd, *Executed at the same Time and Place.*

This Gentleman was the last executed at that Time; as soon as Captain *Madders* was turned off, he began to prepare to follow, and called to his Guards and those present, *Do you see this?* (pointing up to Eleven that were dead before him) *Do you think this is not dreadful to me, that Eleven of Twelve of us, that but a few Hours since came down together, are dead and in Eternity? And I am just going to follow them, and shall immediately be in the same Condition.* Says one to him, *It must*

be dreadful to Flesh and Blood. Says he, *Well, Gentlemen, I will assure you, I am so far concerned, that methinks I bethink their Happiness, that they should be so long before me in Bliss and Happiness: But I'll make haste to follow; I am satisfied this is the best Day that ever I saw: The Day of a Man's Death is said to be better than the Day of his Birth: And truly so I find it as to my Flesh, And I shall be presently free from Sin and Sorrow; I am satisfied God hath done his best for me: I might have lived and have forgotten God, but now I am going where I shall sin no more: 'Tis a blessed Thing to be free from Sin, and to be with Christ: O how great were the Sufferings of Christ for us, beyond all that I can undergo! How great is that Glory to which I am going!* Then taking his Leave of the People then present, he prayed some small Time very devoutly, and with seeming great Joy and Comfort; and the Executioner did his Office.

There was executed also at the same Time divers others, as Mr. *William Hewling*, Dr. *Temple*, Mr. *Matthews*, with some others.

The Last Speech of Dr. Temple *of* Nottingham, *at the Place of Execution.*

Doctor *Temple* was one of them that Landed with the Duke, and was his Chief Physician and Chyrurgeon; he lived in *Nottingham*, but minding to see others of the World, (as I have heard) goes for *Holland*, where he came acquainted with the Duke of *Monmouth;* concerning which he thus spoke, just as he was going off the Ladder.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS, AND DEAR COUNTRYMEN,

I have somewhat to say, and not very much, before I depart from you, and shall be seen no more, And,

First, As to my Engagement with the Duke of *Monmouth.*

Secondly, How far I was concerned: And,

Thirdly, I shall leave all of you to be Judges in Matter of Fact: And so for the

First, As a dying Man I now declare, that when I entred my self with the Duke of *Monmouth*, to be his Chyrurgeon, it was on

no other Account but to serve him in the *West-Indies*; where I knew no other Design whatsoever, but to possess himself of some of those Islands, until I had been at Sea two Days, wherein one privately told me, We are absolutely bound for *England*, and I should take it from him it was true: It much surprized me, but knowing no Way to avoid it, or to get on Shoar, though it was at that Time contrary to my Inclinations, if I could have avoided it, I would not let others see that I had that Dissatisfaction within me. After our Landing at *Lyme*, I knew it was never the nearer to attempt my Escape, the Country being so beset; on the other Hand, if the Duke of *Monmouth* did win the Day, I might have raised my Fortunes as high as I could expect: These were the Arguments that Flesh and Blood did create in my Breast for Self-preservation. While I was with the said Duke, I did him as much Service as I could, and faithfully: After it pleased God to disperse that Army under his Command, I endeavoured to secure my self, but by Providence was taken at *Honiton*, from thence committed to *Exon*, and after removed to *Dorchester*, where I received my Sentence, and am now, as you see, just going to Execution: The Lord prevent all of you from such ignominious Deaths; and I advise you all, that you never take any great Thing in Hand, but what you have a Warrant for from the Lord: I assure you I had no Satisfaction in this; but this I am sure, that if I have done anything amiss in it, it is pardoned: I bless God I have that satisfaction, I die a Professor of the Church of *England*, I desire Pardon of all those I have any ways wronged or abused, as I freely forgive all those that have wronged or abused me; I am in Charity with all Men. Lord, have Mercy upon me, give me Strength to go through these Pains, and give me full Assurance now at this last Moment: Come Lord Jesus, come quickly.

Also one *Samuel Robbins* of *Charmouth* in the County of *Dorset*, that was executed, or rather murthered, at *Warham*, in the said County: I cannot pass him by in Silence, his Case being so extraordinary hard, that to speak moderately betwixt the King and his Case, I do say this, that I verily believe never Man suffered innocenter; as I hope you will be satisfied in, after you have heard his Crime, and on what small Grounds he was found guilty, or so supposed, by my Lord Chief Justice.

He used generally in the Summer to use the Craft of Fishing, to get a competent Maintenance for his Family, and happened to be out at Sea a-fishing before *Lyme* that Day the Duke came in to land ; and was commanded on Board one of the Duke's Ships, he not knowing who they were, and they bought his Fish of him ; after which they told him that was the Duke of *Monmouth*, pointing at him, and that he was just going to Land : He desired to go on Shoar, which was refused, and told, that as soon as the Duke was landed he should have his Liberty ; so accordingly he came on Shoar, and was never after with him, or ever took up Arms under him : I leave the Reader to judge whether this was High-Treason or no. This was all he was guilty of, except that he was a good honest Man, a zealous Christian, a Man of a very good Life and Conversation, as I think his Neighbours will attest it, in most Towns and Parishes where he lived : But alas he had a good Book in his House when taken, call'd, *The solemn League and Covenant;* this was the High-Treason he must be guilty of, which was aggravated to the Lord Chief Justice, by one or two hot Spirits his Neighbours. But to be short, he received Sentence of Death with great Courage, and not at all dismayed, saying very often in Prison before, *If it pleased God to call him now (to glorifie his Name by this Providence of his) to Death, he should be ready; but* (said he) *I am as Innocent of any thing I have done against any Man that may deserve this Punishment as the Child now unborn.* When he came to the Place of Execution, he very chearfully declared his Innocency to the Spectators, as before, and so praying very devoutly for some Time, he was executed : His Prayer I have no exact Copy of.

Also one Mr. *Charles Speake* of *London*, a Gentleman of good Extraction, being Son to the Worshipful *George Speake*, Esq ; near *Illminster* in the County of *Somerset*, where he was executed : His Case also was extraordinary hard ; but there may be two great Reasons given why he was executed ; the first was, Because he came from that good Pious Family, which always have been Opposers to Popery, and suffered deeply for their Courage that Way. Secondly, The said Mr. *Charles Speake* had purchased some great Place in the King's Bench or Common Pleas, which was very profitable to him ; so that by his Fall there being a

Forfeiture, much Money may be made of it; all Intercession could not avail with the L. C. J. for his Life. He happened to be at *Illminster* at the Time of the Duke's being there, which was the greatest Crime he was guilty of; the Validity of his Evidence I leave to those in the *West*, which know how far it was carried that Way. He was a fine courteous loving Gentleman; and notwithstanding his Youth, he acted the Part of an old Christian Soldier at his Death, preparing himself to undergo those Pains, saying very often, They were nothing to his Deserts from God Almighty; but as for what I am accused of, and sentenc'd for, I hope you will believe I am not so guilty as my Judge and Accusers have endeavoured to make me: If it had pleased God, I should have been willing to have lived some Time longer, but God's Time being come, I am willing, I will be contented to drink this bitter Cup off. Being at the Place of Execution, the Crowd was so great, that I suppose he was shorter than otherwise he would have been; but alas! How could it be? For on every Side of him, as well as up and down the Town, the Inhabitants were weeping and bewailing: *Oh 'tis the worst Day that ever we saw in this Town! Must this good Gentleman die here? Oh yet save his Life, I am ready to die for him!* And the like. He prayed very heartily for near an Hour, and sung a Psalm, and so we hope was translated to Heaven, there to sing everlasting Praises and Hallelujahs. His Father and Mother you may easily judge were not a little concerned about him; but their Adversaries Malice ended not here, but Father and Mother must be brought in, and how many Thousands of Pounds it cost them, I think is too well known in *London;* and most Parts of the Kingdom have heard in the Publick Letters their Names mentioned. Some may think they were concerned with the Duke, but I never heard there was so much made appear against them, as could have made them been brought in guilty of High Misdemeanors: Had not the good Gentleman and his Lady been Vertuous People, abhorring the Debaucheries of the Times, and so much a competent Estate, able to spare Ten or Twelve Thousand Pounds; the hard Usage this honest brave Gentleman and his vertuous Lady had, and their Sufferings, to relate them, would be too large; and besides, it is so well known in most Places in the *West*, that I shall, without saying any more, proceed.

And next for Mr. *Parret*, who was executed at *Taunton;* if I mistake not, he said he was a *Londoner*, and a Brewer. When he came to the Place of Execution, he seemed a Man almost unconcerned at Death. After some Time he began to deliver himself somewhat low in Voice to the People, and after rising by Degrees, he seemed more like a Minister in a Pulpit Preaching devoutly, than a Prisoner just going to Execution ; but I being then not well, could not tarry to see his End. But the Character I had, was, *That he desired all not to be faint-hearted because of their Fall, and to think that there was no hopes remaining.* He said, *He verily believed God would yet work out Deliverance for them, and at the Time they were in the greatest Extremity, that would be God's Opportunity. Put your whole Trust and Confidence and Dependence on the Lord, and he will never leave you, nor forsake you.* And much more ; but having no more exact Copy, I shall not enlarge, but come to some other.

The Last Speech of Henry Boddy, *Executed at* Bath.

While he was in Prison, especially after Sentence, he behaved himself mighty humble, meek, and was much in Meditation, which was observed by several Divines, especially one, who attended him to his last, his Name Mr. *Simpson.* His poor Wife coming to see him at *Wells*, and to make her Interest with some Friends, if possible to save his Life ; but finding it lost Labour, and that she could by no Means prevail, she died there for Grief before her Husband was executed, to his great Grief. When he came to the Place of Execution, he delivered himself to the People in these Words:

Good People, I am come here to pay a Debt due to Nature, which every one, one time or another, must pay, though not in this Manner or Nature. I am condemned as a Traitor and Rebel against my King, which were Things I always hated and abhorred ; and therefore give me so much Time as to deliver my self to you ; and what I say I hope you will believe me at this Time, being just going to give an Account, not only for every idle Word, but for all Things I have done since I have had a Being.

I was born in Lyme Regis *in the County of* Dorset, *and bred up a Seaman from my Infancy; I have had the honour to serve his Majesty King* Charles *the Second, in his Wars with the* Dutch *and* French, *divers Times. I always thought it to be the Duty of every true* English-man *to stand up in his Country's Quarrel with Foreigners, to maintain our ancient Priviledges and Honour of our Nation. I served him faithfully: And as for any Undertaking now with the late Duke of* Monmouth, *for which I am now come to suffer Death; as for my Designs, I am sure they were good, for I did believe him to be my Soveraign's Son and Heir; but if otherwise, I have done amiss, and am sorry, and hope the Lord hath pardoned it. While I was in Arms, I am sure there's none can say I have personally wronged them. I desire all yonr Prayers for me to the last. I am no Orator, therefore if you please* (speaking to the Minister) *do these last Spiritual Services for me, as for to pray with me, and for me.* The Minister being much taken with him, desired Leave of the Sheriff to ask him some Questions; which being granted, the Minister said unto him, *I must make bold with you, but not to hold you too long before I pray, but to satisfie my self and the People on what Ground you stand; I mean as concerning your everlasting State. Now pray resolve me a few Things: First, Whether you do own that Doctrine of Non-resistance, own'd by the Church, That it is not lawful on any Account whatsoever, to take up Arms against the King?* O Sir! As to that I answer, Could I have been satisfied he had been my lawful Prince, I should not have done it. *But*, said the Minister, *he is, and you are not to be Judge; except you own those Things, some People will hardly have Charity for you after you are dead.* What matters that, *said he?* Would you have me, now you put me so close to it, to lie? No, I will not. I say, if he was my lawful King, I was misled in my Judgment, and have committed a great Error; but, Lord, I hope thou hast washed away all my Sins, in and through the Blood of my dear Redeemer, in whose alone Merits I hope for Mercy. I desire to be asked no more Questions. Then the Minister prayed very devoutly near half an Hour; after which, lifting up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, he quietly submitted to Death.

Mr. John Hick's *Last Speech*, 1685.

I suppose the Spectators here present may expect I should speak something before I leave this sanguinary Stage and Passage through my Bloody Sufferings, by which my immortal Spirit will be speedily transported into an invisible and eternal World, and I conclude that they have different Resentments hereof. Some resent them with much Joy, high Exultation and Triumph, others with equal Grief and Sorrow ; that to the one I am a most pleasant Spectacle, that they behold me with high Complacency and Delight ; but to the other I am a mournful and unpleasant one, and they behold me with no less Pity and Compassion. Concerning the first, I can say, I freely and heartily forgive them, and heartily pray that God would most mercifully and graciously prevent their Mourning through Misery, not only here, but eternally hereafter. Concerning the other, I will say, Weep for your own Sins, and for the Sins of the Nation, for the highest Rebellions that ever were committed against the Great and Eternal God ; lament bitterly for those Sins that have been the meritorious Cause of the late terrible Judgment, that which I fear will cause God to break in upon this Nation with an overflowing Deluge of Judgments, which are far more tremendous and dreadful. As for sympathizing with me, in drinking this bitter Cup appointed for me, I return you most humble and hearty Thanks, earnestly desiring God to come unto you, and fill your Souls with all Celestial Comforts and Spiritual Consolations. Something I must say to purge and clear my self from a false Accusation laid to my Charge ; as that I was engaged with Colonel *Blood* in rescuing Col. *Mason* near *Boston*, when he was sent down with a Guard from *London* to *York*, to be tried for High-Treason ; and that I was the Man that killed the Barber of that City ; and that also I was with him when he stole the Crown. Now as I am a dying Man, and upon the very Brink of a very stupendious Eternity, (the Truth and Reality whereof I firmly believe) without any Reservation or the least Equivocation, I do declare in the Presence of the All seeing God, that impartial Judge, before whom in a very little Time I must appear, I never saw nor conversed with Mr. *Thomas Blood*, from

1656, till after he stole the Crown, which was in 71 or 72, nor was ever engaged with him in any of his Treasonable Plots or Practices. 'Tis true, I being involved in great Trouble of another Nature, (of which I have given to the World a Narrative, and which is notoriously known in the Country where I then lived, by some that were Enemies to me for my Preaching) I was persuaded to apply my self to Mr. *Blood*, to procure by his Intercession his late Majesty's gracious Favour: Accordingly he brought me into his Royal Presence; while I was there, his Majesty carried it with great Clemency, without expressing one Word of that which I am now charged with. Mr. *Blood* continued with his Majesty a little longer than I did; then he told me that he had granted me a Pardon, which I did thankfully accept of, knowing it would free me from all Penalties and Troubles that I was obnoxious to, and were occasioned to me by my Non-conformity. Then engaging him to take out my Pardon; he told me, *That he got it out with several others that had been engaged with him in several Treasonable Designs and Actions;* at which I was troubled, supposing it might be imputed to me thereby; yet, God knows, I have often since reflected upon it with great Regret and Dissatisfaction. If Mr. *Blood* did inform the late King to make himself the more considerable, and to bring as many of his Party as he could to accept of their Pardons, that he might be rendered utterly incapable of Plotting any further Mischief against his Government, or any otherways that I was engaged with him in any of his Treasonable Attempts; I now appeal to God, as a dying Man, concerning it, that he hath done me an irreparable Wrong. I also in the same Manner do declare, that I was never ingaged with any Party in Plotting or Designing, or Contriving any Treason or Rebellion against the late King, and particularly, that I was altogether unconcerned in, and unacquainted with that for which my Lord *Russel* and others suffered, and as much a Stranger to any against the present King. And whereas it is reported of me, *That at* Taunton *I persuaded the late Duke of* Monmouth *to assume the Title of King;* I do once more solemnly declare, That I saw not the said Duke, nor had any Converse with him 'till he came to *Shipton-Mallet*, which was thirteen Days after he landed, and several Days after he had been at *Taunton*. And

'tis as false that I rid to and fro in the *West* to stir up and persuade Men to go into his Army, and rebel against his present Majesty; for I was in the East-Country when the Duke landed, and from thence I went directly to him, when he was at *Shipton-Mallet*, not one Man accompanying me from thence. But hitherto as I lived, so now I die, owning and professing the true Reformed Christian (commonly called the *Protestant*) Religion, which is founded on the pure written Word of God only, and which I acknowledge likewise to be comprehended in the Articles of the Doctrine of the Church. This Religion I have made a reasonable and free Choice of, and have heartily embraced, not only as it protests against all Pagan and Mahometan Religion, but against the Corruption of the Christian; and I humbly and earnestly pray to God that by his Infinite Wisdom and Almighty Power, he will prevent not only the utter Extirpation but Diminution thereof, by the Heighth and Influence of what is contrary thereto; and for that End the Lord make the Professors of it to live up more to its Principles and Rules, and bring their Hearts and Conversations more under the Government and Power of the same. I die also owning my Ministry, *Nonconformity*, for which I have suffer'd so much, and which doth now obstruct the King's Grace and Mercy to be manifested and extended to me: For as I chose it not constrainedly, so I appeal to God as a dying Man, not moved from Sullenness or Humour, or factious Temper, or erroneous Principles of Education, or from secular Interests, or worldly Advantages, but clearly from the Dictates of my own Conscience, and as I judged it to be the Cause of God, and to have more of Divine Truth in it than that which is contrary thereto; so now I see no Cause to repent of it, nor to recede from it; not questioning but God will own it at the last Judgment-day. If no more had been required after the late King's Restauration to qualifie Ministers for Publick Preaching, than was after the first Restauration from the Time of *Charles* the First, probably I might have satisfied my self therewith, and not scrupled Conformity thereto; but the Terms and Conditions thereof, by a particular Law made in 1662, being not only new, but so strict and severe, that I could never have Satisfaction in my own Conscience, after all Endeavours used for a Compliance therewith, and a Conformity thereto: To say

nothing of the Covenant, which I never took, but the giving my Assent and Consent, have been too difficult and hard for me to comply with. And I very well remember, that about Fourteen Years ago, entring into a Discourse with Mr. *Patrick Heldore*, an *Irish-man*, who was contemporary with me in *Dublin*, concerning Conformity, which he much endeavour'd to persuade me to; I urg'd the Severity of the forementioned Conditions against it, and after some Debates and Reasons with him, I told him I did believe they were contrived and designed on Purpose to prevent our Publick Preaching, and to keep us out of the Church: To which he Ingenuously replied, *He judged it was so: For*, said he, *a Bishop in* Ireland (*whose Name I have forgot*) *told me the very same.*

But though I could not wade through, and conquer this Difficulty, yet I censure not those that did it; and I believe after all the hottest Disputes, and most vehement Debates, and violent contests between Conformist and Non-conformist, there are of both Parties will be glorified in Heaven hereafter. According to the 29th Article of the Church of *England*, a visible Church is a Congregation of Faithful Men, in the which the pure Word of God is Preached, the Sacraments of the Lord duly administred, according to Christ's Ordinance, and all those Things that of Necessity are requisite and necessary to Salvation; so with such a Church have I held the most intimate Communion, and with such (did I live) could hold it: I would not therefore be so incorporated with any Church, as to exclude me from, and render me incapable of holding Communion with other Churches; I was never strongly bound up to any Form of Ecclesiastical Government, but that under which a pure and undefiled Religion doth flourish, and that which contains and really practises Holiness, and advances the Kingdom of God in the World, that can I approve of, and willingly live under, were I to live.

I did approve of the ancient and present Form of Civil Government, *English* Monarchy I am fully satisfied with, and do also declare, that it is not warrantable, for any Subject to take up Arms against, and resist their Lawful Soveraigns and Rightful Princes: And therefore had I not been convinced by several Things that I have read and heard, to believe that the late Duke

of *Monmouth* was the Legitimate Son of his Father *Charles* the Second, I had never gone into his Army, judging that without this I could not be freed from the Guilt of Rebellion, which I always resolved to keep my self clear from : And tho' his Father denied he was married to his Mother, I thought it might be answered with this ; That Kings and Princes, for State-Reasons, often cannot be fathomed by their Subjects, affirming and denyings Thing which otherwise they would not do, and make even their natural Affections to truckle and stoop thereto. I exhort all to abhor all Treasonable Plots, and Pretences of all Rebellion, with the highest Detestation, and to take the plain Text of Sacred Scripture to walk by, in honouring and obeying, and living in Subjection to Rightful Kings, and not readily to receive, or suddenly to be impress'd with evil Reports and Defamations of them, also not rashly to be Propagators of the same.

I desire God to forgive all mine Enemies, and to give me an Heart to forgive them, which are many, some mighty, and all most malicious : Particularly *Barter* of *Lisnel*, who betrayed me, and proved such a Traitor to *James* D. of *Monmouth*, his old and intimate Friend. I am grievously afflicted that I should prove the Occasion of the great Sufferings of so many Persons and Families : But this hath fallen under the Just and Wise Ordering of Divine Providence, as *David's* going to *Abimelech*, when he proved the Occasion of the Death of all the Persons, Men, Women, and Children in the City : But who shall say unto God, *What doest thou ?* The Care of my most dear Wife and a great many Children, I cast upon God, who I hope will be better than the best of Husbands unto her, and the best of Fathers unto them : God knows how just and legal Right my Wife hath unto her Estate ; to him therefore I commit her, to defend her from the Violence and Oppression of Men, particularly from a most inhumane and unnatural Brother : But no Wonder if he will lay violent Hands upon his Sister's Estate, that hath so often laid them on his own Father. I die a deeply humbled, self-judging, and self-condemning Sinner, loathing and abhorring my many and great Iniquities, and my self for them, earnestly desiring full Redemption from the Bonds of Corruption, under which I have groaned so many Years, longing for a most perfect Conformity to the most Holy and Glorious God, the only infinite

pure Being ; thirsting for a perfect Diffusion of his Grace through all the Powers and Faculties of my Soul, panting after perfect Spiritual Life and Liberty, and a consummate Love to my dearest Jesus, who is an All-comprehensive Good, and to be satisfied with his Love for ever : A vigorous and vehement Zeal for the Protestant Religion, with a Belief I had of the Duke's Legitimacy, hath involved me in this ignominious Death ; yet blessed be God, that by sincere Repentance and true Faith in the Blood of Jesus, there is Passage from it to a glorious eternal Life, and from these bitter Sorrows to the Fulness of sweetest Joys that are in his Presence, and from these sharp bodily Pains to those most pure Pleasures, that are at his Right Hand for evermore : And blessed be God, that such a Death as this cannot prevent and hinder Christ's changing of my vile Body, and fashioning it like his Glorious Body, in the general Resurrection-Day.

I am now going into that World, where many dark Things shall be made perfectly manifest and clear, and many doubtful Things fully resolved, and a plenary Satisfaction given concerning them ; all Disputes and Mistakes concerning Treason, Rebellion, and Schism, shall be at an End, and cease for ever ; Many Things that are innocent, lawful, and laudable, which have foul Marks and black Characters stampt and fixt upon 'em here, they shall be perfectly purified and fully cleansed from there ; where at one View more shall be known of them, than by all wrangling Debates and eager Disputes, or by reading all Polemical Books concerning them here. I greatly deplore and bewail the greedy Appetite and insatiable Thirst, that Professing Protestants have after the Blood of their Brethren, and the high Pleasure they take in the Effusion thereof. But what will not Men do, when they are either judicially blinded, or their secular worldly Interest insensibly insinuates and winds it self into their Religion, is so twisted and incorporated with it, that it animates and acts it, is the Life and Soul, the vital Form and Power, and made wholly subservient thereunto ?

I bless God for all my Sufferings, and particularly for this last ; for the Benefit and Fruit of it, by God's sanctifying of them to me, have been great ; hereby I have been effectually convinced of the Vanity of the World, and my own Sinfulness

by Nature and Practice, and to see that to be Sin which I never saw before; and to be more throughly humbled for what I know to be sin, not only of Commission, but of Omission also; Hereby I have been brought to a more thorough, deep, inward Sense and Feeling of the absolute Necessity of the Righteousness of Christ to justifie me, and he hath been made much more dear and precious to my Soul, than ever he was before. Hereby my Soul hath been more refin'd, from the Dross of Sensuality, wrought into a more Heavenly Frame, raised up to a higher Pitch of Spirituality; hereby I am made more meek and humble, and so judge more charitably of others that differ from me in Opinion and Judgment; So that by God's most Righteous Judgment I have been apprehended, and most justly and deservedly undergo this Suffering for my Sins, yet I hope they have wrought for me a far more exceeding and eternal Weight of Glory, fitting and preparing me, making me a better qualified Subject for, and far more meet to be a Partaker of the same. By the Grace and Strength of God, I will not purchase my Life by the Death and Blood of my Protestant Brethren, but chuse to die rather than be a Betrayer of them; the impetuous and violent Assault of this I dreaded more than Death it self. Blessed be God I was not exposed unto it, and conquered by it, as some have been: Having such full bodily Vigour and Strength, being in such perfect Health, notwithstanding my Age, predominating in me, it hath made it more difficult to die, than if I had been clogged and incumbered with infirmities, made to bow and stoop under them by prevailing Diseases and Distempers, gradually worn out therewith, which many Times makes Men weary of Life, and to desire to die; and this in Conjunction with many Things, (which I forbear to mention) highly gratifying and pleasing to Sense, which I must leave for ever, strengthens and heightens the Difficulty, and begets a greater Regret and Reluctancy in my Will, to have the Earthly Tabernacle of my Body dissolved, and my Soul to dislodge and quit the same. But now when the black and gloomy Shades of Death do overspread me, I can say, to the Glory of God's most Free and Powerful Grace, True Faith in some Measure hath changed the Difficulty into a Facility and Easiness of Dying: It hath very much subdued the Reluctancy of my Will against it;

for it makes future Things present, and invisible Things visible, and doth realise and substantiate the same to me; and as by it I penetrate and pierce into Eternity, and behold invisible and immortal Things, so hereby, blessed be God, I have obtained a greater Victory over Sense: The World is crucified to me, and I to the World, and all the most pleasant and delightful Objects therein, all finite, fading Creatures, Comforts and Enjoyments, are become minute and small, despicable and contemptible to me, in Comparison thereof, being infinitely contained and comprehended therein: Shall my Soul clasp and cling about these mortal and perishing Things? Shall it cleave and be glued to them? Shall it be confined and captivated into what is kept in the narrow Bounds of Time, and in this lower World? Shall it earnestly desire and thirst for muddy Streams, yea Rivers of Flesh-pleasing Good; when by an Eye of Faith I can look into the indeficient, inexhaustible, purest Fountain; the immense, immensurate Ocean of Divine Good; hoping to drink thereof, to swim and bathe my Soul therein for ever and ever? And when I consider how long my Ears have been bound up, and tied to their innumerable and horrid Oaths, and cursed Blasphemies, and mine Eyes to see the Prophanation of the Day of God; and when I beheld such an overflowing Flood of most prodigious Impiety, such an Inundation of most monstrous Iniquity, so much Hell upon Earth, and that there is so much Decay of holy Zeal, and true Piety, and Christian Religion, amongst the Professors of it, such seeming incurable Breaches and Divisions, such expiring Love, and Charity, and Partings among 'em; it hath powerful Influence on my Soul to reconcile it more to Death, and makes it electively, and from Choice, to leave this present World, and to take up my Abode in that which is unseen and future, where there shall be nothing but perfect Love and Holiness; a sinless State, and serving God with all Unweariedness and Perfection, with the highest Complacency and Delight that immortal Souls can be capable of: There is perfect Peace and Concord, the innumerable Company of Angels, and the Spirits of Just Men made perfect, all fastned together with indissolvable and uninterrupted Chains of most pure Love, and all continually wrapt up in, and transported with the highest Admiration of God's Love, his infinite and incomprehensible

Excellencies and Perfections, singing Hallelujahs to him without ceasing and triumphing in his Praise for ever and ever. The Consideration also, that I know so little of these sublime, profound and Divine Mysteries; of the most glorious Mystery of Salvation by Jesus Christ; that I am so uncapable to fathom the Depth of the Providences of God, whose ways are in the Sea, and whose Paths are in the deep Waters, and whose Footsteps are not known, and particularly in the late stupendious and amazing one; and that I am so ignorant of the Nature of Angels and Spirits, with their Offices and Operations, and of their high and glorious Excellencies; and that I am so little acquainted with the Nature of my own Soul, as at present dwelling in, and united to my Body, and as disunited and separated from it; how without corporeal Organs it shall most vivaciously and vigorously perform all its proper Functions and Offices, and more than ever strongly and indefatigably serve the Lord Jesus, most fervently and abundantly love him, and delight in him every way, much more obtain the supream and highest End of its Creation and Being; and this makes me much more willing to die, that I may have the Knowledge thereof, with innumerable other Things; that I am now either ignorant of, or do but imperfectly know, and so be made happy by a Plenitude of Fulness of injoying intellectual Pleasures, which are of all other most suitable, sweet, and satisfactory to immortal Souls. And also I see that he that departs from Iniquity makes himself a Prey; and so many plunging themselves into the Ways of Iniquity, lest they should be accounted odious and vile, which makes them so much degenerate not only from Christianity, but from Humanity it self, as if they were scarce the Excrement of either; contemning even that most Noble, Generous, Heroick Spirit that dwelt in many Heathens, who accounted it most Honourable and Glorious to contend for their Rights and Liberties, yea, to suffer Death, and the worst of Deaths, in Defence of the same; and judge them accursed and most execrable in the World that do so; and not only so, but for their own Profit and Advantage, have many of them inslaved their Posterity by it, and are most industrious and laborious, most fierce and furious to destroy them, whereby they are become as unnatural as Children that seek the Ruin of their Parents that begot them, and brought them forth; or them that lay

violent Hands upon themselves, dashing out their own Brains, cutting their own Throats, hanging and drawing themselves, ripping up their own Bellies, tearing out their own Bowels, they being in different Senses Children and Members of that Body Politick they design and attempt the Destruction of; and when I know not how long the Duration and Continuance of these Things shall be, or a Conclusion or End by God shall be put thereto, who by Divine and Unerring Wisdom governs the World; why shall my Soul be unwilling to take its Flight into the unseen and eternal World? Where no sullied, sordid, or impious Thing, most incongruous and unbecoming Nature, shall be seen and found, and where I shall behold no narrow, conclusive, contracted Soul there, habitually preferring their private before a Publick Good, but all most unanimously and equally center in one common, universal Good, and where the Sighs, and Groans, and Cries of the Afflicted and Persecuted shall be heard no more for ever.

I earnestly exhort all most highly to prize and value Time, and diligently improve it for Eternity; to be Wise, seriously and seasonably to consider of their latter End: For by the irrepeatable and irreversible Law of Heaven we must all die, yet we know not *how*, *where*, or *when*. Live with your Souls full of Solicitude and Care, with a most deep Concernedness and most diligent Industriousness, whilst you have Time and Opportunity, and the Means of Grace, Health, and Strength, make sure of these two great Things, *viz.*

1. What merits for you a Right and Title to eternal Life and Glory, and the future unchangeable Blessedness, as the Redeemer's most precious Blood and Righteousness; that thereby a real Application and Imputation may be unto you by sincere Believing.

2. That that which makes you qualified Subjects for it, is the great Work of Regeneration, wrought in your Souls, being renewed in the Spirit of your Minds, the Divine Nature being imprest upon them, repairing of the depraved Image of God in you; that being transformed into his own Likeness, thereby in the World you may mind and favour more the Things of the Spirit than the Things of the Flesh, Celestial and Heavenly more Terrestrial and Earthly, superiour more than inferiour

Things: And therewith have a holy Life and Conversation conjoined, that results and springs from the same, as Fruit from the Root. and acts from the Habits. Let all, in Order thereto, seriously consider these few Texts of Sacred Scripture, let them predominately possess you; let them be deeply and indelibly transcribed upon your Souls; let them be assimilated thereunto, and made the written Epistles, the lively Pictures thereof, Mat. 5. 8, 20. *Blessed be the pure in Heart, for they shall see God.* Ver. 29. *For I say unto you, Except your Righteousness exceed the Righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no Case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.* John 3. 3. *Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a Man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God.* 1 Cor. 6. 9, 10, 11. *Know ye not that the Unrighteous shall not inherit the Kingdom of God, &c.* Gal. 5. 19, 20, *to* 23. *Now the Works of the Flesh are manifest, which are these, Adultery, &c.* James 1. 18. *Of his own Will begat he us with the Word of Truth, that we should be a kind of First-fruits of his Creatures.* 1 Pet. 1. 3. *Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant Mercy hath begotten us again to a lively Hope by the Resurrection of Jesus Christ.* Ver. 13. *Wherefore gird up the Loins of your Mind, &c.* Coloss. 3. 1, 2. *If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those Things that are above: Set your Affections on Things above, not, &c.* Gal. 5. 24. *And they that are Christ's have crucified the Flesh with the Affections and Lusts, &c.* Eph. 2. 1. *And you hath he quickned, who were dead in Trespasses and Sins.* Rev. 20. 6. *Blessed and holy is he that hath Part in the First Resurrection, on such the Second Death hath no Power.* Rom. 8. 1. *There is therefore now no Condemnation, &c.* 1 Pet. 1. 15. *But as he that hath called you is holy, so be ye, &c.* Ver. 23. *Being born again, not of corruptible Seed, &c.* Psal. 4. 3. *But know that the Lord hath set apart him that is Godly for himself, &c.* I shall mention now no more, the whole Bible abounds with these Texts, with what a Renovation and Change of our carnal and corrupt Hearts and Natures, there must be, with Holiness of Life and Conversation, before we can be capable of a future and blessed Immortality, and of inheriting the Kingdom of God for ever and ever. *Amen.*

A Letter written by Mr. John Hicks, Octob. 5. *the Day before his Death.*

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

I am yet in the Land of the Living, though in the Mouth of Death; I have been concerned for you, next to my own Children; before I die, I thought fit to write two or three lines to you, as a Manifestation of my great Love to you: I earnestly desire the Welfare of you here, and to Eternity hereafter; next to my own Wife and Children, you will want me when I am gone; but I hope the Lord will take Care of you; make it your Business to walk with him, to serve him faithfully; flee youthful Lusts, and Remember your Creator in the Days of your Youth; be deeply concern'd to have your Heart and Nature chang'd, and an Interest in Christ secured unto you. Death comes suddenly, you know not when, where, nor how you shall die: Let Time therefore be most precious to you; fill it up with Work and Duty; live by Faith more than by Sense; and this will stand by you when you come to die: Seek the Things which are above, and set your Affections upon them; have your Conversation in Heaven whilst you are upon Earth. When you see your Parents, give my dear Love to them and their children; the Lord grant that we may meet in his everlasting Kingdom: When you see any of your Cousins, give my dear Love to them, and be not asham'd of my Sufferings. I wrote last Saturday was a Seven night to my Brother George. but whether he is at London or Worcester, I know not; I wrote to him to desire him to Petition the King, that some Favour and Mercy might be shewed me, if he thought fit. Things that are made to aggravate my Crime, I am clear from; as that I persuaded the Duke of Monmouth to assume the Title of King at Taunton, when I was not there with him, nor in thirteen Days after he came into England; and that I rode to and fro in the West to persuade People to go into his Army, when I was in the East, and came from thence to him in the West; but my Non-conformity cuts me, and obstructs the King's Mercy from being extended to me, as I am told; but the Will of the Lord be done;

the Life to come is infinitely better than this: Many more Things are laid to my Charge, which I am no more guilty of than your self. If your Uncle be in Town, go speedily to him, and give him my dear Love. I pray for you, who am

Your most Affectionate Uncle,

Octob. 5. 1685. J. H.

A Letter to his Wife, Septemb. 23. 1685.

My Dearest Love,

I hope you received a few Lines from me by the way of London; once more I write to you, by our faithful and trusty Friend, W. D., who hath been at Exon. If there be need for it, he knows many of my dear and faithful Friends there, who wish you would come and live among them; and if your Estate fail, I think it very advisable so to do; I hope God will stand by you, and defend you: My Dear, see me in God, as I must you. I must now bid Adieu to all earthly and worldly Comforts, and all the pleasant and delightful Objects of Sense. I bless God for all present Mercies and Comforts hitherto I have had; what will be after this Day I know not, but the Will of the Lord be done.

My Dear, be very cautious not to speak one Word, lest it be wrested to a wrong Sense, which may ruin you; I have not writ what I would of this Nature, take the Advice of Friends, and of what I send by our Friend. O let not the everlasting Arms of God be withdrawn from you one Moment; and let him strengthen you with all Might, according to his glorious Power, and to all Patience and Long-suffering, with Joyfulness! Pray hard for victory over Passion, and be much in private Closet-Prayer with God; and often read the Holy Bible, and other good Books; the Lord continually guide, direct, and counsel you. My Dear, I return you a thousand Thanks for all the Love you have shown me and my Children, and particularly for the high and great Demonstration you have given hereof in this Day of my Distress. I hope my Daughters will be as dutiful to you, and be as much concerned for your Comfort and Welfare, as if you had travelled with them, and brought them into the World;

God bless my dear little Ones and them together, I shall die their most affectionate and praying Father; God, I hope, will uphold, support, and comfort me at the last Hour, and enable me to overcome the Temptations I shall violently be assaulted with before I die. God by his infinite and freest Mercies in Jesus Christ, pardon all the neglect of Relative Duties, (which I have bitterly lamented and bewailed before God, with all the Sins I am guilty of) for the Sake of our dearest Lord and Redeemer. The Lord make you grow in all Grace more than ever, and make this great Affliction so humbly purifying and spiritualizing to you as well as me, that it may work for us both a far more exceeding and eternal Weight of Glory. Let him take your Soul in his most dearest Embraces, and lodge it in the Bosom of his Love here, and make us to meet in the full and everlasting Fruition and Enjoyment of him hereafter. Though it be dangerous for you to vindicate that I die for, yet be not too much cast down for it: I will say no more as to that. My hearty and affectionate Respects to all my dear Friends; I need not name them; I hope to meet them with your self, to inherit Eternal Life, through the Merits of Christ's Death. Farewell, my Dear, fare well in the Lord, until we meet to be married to him for ever. My Heart is as full of Love to thee, as it was the first Day I married thee; and if God spar'd my Life, it should have been as fully manifested until Death: Therefore I rest,

Your most Affectionate and Endeared Husband,

Septemb. [illegible] 1685. J. H.

Another Letter.

I received your Letter by Mr. Skinner; I bless [illegible] that you and my Babes are well; the Lord continue their Lives to be a Blessing and Comfort to you, and enable you to see them well Educated in the Fear of God; and when God takes me away, let him be a Husband to guide, direct, succour, comfort, and support you, and to lodge your Soul in the Bosom of his Love; and let him be a Father to them, and their Portion for ever. Monday last my Brother went to London to try what could be

done for me; what the Success will be, I know not: I desire the Lord every Day to prepare me for Death, and carry me above the Fear of it, by the Discoveries of his everlasting Love unto my Soul, and clearing up my Right and Title to everlasting Life; and by sealing up to me the Pardon of all my Sins, through the most precious Blood of Jesus Christ. Let us pray hard and much for each other: When I leave this World, it shall be with Prayer for thee; if God give me Life how shall I study to be a Comfort to thee, and to live up to my Marriage as well as Baptismal Covenant! To all my Friends tender my affectionate Respects; I hope their Prayers will one Way or other be heard for me; let the Almighty be your Protector, Supporter, and Comforter. There be two Books I do recommend to you to read when you are retir'd, as well as in your family: Pierce's Preparation for Death, and Fox's Redemption of Time. Now let our Souls meet together in one most blessed God, in our dearest Jesus, and sweetest Saviour; let them clasp and cling about him, and be sick for the Love of him; and that we may meet to enjoy him fully to Eternity, and be satisfied with his Love for ever. A thousand Loves, if I had them, I would send to thee, next to my dearest Lord Jesus, and the Things that are Heavenly, Spiritual, and Immortal: I love thee: What I can spare for thee is convey'd to thee and my dear Children, from

Thy most Affectionate and Faithful Husband,
and their most Loving Father,
J. H.

Another Letter.

MY MOST DEAR LOVE,

I hope you have received my last; once more, as a dead and living Man (through Difficulty) I write to you, though I yet do not know when or where I shall die, but expect Death every Day; when that Message is brought to me, I hope, through the Grace and Strength of Christ, it will be no Surprize to me; that neither my Lips, Flesh, nor Heart will tremble when I hear it; I know the Cause for which I suffer; God hath and has singled me out from many of my Brethren (which I never have been

without some Apprehensions of, for above these twenty Years) to lay down my Life; how far it is for his Cause, will be judged at the last Day: I bless God, who hath kept me from all Temptations to Conformity; though it hath brought me to Ruin and Destruction in this World, it will be no fit Season for you to vindicate that for which I am called to suffer, be silent, and leave it to God; I advise you to all Prudence in this Case: Have your own reserved Thoughts, and let them concerning me support and comfort you; if there never happen a Time for you to glory in my Sufferings, it will be hereafter; do you but walk with God (though through Prudence you must hold your Tongue) and be not asham'd you had such a Husband; I thank God that gave it me, whose Courage and publick Spirit for the Protestant Religion, the Civil Liberties of his Country, even true English Liberties, hath in this ignominious Way brought me to the Conclusion and End of my Time. Mourn not, my Dear, as one without Hope, let the World know you have something from me, something from your self, as a Christian, but ten thousand times more from God, to comfort and support you; see Christ by an Eye of Faith, infinitely more lovely and beautiful than myself; let him be married to your Soul; let him be the Chiefest of ten thousand, and more dear and precious to you; it is not long we shall be separated, before we shall see one another in a Spiritual Enjoyment, separated from all fleshly Pleasures and Delights, yet infinitely more sweet and satisfying to Immortal Spirits, as you and I us'd to see Streams from the Fountain, and the largest Streams in the Ocean; so let us see one another in God, the ever-flowing and over-flowing Fountain of all Good, the fathomless and boundless Ocean of Good. Seek much the Things which are above, live with your Affections set upon them; and have your Conversation in Heaven whilst you are upon Earth. I continue yet to pray for you, as for my self, and shall continue to do it until I die; in my last Prayers you shall be interested with my dear Babes, whom I hope God will take into Covenant with him, and number them among his Adopted Ones, and of that incorruptible Inheritance which is in Heaven: I hope God will spare their Life to see them Educated, and guide and assist you therein, and theirs to be a Blessing and Comfort to you: Consider your Condition is

not single and alone, this Country affords a Multitude of the like sad and deplorable Instances; let this make you more to possess your Soul with Patience and Humility, calmly and quietly to submit to the good Will of God. I have left a Paper behind me for you to read; and our Friend can tell with what Difficulty I write it, therefore must have many Defects and Imperfections, which must be over-looked and mended; preserve the two Bibles for my dear James and Betty. What shall I say more, my Dearest? I must break off with my Heart full of Love to thee; and subscribe my self

Your most Dear and Affectionate
Husband till Death,

Octob. 3. 1685. J. H.

Captain Abraham Ansley's *Last Speech.*

I am come to pay a Debt to Nature; 'tis a Debt that all must pay, though some after one Manner, and some after another: The Way that I pay it may be thought by some few ignominious, but not so by me; having long since, as a true *Englishman*, thought it my Duty to venture my Life in Defence of the Protestant Religion against Popery and Arbitrary Power: For this same Purpose I came from my House to the Duke of *Monmouth's* Army: At first I was a Lieutenant, and then a Captain, and I was in all the Action the Foot was engaged in, which I do not repent: For had I a thousand Lives, they should all have been engaged in the same Cause, although it hath pleased the wise God (for Reasons best known to himself) to blast our Designs; but he will deliver his People by Ways we know nor think not of: I might have saved my Life, if I would have done as some narrow-soul'd Persons have done, by impeaching others; but I abhor such Ways of Deliverance, chusing rather to suffer Affliction with the People of God, than to enjoy Life with Sin. As to my Religion, I own the Way and Practice of the *Independent Churches*, and in that Faith I die, depending on the Merits of our Saviour Jesus Christ for my Eternal Salvation: His Blessing be with you all. Farewel to thee, poor *England*, Farewel.

ABRAHAM ANSLEY.

Mr. Ansley's *Last Letter.*

SIR,

I now send you my Last Farewel, being going to lay down my Life with Joy and Assurance of Life Eternal; for which blessed be the Holy One of Israel, who never leaves nor forsakes those that put their Trust in him, and give you many Thanks for your Kindness to me, the Lord make it up to you, by pouring upon you a daily Portion of his most Holy Spirit, and deliver you from your Bonds. My Enemies have done what they could to afflict this Body; but blessed be the most High, who hath given me Strength, Patience, and Courage to endure all they can lay upon me. The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Fellowship of his Holy Spirit attend you; which is the Prayer of your dying Friend, but living Brother in Christ Jesus,

ABRAHAM ANSLEY.

From *Taunton Castle,*
Sept. 21. 1685.

Mr. Josias Askew's *Letter to his Father.*

HONOURED FATHER,

I not having an Opportunity to make my Gratitude known to you for all your Endeavours, for the saving a poor, vain, perishing, and troublesome Life; and seeing it is all in vain, I would desire you both to acquiesce in the Will of God, and rejoice with me for this happy Day of my Departure from this State of Pilgrimage, home to the Possession of those Heavenly Mansions, which my God and Father hath provided for me, in and through my Lord Jesus Christ: It is in him alone I put my Trust and Confidence, and therefore can boldly say, Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again and is set down at the Right Hand of God, making Intercession for all those that have a well-grounded Confidence in him. My Time is but short, and by Reason of Company I am disturbed; therefore I conclude with my last Breath, begging of God that he would keep you constant in his Fear, in this Day of great

Temptation, and at last receive you to his Glory, where we shall once more unite in Praising without interruption or Distraction, World without End, *Amen* : Until which Time the Grace of God the Father, the love of God the Son, the comfortable Refreshings of God the Holy Ghost, be with you, all yours, and the whole *Israel* of God, both now and for ever : Which is the hearty Prayer of your Son,

JOSIAS ASKEW.

Pray remember me to all with Joy.

Another Letter to his Friend.

MADAM,

You have been a Partaker with me in my Troubles, I would also make you Partaker with me in my Joys ; seeing my *Wedding day* is come, the Day of the Bridegroom is at hand, and I am this Day to be stript of my Rags of Corruption, to be cloathed upon with the White Robe of his Righteousness and Purity, and to be married to my Husband, and to be given to the Embraces of my Lord Jesus Christ for ever and ever.

Learn not to repine at the Holy Determination of an Infinite Wise God. but rest satisfied in his Will, knowing that he doth all Things for the Best, to them that fear him : Weep not for me who am only changing this World of Temptation, of Troubles and Afflictions: It hath pleased God to call me a little before you, but you must soon follow after ; keep therefore the Fear of God before your Eyes, and then you will have Cause to rejoice, and not to mourn ; when at the Time of Departure you may have Cause to say with me, *I have run my Race, I have finished my Course, I have kept the Faith, henceforth is laid up for me a Crown of Glory which fadeth not away;* which that you may be able to say, is the hearty prayer of

Your Friend and Servant,

JOSIAS ASKEW.

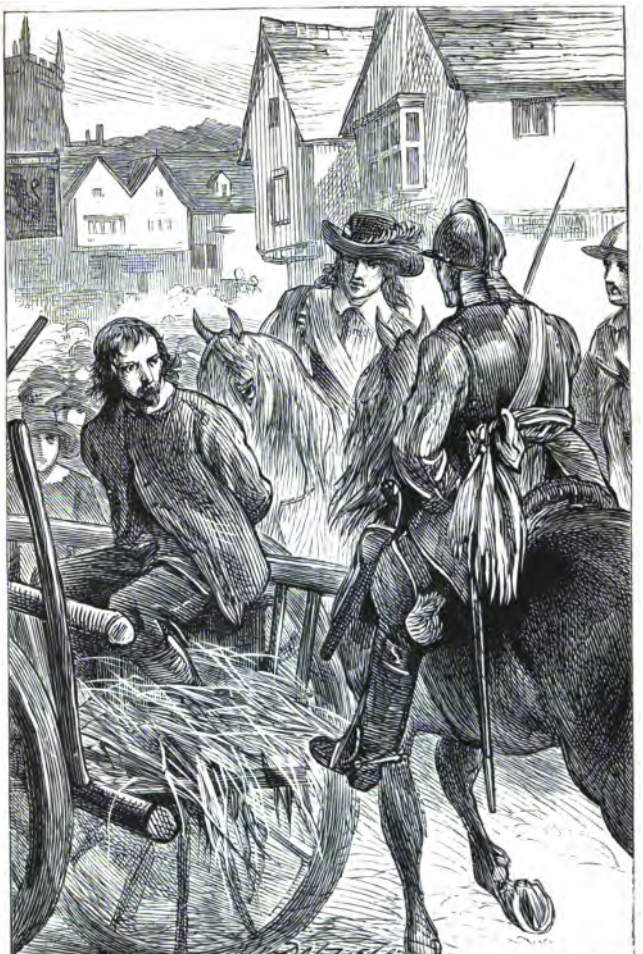
The Account his Friend gives of him.

To prevent your further Trouble in suing for a Pardon, I think it convenient to let you know, I do not question but my dear Cousin hath had his Pardon sealed by the *King of Kings*,

and is in everlasting Blessedness, singing Hallelujahs, Salvation, Glory, and Honour to him that sits upon the Throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever; For God did so carry him through to drink that *Bitter Cup*, with so much Courage and Chearfulness to the last, as was to the Admiration of all Spectators, notwithstanding the terrible Sight he saw at the Place of Suffering, and so vehemently, as he was tried by the Adversary, yet it did not in the least discompose him, or alter his countenance; for he continued with a smiling Countenance to the last, and was transported above Measure: I want Words to express it, he was like One wrapt up in Heaven, with his Heart there, and his Eyes fixed thereon. I could wish you had been there, it would have driven away all Cause of Sorrow from your Heart, to see his Deportment, and hear the gracious Words that proceeded out of his Mouth: He remembreth his duty to you both, and left *Paul's* Blessing with you, Grace, Mercy, and Peace; his Love to his dear Sister; he desires her not to be troubled for him, for he hath made his Peace with God, and was assured he should go to Eternal Happiness; he would have written more to you and to his Sister, but that he had so short a Time after Sentence, that he wanted Opportunity; when he went out of Prison, he said, *Gentlemen, now I am going, and it is the Time I much longed for; I would not change with him that passeth Sentence upon me, for a World.* I was with him to the last, and seeing his Courage, did very much encourage me, though I never saw such a Sight with my Eyes.

The Behaviour of John Holway, *before and at the Place of his Execution at* Warham, *in the County of* Dorset.

He lived in *Lyme* where the Duke Landed, and appeared in Arms at that Time, until his Captain left him; then took up Arms under the Duke of *Monmouth*, and went with him, until the King's Proclamation came forth, *That all that would lay down their Arms before some Justice of the Peace, in four Days*



JOHN HOLWAY BEING TAKEN TO THE PLACE OF HIS EXECUTION AT WARHAM.
P. 250.

after, and take a Certificate for their so doing, they should be acquitted, and have his Majesty's Pardon, which this Person did, though one Day too late; which Blot my Lord Chief Justice hit, being very good at it, and passed the Sentence of Death on him. Before his Trial he was not much concerned at his Case, and thought himself almost out of Danger: But to be short, he received his Sentence with much Courage and Resolution, and by the Means of one Mr. *Tiller*, who was to suffer with him, was brought to that settled Frame of Spirit, as is fit for one in that Condition: As he was riding in the Cart, toward the Place of Execution, the Troopers, being just behind the Cart, he told them, *They shewed like Brave Fellows, but*, said he, *if I were to have my Life for fighting the best five of you, I would not question it.* At the Place of Execution he said not much, *But that he thought his and other Mens Blood would be revenged one Time or another*, and said, *Forgive me, have Mercy on my poor Soul, pardon all my Sins*, and the like, and so the Executioner did his office.

The Last Speech and Prayer of Mr. Matthews *at the Place of Execution.*

He was much concerned the Morning before he died, to see his Wife weep, and to be in such a Passion for him, which drew Tears from his Eyes; and taking her in his Arms, said, *My Dear, prithee do not disturb me at this Time, but endeavour to submit to the Will of God; and although thy Husband is going from thee, yet I trust God will be all in all unto thee; sure, my Dear, you will make my Passage into Eternity more Troublesom than otherwise, if you thus lament and take on for me; I am very sensible of thy tender Love towards me, but would have you consider, that this Separation will be so much for my advantage, as your loss cannot parallel. I thank God I am willing to die, and to be with my Jesus; be satisfied the will of God must be done: Thy Will be done, O God, in Earth as it in Heaven:* So

embracing her, took his last Farewel of her, and prepared to go to the Place of Execution, where being come, he with a very modest, sober, composed Frame of Spirit stood while he saw several executed before him; his turn being come, he thus spake:

Dear Countrymen, *I suppose we are all of one Kingdom and Nation, and I hope Protestants; O I wonder we should be so cruel and bloodthirsty one towards another; I have heard it said heretofore, that* England *could never be ruin'd but by herself, which now I fear is a doing. Lord have Mercy on poor* England, *turn the Hearts of the Inhabitants thereof, cause them to love one another, and to forget one anothers Infirmities. Have Mercy, O Lord, on me; give me Strength and Patience to fulfil thy Will, comfort my dear and sorrowful Wife, be a Husband unto her, stand by her in the greatest Trouble and Affliction, let her depend upon thy Providence; be merciful to all men, preserve this Nation from Popery, find out yet a Way for its Deliverance, if it be thy good Will, and give all Men Hearts to be truly thankful; comfort my Fellow-sufferers that are immediately to follow, give them Strength and Comfort to the End: I forgive all the World, even those that have been the immediate Hastners of my Death: I am in charity with all men. And now, Blessed Lord Jesus, into thy Hands I commend my Spirit.* Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy Name; thy Kingdom come, thy Will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven; give us this Day our daily Bread; forgive us our Trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into Temptation; but deliver us from Evil; for thine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory for ever and ever, *Amen.*

After which going up the Ladder, he desired the Executioner not to be hard to him, who answered, *No*, and said, *I pray, master, forgive me:* To which he said, *I do with my whole Heart, and I pray God forgive thee; but I advise thee to leave off this bloody Trade.* The Executioner said, *I am forced to do what I do, it's against my Mind.* So lifting up his Hands to Heaven, the Executioner did his office.

The Behaviour and Dying-Words of Mr. Roger Satchel, *who was Executed at* Weymouth *in the County of* Dorset.

This Gentleman, at the Time of the Duke's Landing at *Lyme*, lived at *Culliton*, about five Miles *West* of that Town, and was supposed to be concerned in the Design with the Duke. He always was a great Admirer of him, which got him many Enemies among the Gentry of that County: He always hated the name of a Papist; and as it fell out, he did foresee Popery advancing, as his Words to divers of his Neighbours can testifie. As for his Disposition, he was of a very Generous and Heroick Spirit. But to proceed, No sooner had he the News of the Duke's being Landed, but he sets himself to Work to serve him, desiring all he knew to join with him, and was one of the first that went to him to *Lyme*, and was with him to the End: But after the Rout, travelling to and fro to secure himself, was at last taken at *Chard* by three *Moss-Troopers*, under no Discipline, who made it their Business to ruin their Neighbours in those parts; they are so well known, I need not say any more. He was from thence carried to *Ilchester*, and so secured in *Ilchester* Gaol; and at the Bloody Assizes at *Dorchester* took his Trial, and received his Sentence with the rest. Great Application was made for him, but my L. C. Justice *Jeffrey's* Ears were deaf, and so was order'd to be executed at *Weymouth*. After Sentence, two of his Friends came to him, and told him, There was no Hope. He answered, *My hope is in the Lord.* After which he spent most of his Time before Execution in Prayer and Meditation, and conferring with many good persons. The morning being come, he prepared himself, and all the Way drawing to Execution was very devout. Being come to the Place, there was a Minister, I think, of that Place, who sung a Psalm, and prayed with them, and would have some discourse with this Person, which he avoided as much as possible; but he asked him, What were his Grounds for joining in that Rebellion? Who answered, *Had you, Sir, been there, and a Protestant, I believe you would have joined too; but do not speak*

to me about that, I am come to die for my Sins, not for my Treason against the King, as you call it. So pointing to the Wood that was to burn his Bowels, he said, *I do not care for that; what matters it what becomes of my Body, so my Soul be at Rest?* So praying to himself near half an Hour, and advising some he knew, never to yield to Popery, he was turn'd off the Ladder. He was a couragious, bold-spirited Man, and one of great Reason, just and punctual in all his Business, and one that did much good amongst his Neighbours.

There was at the same Time and Place one Mr. *Lancaster* executed, whose Courage and Deportment was such, that he out braved-Death, and in a Manner Challenged it to hurt him, saying, *I die for a good Cause, and am going to a Gracious God. I desire all your Christian Prayers; 'tis good to go to Heaven with Company.* And much more he spake concerning the Duke of *Monmouth*, whom he supposed at that Time to be living; and so praying privately for some small Time, he was turned, or rather leaped over the Ladder.

If I mistake not, he said he was born or lived in *Bridport.*

The Last Speech of Mr. Benjamin Sandford, *at the Place of Execution at* Bridport.

He with Nine more were brought from *Dorchester* to *Bridport* to be Executed. Coming to the Place of Execution, he held up his Hands to Heaven, and turning himself to the people, said, *I am an Old Man you see, and I little thought to have ended my Days at such a shameful Place, and by such an ignominious Death; and indeed it is dreadful to Flesh and Blood, as well as a Reproach to Relations, but it would have been a great deal more if I had suffered for some Felonious Account.* Says one to him, *Is not this worse do you think than Felony?* He answered, *I know not any Thing that I have done so bad as Felony, that this heavy Judgment should fall upon me, except it be for my Sins against my God, whom I have highly provok'd, and must acknowledge have deserved ten*

thousand times more; Lord! I trust thou has pardoned them; Seal my Pardon in the Blood of my Saviour; Lord, look upon, and be with me to the last Moment.

There was also executed at the same Time one *John Bennet*, a poor Man, but pious, and of good Report with his Neighbours in *Lyme*, where he lived. I have heard that when he was on Trial, a certain Person inform'd his Lordship, that the Prisoner, then at the Bar, had Alms of the Parish; and that his Lordship should reply, *Do not trouble yourselves, I will ease the Parish of that Trouble.* In Prison, and at the Place of Execution, he behaved himself so well to all, that many of his Enemies pitied him, and would, if it had lain in their Power, (as they said) have saved him. His Son being then present, offered to have died for him, and was going up the Ladder, if it might have been suffered. *Here was a glorious instance of Filial Affection!* He prayed some short Time, and so was translated, as we have Hopes to think, from this troublesom World into Celestial Joy and Happiness.

Next follow many Excellent Hymns made by several Worthy Persons that were Prisoners for the sake of Christ.

Triumphing Songs with Glorious Tongues
Let's offer unto him,
That loved so to undergo
The Product of our Sin.

Leaving his Throne from Heaven came down,
Sinners for to redeem
From Hell, and Wrath, and second Death,
Christ underwent great Pain.

His Side was gor'd, his Hands were bor'd,
His Feet were nailed down,
And all was for the Redemption
Of sinful, wicked Man.

Oh how straitned, prest, and pained
Was Christ to be Baptized,
And in Affliction to be plunged,
His Body Sacrificed.

Let God be blest for Jesus Christ,
Who is our splendid King;
Hallelujahs sweet with Spirit meet,
High Praises to him sing.

For Blood, for Wounds, for Love, whose Bounds
Extended unto all;
For Scoffs and Smites, for Jeers, for Flouts,
Which upon Christ did fall.

Now, Christ, haste unto us again,
Thy Scepter for to sway,
Thy Kingdom come, thy Will be done,
Come, Jesus, come away.

With glorious Bands and shining Trance
Of Angels in the Sky,
Which forth shall sing triumphing Songs
With sweet *Hallelujah.*

Set up thy Standard, and prepare
War against *Babylon;*
For her Destruction draweth near,
As here we read her Doom.

Lord, blow the Trumpet, and awake
The Nations round about;
Stir up the Spirit of the *Medes,*
Which did old *Babel* rout.

For *Babel* must drink of that Cup
Which *Sion* deep did wound;
Jerusalem did first begin,
And so the Cup goes round.

But *Babel* must drink up the Dregs
Of Wrath which do remain,
With which no Mixture she shall have
To mitigate her Pain.

For 'tis the Vengeance of our God,
And of his Temple too,
The Vials that fill up his Wrath,
The Three last Trumpets Woe.

When *Jacob*, as a Battle-Ax
In Great *Jehovah's* Hand,
Shall break down all those Mountains tall,
That in his Way do stand.

O then let us rejoice, because
The Time appointed is,
That *Babel* shall be seen to fall,
And *Sion* shine in Bliss.

Our Lord draws near, as doth appear
By Signs by him fore-told;
Then, Virgins, come, meet your Bridegroom,
His Wondrous Works behold.

The Night grows dark, be still, and hark
What is the Bridegroom's Voice;
That when the Cry comes swiftly by
It may your Hearts rejoice.

Your Light grows dim, arise, and trim
Your Lamps from all their Soil;
And see your Light shines clear and bright,
Supply'd with Gospel-Oil.

Some Virgins now do sleepy grow,
And don't their Vessels fill;
Nor fear a Want, when Oil grows scant,
And none be found to sell.

And at Mid-night, all in a Fright,
Oil-shops they cannot find ;
And none will spare out of his Share,
And so they are left behind.

Thus Foolish sleep in Dangers deep,
And think their Lord delays ;
But his own Bride hath surely spi'de
Some of his Glorious Rays :

And will not sleep, unless she keep
Her Watch-lights burning still,
With Oil in Store, laid up therefore ;
Let him come when he will.

And though her Garments had some Rents
And Spots, not perfect white,
Yet they 'll be cleans'd, or quickly chang'd
For Rayments of Delights.

With her Bridegroom she will find Room
In Chambers of his Love ;
When the Unwise he will despise,
And them from him remove.

The Behaviour and Dying-Words of Mr. Gatchill, *Executed at* Taunton.

The said Mr. *Gatchill* was a Constable of the Hundred ; he was surprised by a Party of the Duke's, and shewed a Warrant to bring in Provisions and other Necessaries for the Use of the Army, which if he had not obeyed, was threatned to have his House burnt ; so that he was obliged to do what he did for his own Preservation. But this was not sufficient, for being found guilty, he was executed. As he was drawn to Execution, he ›oked on the People, and said, *A Populous Town, God bless*

it. Just before he was executed, he spake, *That the Crime he was accused of, and condemned for, was High-Treason, but he did not know himself to be guilty of it; and that what he did he was forced to do.* And further said, *I am so well known to you that I do verily believe you have Charity to think that what I speak is true. As for the Niceties of the Law, I do not well understand them.* And much more to the same Effect he spake. And so after Prayer, with his suffering Brother, Mr. *Simon Hambling*, he was Executed.

There was also Executed at *Taunton* Mr. *John Hucker*, a very worthy Gentleman of that Town. He had some ill Friends in the Duke's Army, that cast Aspersions on him, as though he was the Person that was a Traitor to the Duke, by firing a Pistol in *Sedgmoor;* but I have strictly examined many on that Point, and can find it to be nothing but the worst of an Enemy's Malice, to wound him after his Death in his Reputation, which he always valued highly when living. To be short, he has left the Character, amongst his Neighbours, of an Honest Man, a good Christian, and one that was true to the Interest of the Duke, and sealed it with his Blood.

The following Letter my Bookseller *received from Mr.* Robert Hucker *now living in* Taunton, *which I thought proper to Print Word for Word, that so my Reader may see what Care I have taken to have all the Accounts I give concerning Mr.* Hucker *well attested.*

MR. DUNTON, *Taunton*, Feb. 24*th*, 1691-2.

Looking over the Advertisements in the *Athenian Mercury*, I found your Intention of making some Additions to the Book called the *Bloody Assizes;* and finding others that suffered with my Father, their Relations have Printed their *Last Letters;* I have here sent you a Letter written by my Father but some Hours before he was Executed; the main Reason why I consented to have it Printed, was, That Persons Mouths may be stopt from their false and lying Accusations; he carried himself

like a *Christian under Confinement;* but when he came to look Death in the Face, it was with so much Courage, that it was to the *Astonishment* of the Beholders; for there was many a weeping Eye amongst both Officers and Soldiers for him, and those his Fellow-Sufferers. I crave a Line from you of the Receipt of this, with which you will oblige, Sir,

Your unknown Friend and Servant,

Direct to me in *Taunton.* ROBERT HUCKER.

Mr. John Hucker's *Letter to his Friend, a little before his Execution.*

I was in Hopes to have had Liberty to speak a few Words at the Place of Execution, till a few Minutes since; but now am persuaded the contrary: Therefore excuse these abrupt Lines.

I bless God, I am now reconciled to this contemptible Death; it was long e'er I could, but now God hath done it for me, and I thankfully submit to it from the Hands of the wise God, whom I have offended: And therefore desire to accept my Punishment, knowing he doth all Things well, without any Wrong to his Creatures.

I had lately some Discourse with two Persons, whereof one was of Quality, concerning the Things laid to my Charge; I was told, that it was three Things; one was, That I was an Enemy to, or against the Protestant Religion; that I was troublesome, and had acted vigorously in Elections of Members for Parliament; and upheld the Meetings.

I own my self a Protestant, and die an Asserter of that Religion, and I pray God I do not prove a better Friend to it than those that have industriously endeavour'd the taking away my Life, and that they see it not when it's too late.

As to the Meetings, I bless God I ever was at any of them, and that I was any way instrumental to the upholding of them, and am troubled that I have, I fear, sinfully deprived myself of them, and do believe, if ever the Ordinances of God were rightly administred, and the Gospel effectually preached, it was in those Meetings that were held in *Taunton;* the Lord bless the Seed that was there sown.

As to Elections of Members for Parliament, I judge it my

Birthright, and therefore was Industrious in it; but I hope never did (I am sure never intended) Troublesomness to any in it, but especially to my Superiors; I had ever a venerable and due Esteem of Magistrates, as the Ministers of God, and they administring an Ordinance of God.

I also lye under a Reproach of being unfaithful to an Interest that I owned, which I utterly deny and disown.

I pray God bless and forgive my violent Enemies, that have industriously sought the taking away my Life. It's the hearty Prayer of JOHN HUCKER.

From *Taunton-Castle*, a little before he suffered, *Septemb.* 30*th*, 1685.

An Impartial Account of Kirk's *Cruelties, with other Barbarities in the* West. *Sent to the Compiler of this History, by one that was an Eye and Ear Witness to all the Matter of Fact.*

When *Kirk* came first into *Taunton* he came with two Cart-loads of Men *Bloody, and their Wounds not drest*, just as they were hauled into *Bridgwater* Prison, they were guarded with Granadeers with naked Swords and Bagonets. He also brought with him into *Taunton*, a great Drove of Foot, chain'd two and two together. He hang'd Nineteen on the Corn-hill immediately, not suffering either their Wives or Children to speak to 'em, or to take their leave of 'em.

As they were executing, he, *Kirk*, caused the *Pipes to play, Drums and Trumpets to sound*, that the Spectators might not hear the Cries and Groans of Dying Men, nor the Cries of their Friends. He caused their Bowels to be burnt, and their Quarters to be boiled in Pitch, and hanged all about the Town.

Kirk hanged one on the *White Heart* Sign-post Three Times, to try if he would own he had done amiss; but he affirmed (to this Effect) That if it was to do again, he would engage in the same Cause; so *Kirk* would have him hang'd in Chains; and so he was, till King *William* came to Deliverance of this Nation from Popery and Slavery.

When *Jenkins, Hewlings*, &c. were to die, before they came out of the *B——l*, there was a great Fire made on the Corn-hill, that so they might see the Fire that was to burn their Bowels.

Some that *Kirk* caused to be hanged, he caused also their Bodies to be stript, and their Breasts to be cleav'd asunder; in the Place where he caused the Executions to be done, you might have gone up to the *Ankles in Blood;* he also caused the Hearts of the poor Executed Men to be thrown into the Fire with a great Shout, saying, Here is the Heart of a *Traitor.*

A Captain of *W——* was hang'd, and the Rope broke, whereby he hoped to have saved his Life; but they took from a *Market-Horse* a *Ring-rope*, and hanged him again.

At the Assizes, when the Prisoners were brought before the Bar, *Jeffreys* said, If any Man pleaded Not-guilty, he should die.

One not concerned in *Monmouth's* Business, when asked, said, *Not Guilty, my Lord; Jeffreys* said, Take him, Jaylor, and let him be executed another Time.

An Honest Man was hang'd for sparing for *Monmouth's* Horse three Penny worth of Hay.

A Constable also was hang'd for executing of *Monmouth's* Warrant.

And many Hundreds were put in the Castle-Hall, by which it was feared they would infect the Town. *Francis Burges* was taken upon *Maidendown*, by the Persuasion of Sir —— was hang'd by fastning a Rope to a Chamber-Window, and set upon a Hoget, and so hang'd. The Executioner was one *S——* of St. *Thomas's* Parish, *Exon.*

There was, by good Report, several Scores died in *Ilchester* by *Infectious Diseases*, and in their Irons, and Hand-bolts; for if they were not hard-hearted, and us'd the extreamest Rigour imaginable, the Keepers were not counted good Subjects. One of *Welinton* that was to be hanged then, was saved, supposed by Order of Sir —— and one of *Crookern* hanged in his stead; this is true, and so it was at other Places: but 'twere endless to record all the Cruelties exercised by *Kirk* and *Jeffreys*, after *Monmouth's* Defeat.

Now that which remains, is to give an Account of Hundreds that had fled and hid themselves up and down in Holes and Rocks, whose Friends made all Application to some great

Person or other to procure their Pardons; some to this, some to others, that they thought Favourites with the King; but the Rewards must be ascertain'd before any Application could be made, (for Pardons were just as they were in *Rome*) according to the Ability of the Person, from Half a Crown to Sixteen Thousand Guineas; *Any Tooth, good Barber.* Divers Lists being sent up, and the Rewards ascertain'd, which amongst many of them put together, did amount to considerable Sums. So that it was now, who could find a Friend to relieve his distressed Relations, which were forced to *wander up and down in Caves and Deserts*, for fear of being taken. But this Misfortune attended the Agents, that unless my Lord Chancellor were used, by his Creatures that were allowed by him so to do, other Applications commonly met with Disappointments.

To conclude, The Solemn, Serious, Dying *Declarations*, and *Christian Courage* of the *Western Sufferers*, have always outweighed with me the Evidence of those flagitious *Witnesses*, who swore these Persons out of their Lives. And I did, and do most steadfastly believe, that the only Plot in that Day was the same which the *Almighty* has at length owned, and most signally prospered, in the hand of *Our Gracious, August, and Rightful Soveraign, King* William; I mean the rescuing the *Protestant Religion*, and the *Laws* and *Liberties* of *England*, from a most Impetuous Torrent of *Popery* and *Tyranny*: wherewith they were very dangerously threatned. And methinks it should even convert a *Tory* (unless his Brains were pickt out of his Skull, by him who pickt the Guineas out of his Pocket) when he cast his Eye upon that apposite and Emphatical Expression in the *Observator, Vol. 2. Numb.* 125. **To deal free with thee,** TRIMMER, **I have more Faith, in the Words of One dying** Traitor, **under the stroke of Justice, than of Twenty living.**

The following Relations were written by Mr. Burd, *and other* West-*Country Gentlemen, and were sent to be inserted in our* Western Martyrology.

Mr. *Burd* lives near *Frome*, he gives (in a Letter hereafter inserted) a Remarkable Account of several Passages; for he

Proclaimed the Duke of *Monmouth* at the Head of the Army, which was unwillingly done by the Duke then : *He also saw the Maids of Honour* present their Flags, and several come to kiss the Duke's Hand, as King after Proclamation, and presented a Purse of Guineas on their Knees. At this Time One Widow made a Pathetic Speech to him, and delivered her Mite.

As the Army went through *Pensford*, a Parson came out of an Ale-house, and asked them, Gentlemen, how doth the *King* do? If he comes this Way to Day, I will kiss his Hand, meaning the Duke of *Monmouth*.

The Parson was Indicted first on a single Indictment; after *Jeffreys* had drank a Bottle of Claret, (as was his Custome) he repairs to the Bench, where being seated, the Parson was brought before him.

Jeffreys reprimanded the Parson so severely at first, that the Parson was ready to sink for Fear; but recovering himself, said—*Not Guilty;* alledging he never wore Weapon, nor was in the Army, only stood by on Horseback, and view'd the Army.

Jeffreys replied, There is a worse Weapon than a Sword, that is a Parson's Tongue, and declared to the Parson, that whoever stood by the Army, or gave a smile on it, was Guilty of Rebellion : (Tho' a Smile might be in Derision).

The Parson pleaded, that it was not known that the Duke would have come to *Kinson* half a Quarter of an Hour before he came, and that he had Business that Way, which stopp'd him, and that he was forc'd to stay and see the Encampement, but exchanged not one Word with any belonging to the Army.

The Parson also urg'd, that both the Witnesses against him swore in Malice, because he had put one of 'em into the Spiritual Court for Tithes, and the other Witness he had Arrested.

At last *Jeffreys* demanded if any Neighbouring Gentleman could give a Character of the Parson, (tho' he lookt upon all the Gentry thereabouts as Rebels).

The Parson alledg'd Captain *Cox*, the Fore-man of the Grand Inquest, knew him ; who was sent for.

When Capt. *Cox* appear'd, *Jeffreys* askt him, If he had observ'd all the Ceremonies, and behav'd himself Loyally?

Captain *Cox* answered, He knew no ill Character of him, &c.

After this, *Jeffreys* summ'd up the Evidence against the Parson, but wheel'd at last into this, *I fear the Sin of Rebellion lurks under that Canonical Coat, I would have him hang'd to be an Example to others.*

Had *Burd* said he heard the Parson say he would *kiss the King's Hand*, if he came by that Way, the Parson had certainly truss'd up.

The Parson's Jury brought him in *Not Guilty;* upon which *Jeffreys* made him down on his Knees, and bid him go, and Preach for his Sake upon that Text, *Fear God and honour the King*, &c.

While this Parson was upon his Trial, the Court was interrupted with the *Maids of Honour*, who came hoping for Pardon; and often the Court was interrupted with Petitions, and Certificates under the Justices Hands, to certifie that the Bearers did according to the King's Proclamation come in in Five Days, and therefore expected their Pardon.

It happened one Alderman *Holliday's* Son was One that came in within the Five Days, and his Father offered to vindicate his Son, and to be Bail for him; (for all that came within the Time, he made them give special Bail) *Jeffreys* said, *He knew many Aldermen were Villains, and he hoped to beat some Furr out of their Gowns.*

Then he began to Trie the Two Hundred odd Men: *Burd* was in the Front, as their Names were called; he made every Man shew his Face; for if they were in Years, they had been Rebels ever since *Oliver's* Time, their *Age tried them.* But for further Confirmation of some of these Particulars, we refer you to Mr. *Burd's* Letter, directed to Mr. *John Dunton*, in these Words.

Beckington, *June 24th*, 1702.

SIR,

Looking over a Book lately, Intituled, *A Panegyric on the Lord Jeffreys*, I find a great deal therein contained true to my own Knowledge, and therefore doubt not of all the rest, for I was One my self condemned by him at *Wells Assizes*, and my getting off next to a Wonder to all that heard thereof: the Particulars whereof, and the Manner how, being too long and

tedious, I shall not trouble you therewith; only being informed you intend to Reprint your *Bloody Assizes*, I thought it not amiss to acquaint you with two or three of the most Material Passages that happened within the Compass of my own Knowledge and View. When I was committed a Prisoner to the *Bath*, where I lay fourteen Weeks, I found there seven and twenty more confined in a little Room, some lying on Boards, others through much Difficulty had obtained the Favour of Straw to lye on. Among those aforementioned there was two poor Men, who lived in or about *Taunton* and *Ilminster*, whose Names were *William Hussey*, a *Worsted Comber*, I judge about seventy Years of Age; he alledged he went into the Army to fetch home his Son, being himself past engaging in War; *Thomas Paul*, I think of the same Occupation, and upwards of sixty Years old, but a Quaker. This said *Hussey* and *Paul* were never under the least Apprehension of suffering during their fourteen Weeks Imprisonment, till the very Day they were condemned, the said *Hussey* often times affirmed, he was never out with the Duke's Army; and the said *Paul* being Unkle to a very Great Man's Chaplain at Court; the said Chaplain was his chief Dependance, and promised him a Pardon by his Interest. Now it so happened, that the Prisoners commonly about once a Week had Liberty from their Keeper to go out of the said Prison, hand-bolted two and two, to the said Keeper's House, for an Hour or two, to divert and recreate themselves; and commonly these two ancient Men, *Hussey* and *Paul*, were linkt together, and they would both of them generally take that Liberty, to drink till they were a little merry and brisk; and when they return'd in that Posture to the said Prison, it would be most Times the usual Custome of *William Hussey*, (as soon as ever the Keeper had took off their Hand-bolts) to strike the said *Thomas Paul* on the Shoulder, jocosely saying, Never fear, *Tom Paul*, if thou and I be hang'd we'll hang Cheek by Choul; which Expression I often times heard, though I did little think at that Time either of them would suffer; but it so happened, that contrary to both their Imaginations they were hang'd *Side by Side*. The Day after they were condemed, I accidentally met with the said *William Hussey*, walking out in the middle of the Cloisters at *Wells* by himself, with his Hat

over his Eyes, very melancholly, weeping, at which I was a little surprized, and ask'd what was the Matter? He replied, with Tears in his Eyes, Ha! Mr. *Burd*, I look upon my self now, and never till now, a dead Man; you are a Young Man, and if you can get off of this Business, you may live to see many Years; and remember that I told thee so, before the Year 88 be over, you will see all Things turn'd Upside down, and King *James*, for what he had done, would be turn'd out, and another would come in, and effect what was then begun; and with a great deal of Earnestness and Zeal doubled over his Words again; but at that Time Thinking what he so earnestly affirmed was the Effect of his Concern for his own Death, I did scarce ever recollect what he then affirmed, till 88 was over, when I saw all Things exactly happened as he before had told me. Another Passage I took Notice of among others., was, when I was at the Bar to receive my Doom, One of the Judge *Jeffrey's* Officers told the Judge there was One of the Maids of Honour (so call'd, because 20 or 30 of that Sex presented Flags to the Duke at *Taunton* after he was proclaimed King) come to surrender her self, begging Mercy at his Hands; whom when he saw, he lookt on her with a very fierce Countenance, raving at her, &c., bid the Goaler take her, which struck such a Fear into the *Poor Girl*, that she pull'd her Hood over her Face, and fell a weeping; and the Goaler, according to the Command of the fierce Judge, took her away immediately out of the Court; and, as I was afterwards informed, she died in his Custody not many Hours after for Fear, as our Lord Mayor died for Fear of *Jeffreys*, when brought before him. When I my self received my Sentence, there was another Young Man hand-bolted to me, whose Name was *Jacob Tripp*, about 21 Years of Age, and so stout and brisk, that he would almost attempt to fight a Lion: I could tell you all his Case and Circumstances as well as my own, but 'twill be too large to insert here; only thus much I will hint about him, He was always of the *Tory* Party, but he fell in with *Monmouth's* Men; it so happened, that after Sentence past on both of us, we were at the same Time both taken very dangerously ill, in a very malignant, infectious Feaver, during which Illness a Reprieve came for both of us for so many Days, which Days being expired, *Tripp's* Enemies, his Brother *Tories*,

(which before were his chief Confederates and Acquaintance) they said he deserved worse Usage than those who always had been such, by their unwearied Diligence had obtained an Order for his Execution, he being at that Time so ill, that he had not been sensible for near a Week before, and his Physicians gave him over for dead, and did affirm it impossible for him to live 24 Hours, yet, to shew their unbounded Rage, they immediately got him lifted out of his Bed, where he lay sensless and a dying, wrapt him up in his Sheets, laid him in a Chair, where two Men carried him to the Market-place in *Wells*, the Place of Execution, where they hung him up, and quartered him (when he was as sensless as a Stock or Stone) before a great many Spectators, many of which took the Infection of his distemper, together with Abundance of the Soldiers, which caused them to die like ban'd Sheep; and this Infection spread afterward far and near round the Country, to the Loss of a great many Peoples Lives. I could tell you more remarkable Passages, but doubting I am too large in these already mentioned, let this suffice, from

Your Humble Servant unknown,

JOHN BURD.

POSTSCRIPT.

MR. DUNTON,

You may, if you please, correct this, and put it into some better Stile if you think fit; but the Matter of Fact is all true to my Knowledge, as I have truly and impartially related the same; for I had the Honour to be known to the Duke of *Monmouth* before he came into England on that unhappy Expedition, which made my getting a Pardon so difficult, that had there not some Disgust happened between some great Men concerning me, scarce any Price would have purchas'd it; for thus it was, That very Night the Rout was, being on a *Sunday* about 8 of the Clock, there came a Foot-messenger to the Duke into the Field near *Bridgwater*, and gave him an Account what Posture the King's Forces (then at *Weston* on the Edge of *Sedgmore*) lay in; the Duke gave him a Gratuity, and sent him back again to make a further Discovery, and bring a further Account thereof, but he was unfortunately taken, and returned no more; upon which the

Duke riding into the Town, his Horse in a very strange and unusual Manner threw him, which I often times since thought was Ominous: About 11 a Clock at night the Army marcht out of *Bridgwater* toward *Weston*, which proved a Fatal Night. The Night after, being *Monday* Night, I was taken about 20 miles distant at a By-Ale-house, with two Young Men, (one a *Londoner*) our Horses being carried to *Bath*, and we to be sent after with a Guard; but I, having an Opportunity, got off, and left my Comrades behind, who I understood did also follow my Example; but being taken again the same Day, and delivered into the hands of a *Roman* Catholick, he took Care, and conveyed me to *Wells* before the Lord *F*——, who with the King's Army was arrived there from *Sedgmore;* his Lordship being prepossest against me, would hear nothing at all; I offer'd to speak, but told me, *I should be hang'd, &c.* and immediately sent me a Prisoner to the Lower Church in *Wells*, which was then full of the same sort of Spark; and under a Multitude of Passages that happened, too tedious to relate, I had not been there above two Days and Nights, but I was unexpectedly released, by Means of the Bishop of *W*——*r*, who had obtain'd my Lord *F*——*'s* Consent; so then I had a Pass given me under the Hand and Seal of the Lord Bishop, by Order and Consent of the said Lord *F*——, to require all Officers, Civil and Military, to suffer me to pass to my Place of Abode; notwithstanding which (as I was in my Journey) I was again seiz'd, and hurried away to *Bath*, and there had before another great Man, which was exasperated against me also by the Information of some Enemies, that had told him how great a Rebel I had been, and that I had *proclaimed the Duke King* in the Presence of four thousand Men, &c., which appearing so very visible by their offering to swear it, the said Great Man in a Fury told me, he would secure I should be hang'd, notwithstanding my Pass; and so sent me to the Common Goal in *Bath*, where I remained about 14 Weeks, and then was had to *Wells*, and there condemn'd. But I had forgot to mention, that as soon as I was committed to *Bath* Prison, I sent a Messenger to *Wells*, to acquaint the Bishop of *W*——*r*, that notwithstanding his and my Lord *F*——*'s* Pass, I was again recommitted to *Bath* Prison; which he seemed to be much concerned thereat: but in the End I was given to a *Pardon-monger*,

and he made his Market upon me, tho' afterwards I was told (when too late) that the Judge had Instructions from above, that I should not suffer. When I was at the Bar, it was in the front of above 200 more, that all received Sentence together; unto whom the Judge made a Speech of above an Hour long, to wheedle them all into a Confession, by *quoting Places of Scripture, to set forth the Hainousness of their crime of Rebellion;* and then comes with a long Harangue, telling us how merciful the King was, and how ready he was to shew *Mercy to the worst of us;* in which he had this lofty Expression (which I remember I did not then believe) *Nay*, says he, (and thumps the cushion) *I had almost said, the King is more ready to forgive, than you were to rebel.*

Amongst the Barbarous and Inhumane Actions mentioned in the preceding Sheets, there having been but very little mentioned of the Illegal Whipping-Sentences, pronounced by the merciless Judge, or rather Hang-man, *Jeffreys;* the Editors of this Edition have procured a Relation of the said Whipping-Sentences, from a Gentleman that was a Prisoner in *Dorchester* Goal, and saw the Execution of them upon the persons sentenc'd; which in short are as follows:

The Case, Trial, and Sentence of Mr. John Tutchin, *and several others, in* Dorchester, *in the County of* Dorset.

We must put Mr. *John Tutchin*, a Young Gentleman of *Hampshire*, in the Front of the Persons sentenc'd to be whipp'd, for perhaps no History can parallel the Sentence given against him.

This Young Gentleman had the Misfortune, with many others of his Acquaintance, to be in the Interest of the Duke of *Monmouth*, but had a better Fortune than many of 'em, by concealing his Name: For when he was taken a Prisoner by the Country Guard, he was committed to Prison under the borrow'd Name of *Thomas Pitts*, and his real Name was not discovered till after he was acquitted of the Rebellion, no person appearing as evidence against him.

But *Jeffreys* having discovered his true Name before Mr. *Tutchin* was gone from the Prison, was resolv'd upon Revenge, and said he was never so far outwitted, by an Old or Young Rogue in his Life; and after he had examined Mr. *Tutchin* to many Particulars, by which Mr. *Tutchin* knew that *Jeffreys* had a true Account of him; for he told him the Time when he was in *Holland*, the very place where he lodg'd there, the Manner of his coming over, and the Name he went by at that time; and finding that Mr. *Tutchin* would not answer to some Questions he ask'd him, concerning some Gentlemen in *Hampshire*, who were concerned with Mr. *Tutchin* in raising some men at *Lymington*, for the Service of the Duke of *Monmouth*, I say, after this, he was resolved to try Mr. *Tutchin* again.

But Mr. *Tutchin* still pretended Ignorance in these Matters to his Prison-keeper, who was set upon Mr. *Tutchin* by *Jeffreys*, to bring him to a Confession; but the Goal-keeper, whose Name was *Knapton*, tho' he seem'd an Enemy to the Duke's Men colour'd many Things that might have taken away the Lives of several, and did what he could to allay the Heat of the implacable Judge.

Having given no ill Character of this Goaler, Mr. *Knapton*, it may be a pardonable Digression, to tell the Reader something of another, which I had from the Mouth of Mr. *Tutchin*: When *Richardson*, the Keeper of *Newgate*, brought down the *Hewlings*, and some other Gentlemen, to *Dorchester* against the Assizes, the said *Richardson* drinking with another Goaler, said, Come, Brother, here's to our good Health; this is our Time to make our Fortunes, and now we must lay aside all Humanity, for no Compassion is to be shown to these Dogs.

But to return to Mr. *Tutchin*, he was brought up again to the Hall; but *Jeffreys* not caring to indict him for Rebellion, pretended that the Crime of changing his Name deserved a severe Sentence; and thereupon passed Sentence as follows: *That he should remain in Prison during the Space of Seven Years; that once every year he should be whipt thro' all the Market Towns in* Dorsetshire; *that he should pay a Fine of one hundred Marks to the King, and find Security for his good Behaviour during Life.* This, you will say, was a *Whipping-Sentence* indeed.

It was observable, when this Sentence was past upon Mr *Tutchin*, that the Ladies in the Court, of which there were a great many, all burst out a crying; but *Jeffreys* turning towards them, said, *Ladies, if you did but know what a Villain this is, as well as I do, you would say, this Sentence is not half bad enough for him.*

Upon passing the Sentence, the Clerk of the Arraigns stood up, and said, *My Lord, there are a great many Market Towns in this County, the sentence reaches to a Whipping about once a Fortnight, and he's a very young Man.* *Aye*, says *Jeffreys, he's a Young Man, but he's an old Rogue; and all the Interest in* England *shan't reverse the Sentence I have past upon him.*

But certainly no Devil incarnate could rage, nor no *Billingsgate* Woman could scould worse than this Judge did at this young Gentleman whilst he was at the Bar; he call'd him a thousand Rogues and Villains, told him that he was a Rebel from *Adam*, that never any of his Family had the least Loyalty; and, said he, *I understand you are a Wit and Poet, pray, Sir, let you and I cap Verses.* Mr. Tutchin smil'd in his Face, and told him, *He knew upon what Ground he stood, and when he was overmatch'd.*

Lying under this Barbarous sentence, Mr. *Tutchin's* Friends endeavoured to persuade him to sue for a pardon; but he utterly refus'd it, and drew up a Petition with his own Hand, which was presented to the King at *Winchester*, and was as follows:

To the King's Majesty.

The Humble Petition of John Tutchin *of* Lymington *in the County of* Southampton, *Gent', now a Prisoner in the County Goal of* Dorset.

SHEWETH,

That your Petitioner now lies in this Prison under sentence of the Lord Chief Justice *Jeffreys*, To remain in the said Prison during the Space of Seven years, that once every Year he shall be whipt through all the Market Towns in *Dorsetshire*,

that he shall pay a Fine of one hundred Marks to the King, and find Security for his good Behaviour during Life.

That this Sentence was past upon your Petitioner under pretence of his having changed his Name, and no Matter of Treason or Rebellion being proved upon him.

That your Petitioner has always demeaned himself according to his Duty required by Law, and that he is ready to venture his Life in Defence of a Lawful King, that shall govern according to Law, in preservation of the Liberties of *Englishmen.*

That he humbly conceives, the Sentence pass'd upon him by the said *Jeffreys* is worse than death; and therefore Humbly prays your Majesty will be Mercifully pleas'd to grant him the Favour of being hang'd with those of his Fellow-Prisoners, that are condemned to die; and till then

Your Petitioner shall ever pray, *&c.*

JOHN TUTCHIN.

And underneath his Name were written these Words—*Malim, mori quam vapulari.*

You may see by this Petition, that Mr. *Tutchin* was a young Man when he wrote it; for many Exceptions were made against it: To the King's Majesty, instead of the King's most Excellent Majesty; and you may be sure, the *Western* Hangman did not overlook his calling of him plain *Jeffreys* in the Body of the Petition.

But the Court esteem'd it a barbarous Sentence; and it's said, the King esteem'd it no less. But all the Answer could be got, was from the Lord *Sunderland,* That Mr. *Tutchin* must wait with Patience.

Mr. *Tutchin* hereupon endeavour'd to get a Pardon from the People who had Grants of Lives, many of 'em 500, some 1,000, more or less, according as they had Interest in the King; but *Jeffreys* would not so much as hear his Name mentioned, and the Sentence was order'd to be executed.

Four or Five Days before the Execution of the Sentence, a Brother in Law of Mr. *Tutchins,* a Physician, persuaded him to take a Dose of Physick to make himself sick, by which Means the Execution might be put off, and perhaps in that Time some Means might be found for his Enlargement: He took the Dose,

and in three or four Days the Small-pox came out very thick upon him, no Man ever had 'em to a higher Degree; and in that Condition he lay by himself in Prison, no Body to look after him but his Fellow-Prisoners, for there being a Pestilential Distemper in the Prison, of which some Scores died every Week, the Magistrates of the Town would not suffer any Communication with the Prisoners.

Mr. *Tutchin* lying in this miserable Condition, and his Life being dispair'd of, his Friends work'd the easier with *Jeffreys* to get the Sentence revers'd, which some People would have believed a Sign of Repentance in *Jeffreys*, had he not taken the Money himself. After Mrs. *Tutchin* had done this last kind Office for her Son, she sickned of the Small-pox, and died, his Brother and two Sisters fell sick of the same Distemper; so that when Mr. *Tutchin* had Friends allow'd to come to him, like *Job's* Comforters, they brought him the Tidings that his Mother was dead, and all the Relations he had in the World were a dying, and that they had contracted for a Pardon for more Money than he was worth, for a Life which he never valued. So he was popt into a Pardon amongst others; for 'twas usual at that Time for one Courtier to get a Pardon of the King for half a Score, and then by the Assistance of *Jeffreys* to augment the Sum to Fourscore or an Hundred, and so this unfortunate Gentleman fortunately got out of his Broil.

But we must not leave Mr. *Tutchin* here, tho' what afterwards we shall say of him, does not relate to what was transacted in the *West*, yet it may not be amiss to show how the Providence of God does often change the Face of Things, and alter the Circumstances and Conditions of Men, so that those who boast of their Power, and exercise their Authority with the greatest Severity, many Times become the Scorn and Contempt of those they have triumph'd over: Who could have thought, when *Jeffreys* past that Sentence on Mr. *Tutchin* in the West, that ever Mr. Tutchin should see that wicked Judge a Prisoner, apprehended by the injur'd People, and committed by a Tool of his own Party? Yet it so hapned.

For *Jeffreys* endeavouring to make his Escape beyond Sea in a Sailor's Habit, was discovered by one, to whom he had done some Acts of Injustice, and was taken in *Anchor-and-Hope-Alley*

in *Wapping*, and by the Mob carried before the Instrument of Popery, Sir *J*—— *C*——, then Lord Mayor of the City of *London*, and by him committed to the Tower.

Mr. *Tutchin* hearing of this, went to give his Lordship a Visit; who did not know Mr. *Tutchin* at first, he being much altered with the Small-pox; but *Jeffreys* understanding who he was, told him, *He was glad to see him:* Mr. *Tutchin* answered, *He was glad to see him in that Place.* Jeffreys returned, *That Time and Place happened to all Men, and that when a Man was born, he knew not what Death he should die, nor what his Circumstances should be in this Life*, and Abundance of such Cant; but added, *That he had served his Master very faithfully, according to his Conscience.* Mr. *Tutchin* ask'd him, *Where his Conscience was when he past that Sentence on him in the* West? *Jeffreys* said, *You are a Young Man, and an Enemy to the Government, and might live to do Abundance of Mischief; and 'twas part of my Instructions, to spare no Man of Courage, Parts, or Estate;* but withal added, *That his Instructions were much more severe than the Execution of them, and that at his Return he was snub'd at Court for being too merciful.* So after he had treated Mr. *Tutchin* with a Glass of Wine, Mr. *Tutchin* went away.

Soon after this, *Jeffreys* had a Barrel of Oysters sent him to the Tower, which he caused to be opened, saying, *He thank'd God he had some Friends left.* But when the Oysters were tumbled out on the Table, a Halter came out with them, which made him change his Countenance, and so pall'd his Stomach, that he could eat none of them. This was confidently reported to be done by Mr. *Tutchin;* but I having heard him protest that he was not in the least concerned therein, we must believe it to be done by another Hand.

The Second in the List of Persons sentenc'd to be whipt, is one *William Wiseman*, a Boy of about 14 or 15 Years of Age, at that time an Apprentice to a Barber at *Weymouth.* It seems the Duke of *Monmouth's* Declaration was put up in that Town in the Night time, and some People who could not read, finding it in the Morning, took it down, and this Boy, being by, read it to them. This was his Crime, for which *Jeffreys* sentenc'd him to be whipt through all the Market Towns in *Dorsetshire.*

Sentence was accordingly executed first at *Dorchester*, where in Consideration of the Boy's Age he was whipt more gently than some People thought convenient.

Upon which a Clergy-man of the Church of *England*, named *Blanchard*, came to the Goaler, and revil'd him, saying, *He would do his Business for him with the Lord Chief Justice, for shamming his Sentence, in not whipping the Boy half enough.* The Goaler breaking out in a Passion said, *You talk of the Cruelties of the Popish Priests, but commend me to a Church of* England *Priest for Cruelty: They are like the Country Justices, who won't believe a Man is burnt in the Hand unless they can see a Hole through it.*

Whether this Parson made the Complaint, or no, is uncertain; but sure it is, Complaint was made, and the Boy was order'd to be whipt again the Morrow following the Day he was whipt before; which, to please this Parson and *Jeffreys*, was done to that Degree, that the Boy fell into a Feaver, which was likely to have cost him his Life. After *Jeffreys* had left the Country, he was whipt thro' the Town of *Weymouth*, and there the Sentence terminated.

The Third in this List was one *Edward Jervaise*, a Hatter of *Milbourn* Port. This Man, it seems, being in some Company, happen'd to say, that *he had a* Monmouth *in his Heart.* Upon which he was apprehended, and sent to *Dorchester* Goal. This Man was a Criminal in another Respect, which was enough to hang any at that Time of Day; for he had three or four Uncles and other Relations in the Duke's Army. I was told one of his Uncles, being taken a Prisoner by *Kirk*, was immediately order'd to be hang'd up, but being a brave stout Man, some of *Kirk's* Officers interceded for his Life, which *Kirk* was willing to grant, provided he would acknowledge his Rebellion; which he refused to do: At length they would release him if he would say, *God bless King* James, which he also refus'd; and so was hang'd, and the last Words he said, was, *God bless the Duke of* Monmouth.

His Nephew *Edward*, when he came into Court, could not deny, that he had *Monmouth* in his Heart, and thereupon was Sentenc'd to be whipt through all the Market Towns in *Dorsetshire*, paying a Fine to the King.

Upon passing of the Sentence, he steps to Mr. *Tutchin*, (then in Court, and who had received Sentence before him) and said, *Master, I understand the Jig we are to dance well enough; but what must we pay this Money for?* Mr. *Tutchin* answered, *You never knew People dance without Musick, and this Money is order'd to pay the Fidlers. Nay, then,* says *Jervaise, 'tis well enough;* and went away with the least Concern that could be. He was whipt through *Dorchester* and his own Town, and no more.

The next was a Woman of *Lyme*, who kept an Ale-house, and brew'd her own Drink. Two or three Days after the Duke of *Monmouth* landed, the Excise-Officers came to her House to collect the Duties, but she refus'd it, and said, *She would pay no more Excise till the Duke of* Monmouth *was King of* England. For which Crime she was sentenc'd to be whipt through all the Market Towns in *Dorsetshire*, and was whipt through *Dorchester* and *Lyme*, and no farther. For when *Jeffreys* was gone out of the Country, the Justices were not so severe, and conniv'd at the Gaolers stopping Part of the Sentences.

There was another in *Dorchester* Prison, that was alike sentenc'd to be whipt: he profess'd himself to be an Astrologer and Physician, but was very unluckily misled by the Stars into the Country at this Time; for coming to a Corporation Town to vend his Physick, and tell Fortunes; the People not knowing but that he was a Conjuror indeed, desired him to consult the Stars about the Fate of the Duke of *Monmouth* then in Arms: he erected his Scheme, and found that King *James* would be ruin'd and undone, and that the Duke of *Monmouth* would happen to be King in a short Time, which coming to the Magistrates' Ears, they committed him to Prison, where he erected another Scheme concerning his own Fate, when he found by the Stars that he would be whipt at the Cart's Arse for erecting his former Scheme; which proving true, he could not say that the Stars always deceiv'd him.

Thus I have given you a short Account of the Whipping-sentences in *Dorchester*, which Sentences, together with some others executed before that Time, were made one Article against the late King *James* upon the Revolution, and are included in

the Bill of Rights; so that no King of *England* for the future can be guilty of such illegal Barbarities without Reflection on the Fate of that unhappy Monarch.

In this Prison at one Time there was in one Room Nineteen young Gentlemen, and not one of 'em 21 Years of age, and all of them hang'd, except Mr. *Tutchin*.

In this Prison was Major *Holmes*, who had been a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Duke of *Monmouth's* Service; he was taken a prisoner after the *Phillipsnorton* Fight, and though his Arm was shot to pieces, so that it hung but by a piece of Flesh, the barbarous Soldiers stript him stark naked, and carried him before a Justice of Peace, who being at Dinner, order'd him to be kept till he had dined. The Servants got the Colonel into the Kitchen, and gave him some Cloaths to cover his Nakedness, and some Refreshments; in which Time the Colonel laying his scattered Arm on the Dresser, with the Cook-maid's Knife cut off his Arm with his own Hand.

I mention this Gentleman, because perhaps there was never more Indignity offered to Grey Hairs and real Worth, than in the Person of this Colonel *Holmes*. One Day he was sitting in a little Garden in the Prison with the *Hewlings* and about three more young Gentlemen, when a certain Lord, well known at that Time, came and insulted him, and told him, *It was a shame to see an old man among a Parcel of Boys.* Mr. *Tutchin* told his Lordship, *That the worst Boy there durst fight him for his Life.* Said the Colonel, *My Lord, these are boys, but they are brave Boys; and let me be well mounted in the head of these Boys, we'll fight for our Lives your Lordship in the Head of the best Troop of Guards.* The Indignities offer'd by that Lord was far beneath a Gentleman, and suitable to the Courage he show'd in the late King's Service; but when he went from this Company to the Common side, he was there as much insulted by one *Furrard*, a Highway-man, who call'd him a thousand Rogues, Villains, and Cowards.

Indeed the Usage of the Prisoners was barbarous enough, the Goalers were forc'd to show them up to every little Fellow in Authority, so that they were daily insulted, and paid dear enough for every Thing they had; but what was most barbarous, they would not allow their Relations to come to them in the Time of

their sickness, so that many died for want of Help in a Pestilential Distemper, the like perhaps was never known. The Smallpox at that Time was the worst that was known, very few recover'd of it. Mrs. *Mary Blake*, a young Lady of *Taunton*, who was committed to this Prison for making the Colours presented to the Duke of *Monmouth*, died of this Distemper, to the great Grief of her Family: as did several others.

But the greatest Persecutors and Insulters of these poor People were the Country Parsons: They did not preach to the Spirits in Prison, but they revil'd e'm. One of 'em, when he heard some condemned Persons in Prayer just before their Execution, said, *These Fellows will pray the Devil out of Hell;* and the Prison was seldom free of the Black-Coats.

But, Thanks be to God, we now speak of these Things only, and don't see 'em: and that those who are now living, though they have lost their Estates, yet they see what they contended for, I mean their Liberty and Property establish'd.

Thus have we given you an Account of what happened in the *WEST* (in the Year 85), being in every Point Truth; we shall next give a short Touch of the Civilities the poor Sufferers received from the City of *Exon*, which deserves an everlasting Remembrance: Most sorts of Provisions, as hot Broth, boyled Meat, roast Meat, divers sorts of Pies, were daily sent into the Prison; the Persons that sent them unknown to them. Also if any Person was sick, there should be a Nurse to attend him; also a Physician and Chyrurgeon to attend when Occasion was. 'Tis said, *He that giveth to the Poor, lendeth to the Lord;* the Lord return them an Hundredfold.

Thus, *Reader*, by the Help of God, we are come to an End of our long Journey, from the Year 1678 to 1685. The Way all along has been full of Dirt and Blood, and therefore no Wonder if the Wheels have driven somewhat heavily. 'Twill be worth thy while as well as mine, to look upon the different *Stages* we have taken, which is one of the greatest Pleasures of a *Traveller*, who finds Delight in reflecting even on that which formerly gave him Pain and Trouble. He who first broke the Way, was

Sir *Edmund-bury Godfrey*, according to his own *Prophesie*, *That he should be the First Martyr*. Mr. *Arnold* was like to follow him, but that intended stroke not coming home enough, they resolved to lay the Foundation firmer, and so struck *lower*, and began with *Stephen Colledge* at *Oxford*, who before his Death, said, *That it* wou'd not stop there, nor his Death satisfie those who thirsted after *Blood;* as appeared plain enough, when they had got a *Plot* and Plotters to their Minds, who made it their Business, as *Walcot* tells *Cartwright*, to invite Men to their Meetings, to importune 'em to their Meetings, as it appears, to talk madly and treasonably at those Meetings, and because they were a little too brave to do the same by them, after all to deliver them up to be hang'd for coming thither, by which Design many of the boldest Patrons of their Country and Religion were destroyed; to whose Death an infamy was added greater than that of those who *publickly* suffer'd. *Russel* follow'd but too closely after him, who says in his Speech, *He wishes the Rage of hot Men and particular Furies might be stopt with his Blood, which he would offer up with much more Joy, if he thought he should be* the Last *that were to suffer in such a Way*. About the same Time died *Walcot*, and some others. Col. *Sidney* came after, one of the first that ever lost his Head by *Innuendo*'s, and who died, as he was told, because else the Plot must have died. *Holloway* came next, brought from *t'other* world to be hang'd in this; whose ingenuous Confession did his Business, there being too many bold Truths in't, which some Men could not bear, for him ever to expect a Pardon. But how many Lies besides there might be in his Confession, or others, 'tis impossible to know, unless we knew, not only whose Hands they came through, but how they were used. And as he from *another* World, so *Armstrong* was brought from *another* Country, to be paid for all his Service to the Royal Family, in their Exile and afterwards. And tho' he was not *hang'd* first, and *try'd* afterwards, yet what's much the same, was *hang'd* without ever being try'd at all. Next to this we took a View of the Design of that unfortunate Gentleman who landed in the *West*, and of those who embark'd in it, and how far they were justifiable; where follows a particular Account of some of the most eminent amongst 'em, and a more general one

of the rest; which though it might have perhaps been more accurate, yet 'twas thought better to keep near those loose Papers already publish'd on that Matter, of which this Book is a sort of a *second Edition;* and to give that Account in the same *inartificial* Dress which 'twas deliver'd in by some honest Country-men, who were personally present at most of the Actions and Sufferings there mention'd. And among all these, nothing is more remarkable than what we have taken particular Notice of. The strong Persuasion and Belief in which almost all of e'm dy'd, *That God would accomplish the great Work of delivering their Country and Religion some other Way, though he was not pleas'd to accept of their Endeavours.* At the Return from the *Western* Circuit, that *London* might have a little sprinkling of their Mercy, the pious and prudent Mr. *Cornish* was sacrificed; all whose Time of Preparation for that which must be call'd his Trial, was from *Saturday* to *Monday,* whose Courage and Constancy at his Death, and that dreadful Storm which spoke the Displeasure of Heaven in such loud Language after 'twas over, were as much the *Wonder* of *England,* as the next and last merited their *Pity,* poor *Bateman,* who had intirely lost his Reason by his Imprisonment, and the Accidents thereof. But besides all these, and some others, there were some who had *Trials of Cruel Mockings and Scourgings,* were expos'd in the Pillory, and worse than *whipt to Death,* though sometimes even that not thought sufficient, without actual Assassination.

Upon the intire Review of all this dreadful Scene of Blood and Horror, especially that relating to the *Western* Affairs, what can be a more natural and useful Reflection, than for us hence to learn, by Wounds of our own, yet *green* and *bleeding,* the true undissembled Kindness of prevailing Popery, and Popish Councils, and what all Protestants, of what Character and Denomination soever, must expect thence, when rampant and powerful? How can we chuse but see, unless we have winkt our selves quite blind, that the Hand of the same *Joab* has been in all this? That 'twas the famous D. of *Y.,* who was at first as deep in *Godfrey's* Murther, as in the Fire of *London;* the same who was at Helm all along after, and as good as managed the Executioners' Axes and Halters for so many Years.

'Twas he who was so near at *Essex's* Murther, and who hindered so carefully my L. *Russel* from his Pardon; who was the Staff, the Hope, the *Moses*, the *Gideon* of the Popish Plot and Party, and the eager and inveterate Enemy to the very Name of a true Protestant. He who shew'd so much Mercy to the poor *West-Country Men*, *Women*, and *Children*, destroying so many Hundreds in cold Blood, and hardly sparing one Man that could write and read, by his L. Chief Hangman, *Jeffreys*. Lastly, he who was falling upon his own best Friends, who are now sensible they lov'd him to a Fault, and carried their Loyalty to such a Heighth for his Service, as is now better forgotten, since no Party can entirely clear themselves even of that Imputation. He who fell upon them, and our Religion and Laws, and whatever was dear to us, with the greatest and most open Violence; and because he could not have his Will, and be a *French* King in *England*, resolv'd to leave us to the Mercy of his *own unkenell'd Irish*, and go to *France*, to be there as *Absolute* a Slave as he here would have made us. And yet this is the self-same Person whose pretended Son some are still so zealous for, as if they had not yet had enough of Popery.

But whilst these Haters of themselves, as well as their Religion and Country, must be left to Man's Justice and God's Vengeance, let's address the Conclusion of these Papers to all True Honest Men, of good Principles, and firm to the Protestant Religion, and persuade them to pray heartily for our Glorious Queen *ANNE*, and Fight for her as heartily too, as all these Martyrs, no doubt, would gladly have done. If some of them should not be entirely satisfied with whatever has happen'd in this great Change, yet to remember at the lowest the *Duty of Subjects*; to think all the Nation may see more than they; to pay Allegiance where they find Protection; to reflect on our almost too happy Condition, compared with that of *Germany*, *Italy*, &c., and where-ever the *French* and *Popish* Arms and Counsels prevail: to honour the Memory of these Martyrs, who suffered for their vigorous Appearance against them; and lastly, to thank God sincerely and in good Earnest, that we may now, if Occasion be, defend our Religion and Liberties with our Swords, which they could only do by laying down their Lives.

AN IMPARTIAL

HISTORY

OF THE

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

GEORGE Lord *JEFFREYS*,

LATE

LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

TO

GEORGE Lord *JEFFREYS*,

LATE

Lord Chancellour of *England.*

MY LORD,

I KNOW not to whom I could more properly Dedicate a Treatise of this Nature than to your Lordship, who lately was Lord Chief Justice of *England*, and have set such Presidents to inferior Magistrates. What is here offered, may serve as a Mirrour, into which future Administrators of Publick Justice would do well to look; for you may remember, my Lord, if your Lordship's present Afflictions have not made you forget as much Law as you ever learned) *Common Law* runs much upon Presidents: And if a Man happen to have none of the best Physiognomy, there is no Reason why he should streight grow angry, and fling Stones to break all the Looking-Glasses he meets with, only because they represent the true Figure of the Object.

My Lord, The following Treatise is a true Account of your Lordship's Life and Actions (most of which are ready to be attested) of your unheard-of Cruelties and barbarous Proceedings in your whole *Western* Circuit: In which all may see at what a dear Rate our *Western Martyrs* purchased their Religion, and how it cost those Glorious Sufferers, who so lately went off the Stage (under your Lordship's Sentence) both Whippings and cruel Imprisonments, and the most exquisite Tortures which none could invent nor inflict but your Lordship, (whose

good Nature is sufficiently experienced) *nor any endure* but those whose Gallant and Noble Souls were *born up* with Heavenly Cordials and a Power from on high. But, my Lord, rest assured, that their Blood still cries for Vengeance, and will be a lasting Monument of your Lordship's Cruelties, whilst History can speak or transmit to Posterity the Remarkables of elapsed Ages; for to Hang, Draw, and Quarter, and Try Men afterwards, (witness Sir *Thomas Armstrong's* Death, *&c.*) has been your peculiar Talent. But your Lordship will now at last do well to remember that King *Alfred* caused Forty Four Judges in One Year to be hang'd as Murderers, for their false Judgments.

I hope your Lordship will pardon this present Address, seeing 'tis a Priviledge we modern Authors hold by Prescription, to put any Great Man's Name in the Front of our Book: Princes have not been able to exempt themselves or their Families from the Persecution of *Dedications;* nor ever was there (I humbly conceive) any Rule made in your Lordship's Court to prohibit them.

Suffer then, I beseech your Lordship, this Address to remain a Monument to Posterity, of the Sentiments this Age has of your Lordship's Conduct and Merits; and Witness to all the World how much its Author is

Your Lordship's

Humble Servant,

JAMES BENT.

A POEM

Dedicated to the

MEMORY

OF

GEORGE Lord *JEFFREYS.*

I CANNOT hold, hot struggling Rage aspires,
And crowds my free-born Breast with noble Fires;
Whilst prudent Fools squeak Treason through the Nose,
And whine a quivering Vote in sneaking Prose
My Muse soars out of Reach, and dares despise
What e'er below attempts to *Tyrannize.*
Though I by some base *Nero* should be clad
In such a Gown as the old Christians had,
In Clouds of *Satyr* up to Heaven I'd roul,
For he could burn my Shell but not my Soul.
Though Nature her auspicious Aid refuse,
Revenge and Anger shall inspire my Muse:
Nature has given me a complaining Part,
And *murder'd Protestants* a resenting Heart.
Then Room for Bloody *Jeffreys*, or he'll swear
By all the *Aps* from St. *Cadwalladar;*
Prutus hur creat Cranfather, if hur enquire,
And *Adam's* Cranfather was *Prutus's* Sire.
Famous *ab Shenkin* was hur elder Brother,
Some *Caledonian Sycorax* hur Mother:

Or some she De'il more damn'd than all the rest,
At their black Feast hur lustful Sire comprest :
Thence do I think this *Cacodemon* rose,
Whose wrathful Eyes his inward Baseness shows ;
His Shape is all inhuman and uncouth,
But yet he's chiefly Devil about the *MOUTH;*
With Care this *Brat* was nurs'd for fear it shou'd
Grow tame, and so degen'rate into good,
With City Charters he was wrapp'd about,
And Acts of Parliament for Swaddling-clout :
As he grew up, he won a Noble Fame,
For which Squire *Ketch* háth sworn him publick Shame.
And won't it be a pretty Sight to see't,
The Hang-man, Rope, and Bloody *Jeffreys* meet?
Jeffreys, who cherisht Spite, as all can tell ;
Jeffreys, who was the darling Brat of Hell.
Oft with Success, this mighty Blast did bawl,
Where loudest Lungs, and biggest Words win all ;
And still his clenched Arguments did end
With that home-thrust, *He is not* Cæsar's *Friend.*
Sometimes, that jaded Ears he might release,
Good Man ! he has been fee'd to hold his Peace.
Hear him, but never see him, and you'd swear
He was the Crier, not the Counseller ;
He roars, as if he only chanc'd to find
Justice was now grown deaf, as well as blind,
This Demy-Fiend, this *Hurricane* of Man,
Was sent to *butcher* all i' th' *West* he can.
'Twas him the Popish Party wisely chose
To splutter Law, and the dinn'd Rabble pose ;
They have a thousand Tongues, yet he can roar
Far louder, tho' they had a thousand more,
Unto long-winded *Cook* he scorns to go,
But pleads, His Majesty will have it so.
He's for all Mischief set, by Nature bred ;
He rails at all before him, and is fed
Hyæna-like, by tearing up the Dead.
Th' unluckiest Satyrist alive, that still
Writes his own Character in all that's ill.

Of all the World most fit a Vice t'expose,
That all its Cause, Effects, and Motions knows,
Stranger to none can no Advantage lose.
Big with Conceit the empty Shape looks great.
His own dear self obligingly doth treat:
Rewards his Soul in any Garb will lap,
His ductile Soul will put on any Shape:
Vice hath his Patronage, and there's no Fear,
But Hell in time may his Protection share,
The rather 'cause the God of Gold is there.
He courts loud Rumour, but lets Truth alone,
Conscious of Guilt, he shuns being justly known,
And by's oft changing flyes a Definition
Learn'd, but in Ill; Ingenious, but in Spite;
Virtuous by Accident, by Chance a Wit;
Modest when Beat; in Suffering Valiant;
Honest when Forc'd; and Moderate when in Want;
True, but for Interest; Civil but for Dread;
Devout for Alms; and Loyal, but for Bread.
Thy Mushroom Greatness I dare now arraign,
For all thy Hectoring now will be in vain.
Here, take this Pass, ere we for ever part;
Then run, and then fare well with all my Heart.
The *Lawyers* yelling in their feign'd debate,
And the fleec'd Client's Wisdom, all too late;
The keeping Cully's Jealousie and Care,
The slighted Lover's Maggots and Despair;
A Woman's Body every Day to dress,
A fickle Soul, little as theirs, or less;
The Courtier's Business, the Impudence o' th' Stage,
And the defeated Father *Peter's* Rage;
A Clock-work Spouse with loud eternal Clack,
A Shop i' th *Change* still ty'd to What d'ye lack?
Worse than these last, if any Curses more
Ovid e'er knew, or fiercer *Oldham's* store;
'Till not one Part in Body or Soul be free.
May all their barbed Vengeance show'r on thee:
Press'd with their *weight*, long may'st thou raving *lye*,
Envying an *Halter*, but not dare to die:

And when condemn'd thou dost thy Clergy plead,
Some frightful Fiend deny thee Power to read;
Madness, Despair, Confusion, Rage, and Shame
Attend you to *the Place from whence you came*:
To *Tyburn* thee let Carrion Horses draw,
In jolting Cart, without so much as straw;
Jaded, may they lye down i' th' the road, and tir'd,
And (worse than one fair Hanging) twice bemir'd,
May'st thou be maul'd with *Pulcher's* Sexton's Sermon,
'Till thou *roar* out for *Hemp-sake*, Drive on, *Car-man*;
Pelted and Curst i' th' Road by every one,
E'en to be hang'd may'st thou the Gauntlet run.
Not one good Woman who in Conscience can
Cry out—'Tis pity—Troth, a proper Man.
Stupid and dull, may'st thou rub off like Hone,
Without an open or a smother'd Groan:
May the Knot miss the Place, and fitted be
To plague and Torture, not deliver thee;
Be half a Day a dying thus, and then
Revive like *Savage*, to be hanged agen.

In Pity now thou shalt no longer live;
For when thus satisfy'd, I can forgive.

JOHN CARTER.

THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

GEORGE Lord *JEFFREYS.*

READER, Think it not strange if I present you with the memorable *Life and Actions* of a Person so well known in this great Kingdom: And peradventure Fame has not been silent in other Countries, especially since he has been advanced to be a Chief Minister of State, and sat, as it were, steering at the Helm of Government. Various indeed are the Changes of worldly Affairs, and the Actions of Humane Life, which have been more particularly exemplified in the Rise and Fall of the Person, the Subject of this Discourse; who from almost a mean Obscurity, soar'd to the lofty Pyramid of Honour; where for a while, like an unfixed Star, he appeared to the Eyes of the wondring Nation, giving an imperfect Lustre; till by the sudden Turn and Change of unsteady Fortune he dropt headlong from his Sphere, and lost at once his Grandeur and his Power. To let Mankind see how little Trust there is to be given to the Smiles of flattering Greatness, especially when attained by violent and pressing Motions: I now proceed to trace this unfortunate Favourite in the sundry Capacities and Stations that have hitherto made up the Series of his Life.

He was born at *Acton*, near *Wrexam*, in *Denbighshire*, in

Wales, about the Year 1648, his Father's Name was ——— *Jeffreys*, being reputed a Gentleman in that Country, though of no large Fortune or Estate; however he lived very comfortably on what he had, improving his yearly Income by his Industry; and gain'd by his plain and honest Endeavours a good Repute amongst the Gentry of those Parts; insomuch that it was not long before he, upon the Recommendation of some Person of Interest and Ability, gain'd a Wife of a good House; and they lived very comfortably together in their *Rural Habitation*, being far from Ambition, or striving for Court-favour; but contented with what God had blessed them with, and the Fruits of their own Industry, they found a solid Happiness in that Contentment. Nor had they lived together any considerable Time, but amongst other Children, the Fruits of Wedlock, God was pleased to bestow on them the Person who is intended the Subject of this Discourse, who was in due Time baptized by the Christian Name of *George;* whether he had *Godfathers*, &c. it does not occur; however, he under the Care and Diligence of his Industrious Parents grew up, and appear'd to all that studied him, of a very prompt and ready Wit, active, and striving for Pre-eminence, even among his Compeers in his tender Age, which lively demonstrated that an Air of Ambition was inherent to his Person.

As soon as he was capable to receive Learning, he was put to a Country-School, where he was furnished with such Education as that afforded, which was not extraordinary; yet his natural Parts set it off to the best Advantage; and growing to Years of somewhat a ripe Understanding, and not very tractable, his Father by the Advice of some of his Confidents, caused him to be brought to *London*, and finding him not inclinable to any Trade, but rather addicted to Study, he entred him, or by his Procurement he was entered into the Free-School of *Westminster*, where he profited much, so that he was, by the Care of the worthy Master thereof, soon enabled to understand the Languages, or at least so many of them as were convenient for the Study of the Law, which above other Things he aimed at; tho' his Father seemed not very pliable to his Desires; for perceiving in his Soul a more than ordinary *Spark of Ambition*, fearing it might kindle into a Flame, and prove one Day his

Ruin, he laboured to hinder the Ways he conceived most likely to bring it upon him; and is reported to say (when he found he could not dissuade him from what he purposed, gently clapping him on the Back), *Ah*, George, George, *I fear thou wilt die with thy Shoes and Stockings on:* What he meant by that Expression, I determine not, but leave the Reader to interpret.

Upon the coming in of King *Charles* the Second, and the restoring the Face of Affairs in the Kingdom, the Law reviv'd again, and began to flourish; the *Practitioners* lived in much Credit and Reputation, and many of them purchased large Estates, which served to wing the Desire of this Person with Impatience; and some say he was the rather incited to it by a Dream he had whilst a Scholar at *Westminster*-School, viz. *That he should be the chief scholar in that School, and afterward should enrich himself by Study and Industry, and that he should come to be the second Man in the Kingdom, but in Conclusion should fall into great Disgrace and Misery.* This was confidently reported; and some say himself told it to sundry Persons since, when he found the second Part of it was fulfilled, by acquiring the *Chancellourship*, and standing high in the Favour of his Prince.

However, we find the latter Part did not deter him from his Purpose, for having entred himself in the *Inner-Temple* House, one of the chief Inns of Court, after his performing such Things as are conformable to the Customs of the House, we find him call'd to the Bar, by the Interest he made with the Benchers and Heads of that Learned Society, earlier than had been usual, leaping over the Heads of elder Graduates.

This happening about the twentieth Year of the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, and the City of *London* beginning to raise herself out of her Ashes, more stately and magnificent than before she sunk in Flames, a Sacrifice to the Revenge and Malice of the Papists, as by the late Inscription on the Monument, and upon Record it appears: This great City, I say, regaining her Trade, her Priviledges and Customs were kept up with great Exactness, so that in the Courts at *Guild-Hall* there was much Business; which being considered by this Person as more beneficial than that at *Westminster*, by Reason of its Frequency, and being carried on briefer, and with less Diffi-

culty ; which induced him to give his Attendance also at *Hick's-Hall*, and other inferiour Courts and Places ; insomuch that he being of a bold Presence, and having naturally a fluent Tongue, an audible Voice, and good utterance, he had not pleaded often before he was very much taken Notice of, and gain'd so much Credit by the People, that they preferr'd him before any of the younger *Barristers;* by which means he found his Stars begin to smile upon him, so that he was in a manner courted to take Fees, and had Breviates thrust into his Hand frequently in the middle of a Course by Persons, when they perceived it went ill on their Sides, and was like to go against them.

Thus flush'd with Success, he now thought of nothing more than how he might climb ; nor did he want an Opportunity ; for the next Station we find him in, is that of *Common Serjeant* to the great and honourable City of *London;* and so much Fortune favour'd him at this Time, that Alderman *Jeffreys*, the great Smoaker, having often observ'd his Discourse and Actions, took such a liking to him, that being of the same Name, tho' not in the least any Relation, be back'd him with his Purse and Interest, which was not inconsiderable; and thereby not only enabled him to carry on his Grandeur, but to purchase as he found a Conveniency or Advantage, in order to his keeping it up in the World.

These, I say, being the Degrees by which he was climbing the slippery Stair of Honour, to contract a firmer Alliance, he addressed himself to a brisk young Widow, Daughter to Sir *Thomas Bludworth*, then one of the Aldermen of the City, and who in the Time of the dreadful Conflagration had the Chair, as being then Lord Mayor; and so far prevail'd upon the Lady and her Father, that he gained both their Consents, and the Contract was made, the Nuptials solemnized, *And soon after he had the Pleasure to behold the Fruits of her Labour.* Sir *John Howel*, the *Recorder* of *London*, giving Place, the *Recordership* became vacant, which made this Person lay hold of that Opportunity, to use his own and the Interest of his Friends, to acquire that Place of Trust and Honour : Nor did his Measures fail him, for by the powerful Influence he had by this Time gain'd over sundry Persons, who were best able to promote him to he so earnestly labour'd to arrive at, he was chosen and

confirm'd *Recorder* of the honourable City; taking upon him the Charge and Care of the Writings, Papers, &c. that belong to so great a Charge and Trust, as that of a *Recorder* of the City of *London.*

By this Means being become (as himself declar'd) *the Mouth of the City*, and, as we may term him, Capital Judge in the *Guild-Hall*, in Controversies at the Sessions held there, &c. and the Power of breathing forth Sentences of Punishment being put into his Hands, he found his Ambition enlarged, aiming at nothing more than to become a *Court-Favourite:* Nor was it long before an Opportunity offer'd itself, to make him to be taken Notice of: For so it happened, that some Persons had imprinted a *Psalter*, and entituled it (the better to shadow the Injury they had done to the Company of Stationers, by invading their Property) *The King's Psalter*, which occasioning a Dispute, it was referred to a Hearing before the Council at *Whitehall*, the King being present, and the Company the better to make out their Title and Claim, carried with them this Person as their Counsel, who in opening of the Case, and making the Complaint of the apparent Injury done to the Company, in printing what was really their Property, he had this Expresson, *viz. They have teem'd with a spurious Brat, which being clandestinely midwiv'd into the World, the better to cover the Imposture, they lay it at your Majesty's Door*, &c. This tho' the King might have taken it (for sundry Reasons) as a Reflection upon his Royal Person, yet he was so far from resenting it that Way, that he only turned to one of the Lords that sat next him, and said, *This is a bold Fellow I'll warrant him.* And indeed the *Stationers* had the Matter declar'd by the Honourable Board in their Favour.

About this Time the Popish Plot being discovered by Dr. *Oates* and others, the Nation was for a while in a Ferment, and Matters run extreamly high in Disputes and Controversies, and he sail'd with the Current, declaring with much Heat and Violence against the Priests, Jesuites, and others of the Conspirators and *Romish* Faction; as appeared not only by his vehement Expressions in pleading against 'em, but the Alacrity and little Concern that was visible in his Countenance, when at any Time, as *Recorder* of *London*, he past Sentence of Death

upon any of them, which he frequently did with more or less Reproach, and became in a Manner the Terror of that Party. But no sooner he perceived the Wind tacking at Court, and that there was some Misunderstanding between King *Charles* the *Second* and his Parliament, but he began to fall off, and grow cold in prosecuting the Ends of the Government, being frequently at Court, and labouring as much as in him lay to draw the Magistracy of the City after him; as appears more especially by one Passage, *viz.* The King being recovered of an Indisposition, that had for some Time put the Kingdoms in a Fear and Doubt of his Life, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen went to congratulate him upon his going abroad; after which, and a favourable Reception, it was proposed by this Person, that they should in like manner wait upon his Royal Highness, then Duke of *York*, who was not long before returned from *Flanders;* but perceiving no Forwardness to be seconded, he only with his Father-in-Law stayed behind to gain that Access. These and other Proceedings created in the City a Jealousie, that he had espoused an Interest to their Prejudice, which wrought so strong in their Conceits, that it was concluded in the Council-chamber at *Guild-Hall*, that he should resign his Recordership; and accordingly they sent to him to deliver back the Papers and Writings they had entrusted him with, which accordingly was done, and Sir *George Treby* constituted Recorder in his stead.

This so netled him, that he now openly declared himself to be what before was only suspected, indulging his Thoughts in nothing more, than how he might revenge it upon the Dissenters, to whose Influence on the Court of Aldermen he attributed his Dismission from the Recordership, and used his Endeavours to blacken them us much as he could. Yet all his Honour was not sunk; for he had prevailed for the Removal of Sir *Job Charleton* from the Chief Justiceship of the County Palatine of *Chester*, and by the Importunity and Interest of his Party at Court, gained it for himself; and took the first Possession of that Charge in much Splendour, paying at that Time his Father a Visit with a numerous Train, which, as 'tis reported, put the Old Gentleman in such a Fret, for the drinking up his Cider, and devouring his Provisions, that he charged him with

the undertaking to ruin him, by bringing a whole Country at his Heels, commanding him never to attempt the like Prodigality again with Hopes of Success.

Many Petitions being put up upon the dissolving the Parliament, in 1682, by most of the Counties, and Burroughs, and Corporations of *England*, for the speedy calling another, to redress the Grievances of the Nation; and the King shewing some Dislike of that Manner of Proceeding, this Person further to endear himself to the Interest of the Court, declared in his Station as vehemently against them, by saying, *He abhorred that Petitioning*, &c. from which, and the discountenancing the Petitioners as much as in him lay, he gain'd the Name and Epithet of an *Abhorrer;* and upon the burning the Pope in Effigies at *Temple-Bar*, upon the Birth-day of Queen *Elizabeth*, amongst other Figures, the Arch-waggs had set one on Horseback with his Face to the Tail, and a Paper on his Back, viz. *I am an Abhorrer.*

During these Transactions, the Parliament being called, met at *Westminster*, and amongst others, this Person was call'd before them, for attempting to intrench upon the Rights and Priviledges of the People, *&c.* and obliged at the Bar of the Commons House (after having been heard what he could say in Defence of his Proceedings by his Council), to make his Acknowledgment upon his Knees, and receive the Reprimand of the Speaker, whereupon, with some sharp Rebukes, as the Censure of the House, he was discharged.

To comfort him in this Affliction, that was not, by a Man of his haughty Spirit, a little stomached; this Parliament being dissolved, and a call of Serjeants had at the *King's-Bench-Bar*, *Westminster*, he was the first in the Roll, and consequently the King's Serjeant; and as it is usual to present the King with a Ring on that Occasion, the Motto he agreed to, was, *A Deo Rex, a Rege Lex;* viz., *The King from God, and the Law from the King.* And now the Popish Party playing their Cards with more Security, *Edward Fitz-Harris*, who had been impeached by the Commons, and stood charged by them of High-Treason being nevertheless, upon the Dissolution, tried at the *King's-Bench-Bar*, this Person was the principal Stickler against him, and by his Rhetorick and Florid Expressions, wrought so powerfully with the Jury, who were somewhat in Doubt what

they should do in this Case, that they found him Guilty, and the Impeachment in Parliament set aside, he was executed as a Traitor at *Tyburn:* And soon after this, the Dissenters losing of their Esteem in the Eyes of the Court-Party, and some Justices of Peace of *Middlesex* being sharp upon them, this Person was chosen Chairman at the Sessions at *Hick's-Hall*, where he had an Opportunity to make them as he found his Time, see the Resentments of his Anger; but this Place being held too low for a Spirit winged with so large an Ambition, he aimed at higher Things, resolving, like *Icarus*, to be near the Sun, tho' at the Hazard of melting his waxen Wings, dropping headlong into the Sea of inevitable Ruin. Whereupon perceiving some hot Contests in the City of *London*, about the Election of Magistrates and Officers, he turned the Edge of his Fury that Way, insomuch, that a *Quo Warranto* came down against the Charter of the Honourable City of *London*, and in fine, after much Pleading and Arguments *pro & contra*, the Charter was surrendred, at least in Consent, by those that were in Power, and the King suspending the Execution of the Judgment obtained, caused such Orders to be observed as he thought most convenient, which being so well known to the Citizens of *London*, it would appear a Presumption in me to enter upon Particulars; yet the chiefest Cavil against the City was, taking the Toll of Markets, collecting Money to build *Cheapside* Conduit, *&c.* Nor was it long after this, that several Persons were tried for Rioters, who attended the Election of Sheriffs and Mayor, and Fines were passed upon many worthy Citizens, as Rioters on that Occasion; in promoting which, this Person as a Counsellor by his florid Rhetorick was mainly instrumental, by giving the Court an Account of their respective Abilities, the better to settle the Fines; but the Lord Chief Justice *Saunders* dying, he succeeded him as Lord Chief Justice of the *Kings'-Bench;* in which Station he was scarcely settled, but he admitted the Popish Lords to Bail, that lay under an Impeachment in Parliament, and whose bailing had been refused by the Judges his Predecessors; and now it was that he began more particularly to remember former Affronts, an Example of which take in the Case of *Elias Best*, a Hop-Merchant in *Thames-street*, viz.

It so happened when this Person was Recorder of *London*, that a Jury, of which *Best* was one, having contrary to his Mind, acquitted a Party indicted at the Sessions of Peace in *Guild-hall*, for Printing and Publishing a Pamphlet, he in much Heat declared, that they had gone contrary to their Consciences, and stuck not to upbraid them with Perjury; for which, as an high Affront put upon the Juries of *London*, they prayed the Court at the *Old Baily*, that they might prefer an Indictment against him; and herein Mr. *Best* was the most active: But the Lord Chief Justice *Scroggs* then upon the Bench, after it had been a long Time argued and debated, told them, that the Sessions being almost at an End, it could not be tried, and therefore he would desire them to refer it to the next Sessions, for the Recorder being a Person of Quality, he could not suffer him to lye under the Imputation of an Indictment so long; but in the interim, he resigning his Recordership, the Business fell, and came to nothing; but soon after it seems, Mr. *Best* had drank an Health to the pious Memory of *Stephen Colledge* departed, meaning the Joyner that was executed at *Oxford*, for which he was indicted upon an Information, and found Guilty; yet he being at large, thought fit to withdraw himself to avoid the Rigour of the Fine, *&c.* when so it fell out, that this Person going the Circuit as Lord Chief Justice, accompanied with a great many on Horseback, Mr. *Best* came by, and asked one of the Company what Judge that was? Who replied, the Lord Chief Justice *Jeffreys*, and he unadvisedly told that Party his Name was *Best, and desired him to remember his Service to his Lordship;* upon notice of which he immediately caused him to be fetched back, and committed him to *York* Goal, from whence he was brought by *Habeas Corpus* to the *King's-Bench*, and imprisoned for a Fine of £500, *&c.* Another instance of the Greatness of his Stomach, tho' in another Nature, is that which so remarkably happen'd at *Kingston* upon *Thames*, at the Mid-summer-Assizes held there for the County of *Surrey*, 1679. At this Assize being Counsel in a Case upon *Nisi prius*, before Sir *Richard Weston*, one of the Barons of the Exchequer, and desiring to ingross all the Questions, without suffering those on the other Side to ask the Witness what was convenient in carrying on, and managing the Cause; he was desired by the

Judges to hold his Tongue, &c. upon which some Words passing, this Person told him, *He did not use him like a Counsellor, curbing him in the managing his Breviates*, &c. to which the Judge fiercely replied, *Ha! Since the King has thrown his Favours upon you, in making you Chief Justice of* Chester, *you think to run down every Body; if you find yourself aggrieved, make your Complaint, here's no Body cares for it.* And this Person replying, *That he had not been used to make Complaints, but rather stopped those that were made;* when being again commanded to hold his Tongue, he sat down and wept for Anger, &c. And here by the way it will not be amiss to let the Reader have a Taste of some Passages that happened on the publick Stage of Business, in the Jocular part of this great Man's Life, and the Repartees he met with, of which I shall instance a few:

Once it happened upon a Trial, that a plain Country fellow, giving Evidence in the Court, and pressing it home, moved this Person, who was Counsel on the other Side, to pick a Quarrel with this poor Man's Leather Doublet, and amongst other Interrogations, bawl'd out, *You fellow in the Leather Doublet, pray what have you for swearing?* The Man upon this, looked steadily on him, replied, *Truly, Sir, if you have no more for lying than I have for Swearing, you might wear a Leather Doublet as well as I.* This bluntly retorted, moved at that Time much Laughter, and filled the Town with the Discourse of it.

Another Time it fell out, that some Musicians brought an Action against a Person, at whose Wedding-day they had play'd, for the Money they were promised or expected, when in the midst of the Evidence, this Person called to one of them, viz. *You Fiddler*, &c. at which the Man seeming disgusted, he again, upon the Party's alledging himself to be a Musician, demanded, *What Difference there was between a Musician and a Fiddler? As much, Sir,* said he, *as there is between a pair of Bag-pipes and a Recorder.* And he then being Recorder of *London*, it was taken as a suitable Repartee.

A Country Gentleman having Married a City Orphan, comes and demands her Fortune, which was about £1100, but by all the Friends that he could make, could not procure it, till he

goes to *Jeffreys*, then Recorder, and gave him 100 Guineas to be his Friend to get out his Wife's Fortune, upon which *Jeffreys* told him, that the Court of Aldermen would sit such a Day; the Gentleman appearing, was call'd in, *Jeffreys* being present, who ask'd him, *Sirrah, what's your Business?* Upon which the Gentleman told him, That he had Married a City Orphan, and desired he might have her Portion o' th' Chamber; upon which *Jeffreys* ask'd him, If he had askt the Consent of the Court of Aldermen? He told him, No. Upon which he call'd him Rogue, Rascal, Sirrah, you should have ask'd Leave from the Court for such a Marriage. He told him he understood not the Custom o' th' City, and begg'd their Pardon, being a Country Gentleman. Upon this *Jeffreys* abus'd him again: but afterwards gives him a Note for his Money; his publick Railing upon him being only to blind the Court, that they might not suspect him bribed.

Jeffreys (when Chief Justice) being at a Country Assize, trying a Cause, an old Man with a great Beard came to give Evidence before him, and not doing it to his Mind, he began to cavil with his Beard, and amongst other Expressions told him, *That if his Conscience was as large as his Beard, he might well swear any thing.* This so netled the old Blade, that without any Respect to his Greatness, he briskly replied, *My Lord, if you go about to measure Consciences by Beards, your Lordship has none.*

The Lord *Jeffreys* at another time making a Speech to the Grand Jury, particularly charged them to be severe against the Protestant Dissenters; during the Time of the Charge he espied his old Schoolmaster, and pointed at him particularly, saying, *That is one of them.* Many more of this kind might be mentioned, but not being greatly to the Purpose, they are willingly omitted. Which the Reader will be apt to believe, if he examines his Dealings with Mr. *Moses Pitt*, Bookseller, which that I may set in their true Light, I shall give 'em in Mr. *Pitt's* own words, as I find 'em in his Treatise, entituled, *The City of the Oppressed, p.* 105, which are as follows:

Among several Houses I built both in *King-street* and *Duke-street, Westminster*, just against the Bird-Cages in St. *James's Park*, which just as I was a finishing, I lett to the Lord

Chancellor *Jeffreys*, with Stables and Coach-houses to it, for £300 *per Annum*. After which, when he the said Chancellor came to see the House, (Alderman *Duncomb*, the great Banker being with him) and looking about him, saw between the House and St. *James's Park* an idle piece of Ground, he told me, He would have a Cause-Room built on it. I told him that the Ground was the King's. He told me that he knew it was; but he would beg the Ground of the King, and give it me: He also bid me make my own Demands, and give it him in Writing, the which I did; and unto which he did agree, and commanded me immediately to pull down the Park-Wall, and to build as fast as I could, for he much wanted the said Cause-room. My Agreement with him was, *That he should beg of King* James *all the Ground without the Park-Wall, between* Webbs *and* Storey's *inclusive;* which said Ground is Twenty-Five Foot in Breadth, and near Seven Hundred Foot in length (to the best of my Memory) *for Ninety Nine Years, at a Pepper-corn* per Annum, *and he, the said Lord Chancellor, was to make over the said King's Grant to me for the said Number of Years, without any Alterations, with Liberty to pull down, or build on the King's Wall, and to make a Way and Lights into the King's Park, according as I pleas'd.* In Consideration of my building on the said Ground of the Kings's, and the said Lord Chancellor's Enjoyment of it during his Occupation of the said House. All which the Lord Chancellor agreed to. For that purpose he sent for Sir *Christopher Wren*, his Majesty's Surveyor, and my self, and ordered Sir *Christopher* to take Care to have the said Ground measured, and a Platform taken of it, and that Writings and Deeds be prepared for to pass the Great Seal. Sir *Christopher* ask'd the said Lord Chancellor, in whose Name the Grant was to pass, whether in his Lordship's or Mr. *Pitt's?* The Chancellor replied, That the King had granted him the Ground for Ninety Nine Years, at a Pepper-corn *per Annum*, and that he was to make over the said Grant to his Landlord *Pitt*, for the same Term of Years, without any Alteration, in Consideration of his said Landlord *Pitt* building him a Cause-Room, *&c.* and his the said Lord Chancellor's enjoying the same during his living in the said *Pitt's* House: and withal urg'd him the said *Pitt* immediately to take down the King's

Park-wall, and to build with all Expedition; for he much wanted the Cause-room, and that I should not doubt him, for he would certainly be as good as his Agreement with me. My Witnesses are, Sir *Christopher Wren*, his Majesty's Surveyor, Mr. *Fisher* deceas'd, who belong'd to Sir *C. Harbord*, his Majesty's Land Surveyor, Mr. *Joseph Avis*, my Builder, Mr. *Thomas Bludworth*, Mr. *John Arnold*, both Gentlemen belonging to the said Lord Chancellor, and several others; upon which I had a Warrant from Mr. *Cook*, out of the Secretary of State's Office, in the Lord Chancellor's Name, with King *James's* Hand and Seal, to pluck down the King's Wall, and make a Door and Steps, Lights, &c. into the Park, at Discretion; which said Warrant cost me £6 5s. Upon which, in about three or four Months Time I built the two Wings of that great House, which is opposite to the Bird-cages, with the Stairs, and Tarrass, &c. which said Building cost me about Four Thousand Pounds, with all the Inside-work: My Workmen being employed by the said Lord Chancellor to fit up the said House, and also Offices, and Cause-Room for his Use; for all which he never paid me one Farthing.

When I had finished the said Building, I demanded of him several Times my Grant of the said Ground from the King; he often promised me, that I should certainly have it; but I being very uneasie for want of my said Grant, I wrote several Times to him, and often waited to speak with him, to have it done; but at last I found I could have no Access to him, and that I spent much Time in waiting to speak with him, altho' I lived just over-against his Door; and also I consider'd that he could not be long Lord Chancellour of *England*, King *William* being just come. I got into the Parlour where he was, many Tradesmen being with him that he had sent for; I told him, that I did not so earnestly demand my Rent, which was near half a Year due, but I demanded of him my Grant from King *James* of the Ground we had agreed for, in Consideration of my Building. He told me, That he would leave my House, and that he should not carry away the Ground and Building with him; which was all the Answer I could have from him. And the very next Day he went into *Whitehall*, and had the Jesuite *Peter's* Lodging, where he lay till that *Tuesday* Morning

King *James* first Abdicated, and went away with Sir *Edward Hales;* the said Lord Chancellour should have gone with them, but they dropt him; so that Morning finding them to be gone, he was fain to shift for himself, and to fly with a Servant, or at most two, with him, and soon after taken and sent to the Tower, where he since died.

Jeffreys prosecuted Mr. *Baxter* for his Paraphrase upon the *New Testament*, and sent him to prison; he coming out by an *Habeas Corpus*, was fain to abscond in the country (in constant Pain) till the Term. Then his oft Waitings at the Bar (where he could not stand) and then to be railingly treated by *Jeffreys* and *Withins*, and called Rogue and Knave, and not suffered to speak one Word of Answer for himself, and his Councel being reviled that offered to speak for him, was far harder to him than his Imprisonment. And then going from the Bar, he only said, That his Predecessor thought otherwise of him. *Jeffreys* reply'd, *There was not an honest Man in* England *that took him not for a Knave;* not excepting the King, that had given him another Testimony in Words.

But to return to the Thred of this Discourse; passing by his vehement and pressing Discourse to the Jury against *William* Lord *Russel*, on his Trial at the *Old Baily*, which, some say, greatly influenced them to find him guilty; and add, That he did it out of a Pique, in Remembrance he was one of the Members of the Parliament before whom he was brought on his knees. We find him by this Time trying of Dr. *Titus Oates*, upon two Informations, upon the Account of his swearing to the *White-Horse*-Consult, and *Ireland's* being in Town; and after a long Debate, wherein many Repartees passed, the Jury made a shift to find him guilty; as to the Circumstances, I refer you to the Trial; but the Sentence was severe, and of its Effects few are ignorant, wherefore I shall pass it over, as also Mr. *Thomas Dangerfield*, another of the Evidences in discovering the Contrivances, and carrying on of the Popish Plot, which the Papists by these manner of Proceedings accounted to be effectually stifled. And now before any thing remarkable happened, the Kingdom was alarm'd with the Landing of the late Duke of *Monmouth* at *Lyme*, in *Dorsetshire*, and the Earl of *Argyle* in *Scotland;* but however these two unfortunate Gentlemen mis-

carrying, and losing their lives, left a great many of their miserable Followers to feel the Severity of Punishment; and as for the gleaning the bloody Fields in *England*, they came to the sitting of this Person, who with others going down with a Commission to try them, all the Indignities the Dissenters had put upon him, came fresh into his Remembrance, so that he made them find the Laws more cruel than the Sword, and wish they had fallen in the field, rather than come to his Handling; for he breathed Death like a destroying Angel, and sanguined his very Ermins in Blood: A large Account of which you shall have in its proper Place.

But by the Way, for the sake of the *West-Country* Reader, I shall here add a true and impartial Narrative of the late Duke of *Monmouth's* whole Expedition while in the *West*, seeing that was the Prologue to that bloody Scene that you will hear by and by, was acted by *George* Lord *Jeffreys*, (the Subject of our present Discourse.)

To begin then, *May* 24, *Old Style*, we left *Amsterdam* about Two of the Clock, being *Sunday* Morning, and in a Lighter sail'd for the *Texel*, our Vessels being sent before us thither; but meeting with extreme cross Winds all the Way, we arrived not till *Saturday* Night, and then went all on Board. Here our *Man of War* with about 32 Guns (where the Duke's Person was) was under an Arrest by Order of the States of *Amsterdam*, on the Complaint of our Envoy, they presuming we had been clear, but we broke through our Arrest, and *Sunday* Morning, at break of Day, set Sail for *England*. We had in all three Ships; that of 32 Guns carried most of our Men, the other two were for our Ammunition. We met with exceeding cross Winds, most part of the Time we spent on the Seas, and arrived not at *Lyme* till *Thursday*, *June* 11, so that from *Amsterdam* to *Lyme* we wanted but two Days of three weeks.

We landed without any the least Opposition, and were received with all Expressions of Joy imaginable; the Duke, as soon as he jumped out of his Boat on Land, call'd for Silence, and then desir'd we would join with him in returning God Thanks for that wonderful Preservation we had met with at Sea, and accordingly fell on his Knees on the Sand, and was

the Mouth of us all in a short Ejaculation, and then immediately well Armed, as many as we were, entered the Town.

Friday the whole Day was spent in listing of Men, which flocked to us so fast, that we could scarce tend them with Arms.

The like on *Saturday* also; and then about ten of the Clock at Night, 300 of our Men were sent to *Bridport*, about six *English* Miles off, to storm that Town betimes in the Morning, which we did accordingly, taking many Prisoners out of their Lodgings; and had not our Soldiers been a little too eager of Plunder, we had made a good Day's Work on't; but there lying about a Wood some of the King's Forces, we were forced to retreat, losing three or four Men, and killing several of theirs, and taking eight Prisoners; this was the first Action which he had.

Sunday also was spent in Listing, and *Monday* Morning; but in the Afternoon we marched out of *Lyme* for *Axminster*, a little Town four Miles off; our Party was near 2000 Foot, and 300 Horse, though we landed not full an hundred Men, and all these in the Space of four Days: About two Miles from *Lyme* we espied the Duke of *Albermarle*, with about 4000 Men, designing that Night to quarter in the same Town, which we had News of in the Way; yet we marched on in good Order, and came into the Town, lined all the Hedges, planted our Field-pieces, and expected nothing more than that we should give 'em Battel, they being not an *English* Mile from the Town; they made towards us as soon as they heard that we were there; but the Duke of *Albermarle* finding his Men to be all *Militia-Men* of the County of *Devonshire*, and that they had no Stomach to fight against *Monmouth*, retreated, when he came within a Quarter of an *English* Mile of the Town. He came from *Exon* with these Forces, intending to lay a Siege against *Lyme*, presuming we could not be ready in so short a Time; but finding us so well prepared to receive him, he wisely retired, his Men being in great Disorder and Confusion, supposing we had pursued them, which was *Debated;* but the Duke said, *It was not his Business to fight yet, till his Men had been a little disciplin'd, but rather to make up into the Country as fast as possible, to meet his friends, not questioning but there would have been in several Parts of the Kingdom some Action*

on the News of his Success: But this in the End proved fatal to us; for had we but follow'd them, we had had all their Arms, several more Men, and might have march'd in two Days with little or no Opposition, to the very Gates of *Exon*, the Country Troops resolving not to fight us; and several came to us that Night with their Arms. But missing this Opportunity, we march'd on for *Taunton*, lodging at several small Towns by the Way, which still received us as kindly as possible, and all the Way met with the loud Acclamations of the Country, praying God to succeed our Arms.

Thursday we came to *Taunton*, about twenty Miles from *Lyme*. To give a particular Account of our Reception here, would be too tedious; the Streets so throng'd with People, we could scarce enter, all endeavouring to manifest their Joy at his Coming, and their Houses, Doors, and Streets garnished with green Boughs, Herbs, and Flowers, all the Emblems of Prosperity.

The next Day, twenty six young Gentlewomen, Virgins, with Colours ready made at the Charge of the *Townsmen*, presented them to his Grace; the Captain of them went before with a *Naked Sword* in one Hand, and a small Curious *Bible* in the other, which she presented also, making a short Speech, at which the Duke was extremely satisfied, and assured her, *He came now in the Field, with a Design to defend the Truths contained therein, and to seal it with his Blood, if there shoul'd be an Occasion for it.* Nothing now could content the Country, but he must be proclaimed King, which he seemed exceeding averse to; and really I am of Opinion, from his very Heart.

They said, *The Reason why the Gentry of* England *moved not, was because he came on a Common-wealth Principle:* This being the Cry of all the Army, he was forced to yield to it; and accordingly *Saturday* Morning he was Proclaimed: In the Afternoon came out three PROCLAMATIONS, one setting a Sum of Money on the King's Head, as he had done before by the other: The Second, Declaring the Parliament of *England, A Seditious Assembly*; and if they did not separate before the End of *June*, to give Power and Authority to any that would attempt to lay hold of them as Rebels and Traitors: The Third, To declare the Duke of *Albermarle* a Traitor, (who now lay

within six Miles of us, having had Time to rally his Men) if he laid not down his Arms; forthwith also a Message was sent to command him; but he sent Word, *That he was a Subject to* JAMES *the Second, the late King's Brother, and that he knew no other Lord.*

We tarried here till *Sunday* Morning, and then march'd for *Bridgwater*, seven Miles from thence: We were now between four and five thousand Men, and had we not wanted Arms, could have made above ten thousand. We were received here as in other Places, but did little more than Read our *Declaration*, which we did also in all other Towns, the Magistrates standing by in their Gowns; and likewise our Proclamation, and so march'd forward for *Glassenbury;* from *Glassenbury* we design'd for *Bristol*, three Days March from that Place, designing to attack it: Accordingly we arrived at *Canshum-Bridge*, a little Town, three Miles *English* from *Bristol*, intending to enter next Morning, the Duke of *Beauford* being there with a Garrison of about *Four Thousand Men;* being here lodg'd in the Town, we were on a sudden alarm'd with the Noise of the Approach of the Enemy, being in no small Confusion on this unsuspected News: The Duke sent one up the Tower to see whether he could discover them marching; as soon as he came up, he saw them at the very Entrance into the Town fighting with our Men. Here we had a small Skirmish, our Men being in the Fields adjoining to the Town, refreshing themselves; but it lasted not long, for before he could bring Word, they were fled, being not above sixty Horsemen. They did us mischief, killed and wounded about twenty Men, whereas we killed none of theirs, only took four Prisoners and their Horses, and wounded my Lord *Nuburg*, that it was thought mortal; they came thither, thinking it had been their own Forces; and had not our undisciplin'd Fellows been a little too eager, and suffer'd 'em to come a little further on, they would have entered the Town, and we must have had every Man of them; their Infantry was following, but on their Return came not forward. These Forces being so near, and *Bristol* being so well mann'd also, the Duke was loth to pass the Bridge for *Bristol*, though some Gentlemen that came over with us, and were proscribed upon the Account of the former Plot, being *Bristol* Men, and knew the Hearts of the

Townsmen, begg'd him heartily to proceed towards it, offering themselves to go in the Head of them into the Town, by some private Ways which they knew, assuring him, *They would make no Resistance*, but could not persuade him; which had we been Possessors of, we could not have wanted Money nor Arms, the only Things needful for us in that Juncture; for had we but had Arms, I am persuaded we had by this Time had at the least twenty thousand Men; and it would not then have been difficult for us to have march'd to *London*, with the Recruit of *Bristol*, the King not being able to make 7000 Men for the gaining of so many Kingdoms. But God saw it not fit for us, and over-ruled our Consultations to our own Ruin; for this was in the Top of our Prosperity; and yet all the while, not a Gentleman, more than went over with us, came to our Assistance.

So we march'd on to *Bath*; we lay before it in the Afternoon, and sent in our Trumpeter to demand the Town, but they refused to give us Entrance, having a strong Garrison, it being a stout People, and a strong Place. Having no Mind to spend Time in laying Sieges, we march'd on that Day to a little Town called *Phillips-Norton*, and there lay that Night, being now *Sunday* the 26th of *June*, Old Style; *Saturday* Morning, preparing for *Frome*, we were drawing out our Bagage for our March, and on a sudden were alarmed with the Appearance of the Enemy, who had entered the Town, and had lined all the Hedges, and began to fire on us: Here we began the briskest Rencounter we yet had, and for an Hour or more we had a brisk Skirmish; but at last we beat them back, killing about thirty which lay in the Place; and we lost about ten in all, and a few wounded: They retreating with their whole Army, pitched within a Mile of the Town; and we went out also, and pitched near them, but out of Musket-shot, playing Cannon one on another for some Hours; they killed us but one Man all the while, but with ours we did great Execution, having the Advantage of the Ground; so at last they retreated, and I have been told, lost some hundreds of Men in the Battel, both killed and wounded: So we marched on for *Frome*, a Town where we were as well beloved as at *Taunton*, were we wanted for nothing but Arms, which were by a Stratagem taken from them a few Days before our Entrance. Here came the unexpected News

of *Argyle's* being defeated, and likewise of the Advance of the King's Forces from *London* with considerable Bagage, and thirty Field-Pieces. On this News, together with our Want of Money and Arms, (not seeing which Way to avoid these Forces) we were at a Stand, and not a little *non-plus'd*. 'Twas at last agreed on, that we that came with the Duke, should get good Horses that Night, and so for *Pool*, a little Sea-port Town not far off, where we were to seize a Ship, and set forth for *Holland* again, leaving our Infantry to the Mercy of the Country.

This was much like that Resolution of the *Hollanders*, in the Time of the Civil War with *Spain*, being, as we then were, in Despair of making better Terms, and not daring to enter *Salisbury-Plain*, because their Horse being so much better than ours, their Men being all Disciplin'd, ours not, we could not face them in so plain and open a Country, so that we retreated backward: In the mean time resolving to see what *London* would do, having a good Opportunity offer'd them: The Soldiers being call'd forth, and not two thousand Men to be had for their Defence, if they had but attempted any thing; this disheartened our Men, and several of them coming home to their own Country, having felt by Experience the Hardships of War, withdrew from us.

We came well back again to *Bridgwater*, and were received with wonted Love; we arrived here on *Friday* the 3rd of *July*, and resolved here to fortifie, so as to hold our Ground till we heard from *London*. *Saturday* in the Afternoon News was brought of the Approach of the King's Forces within a Mile and a half of the Town where they had encamped; the Duke went up into the Tower, and there took a View of them, and seeing them so careless, and their Horse at some Distance from the Army, in a little Town, the Infantry being in *Sedge-Moore*. He called a Council on it, and it was concluded on, that we should fall on them in the dead of the Night; accordingly having a Guide to conduct us on in a private Way, we march'd out at about Eleven of the Clock in the Night, and about One fell on them in their Tents. There was a Ditch between us, and the Guide promised to conduct 'em over an easie fordable Place, but our Men seeing the Enemy just before them, ran furiously on, and lost the Guide, so that while they endeavoured

to recover over that Place, the Enemy got on their Legs, and put themselves in Order, and now began as fierce a Battel as perhaps ever was fought in *England* in so short a Time; our Foot fought as well as ever Foot fought, but not a Horse came up; had our Horse but assisted, we must have beaten them out of the Field. But our Horses would not stand at the Noise of Drums and Guns, so that we soon lost two of our Pieces of Ordnance, and we had but four in all, and then but one more in the Field; our Foot flung most of their Shot over, so that the Men for the most Part were killed in the Rear, and that run, but the Front stood still; and had we done as much Execution in the Front, as we did in the Rear, the Day had been our own; but God would not have it, their Time was not yet come: By this Time their Horses came up, and having six or eight hundred good disciplin'd Men, well mounted and well arm'd, ours neither; our Foot having shot away all their Ammunition, and our Bagage being not then in the Field, they were forced to retreat, being all in Confusion.

Having no Money left, and our Party thus unexpectedly repulsed, the Duke seeing he could not hold it any longer, fled with my Lord *Gray*.

The Duke's Party was said to be about three thousand Foot, and a thousand House; we had more, at least five thousand Men and Horse, but not well arm'd, yet in the Field. 'Tis said we lost not above three hundred, and they Foot: But after when we were routed, in our Retreat, lost a vast many more; though they pursued not in some Hours after.

The most remarkable Persons that were taken in this total Rout, were Colonel *Holmes*, Major *Perrot*, the Constable of *Crookhorn*, and Mr. *Williams*, Servant to the late Duke of *Monmouth*.

After the Field was clear of the Duke's Men, the Earl of *Feversham* marched with five hundred Foot, and a Party of Horse and Dragoons to *Bridgwater*, where he found the Duke's Forces that were left there, fled and dispersed into several Places: When his Lordship having left these Men in the Town, under the Command of Colonel *Kirk*, and hearing the late Duke of *Monmouth* was fled with about fifty Horse, the greatest Number of the Duke's Men that were left together, he sent out divers

Parties in pursuit of him and others that fled the Field. When on the 7th of *July*, about Five in the Morning, some of the Lord *Lumly's* Men seiz'd the Lord *Gray* and another Person near *Holt-Lodge* in *Dorsetshire*, four Miles from the *West* of *Ringwood;* and the said Lord *Lumly* making further Enquiry among the Cotts, was informed by one *Anna Ferrant*, that two Men went over a Hedge, proving to be the Out-bounds of many Inclosures, some of which were overgrown with Fern, others with Pease and Oats ; but Guards being set upon the Avenues, after divers Attempts to escape, the *Brandenburg*, one of the Parties observed to enter the Ground, was taken on the 8th of *July*, about five in the Morning, who confessing he departed from the late Duke of *Monmouth* about One of the Clock that Morning in the Outbounds, diligent Search was made; when about Eleven of the Clock the same Morning he was found, by one *Henry Parking*, hid in a Ditch, covered with Fern, who calling others to assist Him, the said late Duke was in the End taken, and together with the Lord *Grey* and the *Brandenburgh*, with a Guard brought by easie Journies to *Whitehall*, where they arrived on the 13th of *July*, and after some Examination were committed to the Tower, when on *Wednesday* the 15th of *July*, the late Duke of *Monmouth*, pursuant to a Warrant signed for his Execution, upon his Attainder of *High-Treason*, was delivered to the Sheriffs of *London* and *Middlesex*, about Ten in the Morning, and conducted to a Scaffold erected on *Tower-Hill*, where after about half an Hour's Continuance, he laying down his Head, had it stricken off by the Executioner, the which, together with his Body, being put into a Coffin covered with Velvet, were carried away in a Velvet-covered Hearse, in Order to his Interment.

After the Duke was beheaded, many Prisoners taken, and those that fled by Parcels up and down, secured in divers Goals, in Order to their Prosecution, as was said, according to Law ; which was the Occasion of this great Man's shewing his Parts to that Degree as he did, no one else being fit to be made a Tool for such a Bloody Tragedy as he acted.

He went not only *Judge*, but had a Breviate under King *James's* Hand, to command what Troops he pleas'd to attend his Commands from Place to Place. And was *Lieutenant-*

General, as well as Judge, and he gave daily the Word, and Orders for going the Rounds, *&c.* and ordered what Party of Troops he pleased to attend him. When Major *C——d*, who commanded the first Regiment of Guards, the Dragoons, who were as his Life-Guard, when at the Head of the Troop following *Jeffreys* from *Somersetshire* to *Wiltshire*, in Order for *London*, after the Assizes, the *Major* asked *Jeffreys*, If there would be any favour shewn to one Mr. *Speake*, who was not the *Speake* intended? *Jeffreys* said, *No, his Family owed a Life, he should die for his Name-sake*, because one of the Family and Name was guilty of being in the Action, but was escaped, and therefore this being his Brother, should die. *Jeffreys* demanded of the Major, How many he thought there was killed by the Soldiers? He replied, a Thousand, Quoth *Jeffreys*, I believe I have condemned as many as that myself.—'Tis to be remembred, that the Fellow call'd *Tory Tom*, at *Wells*, for his dirty Sauciness was sent to the Guard by his Major; when presently this *Tory Tom* petitioned some Persons to intercede with the Major and sent the Major a Letter, desiring his Liberty; for that if he or any one should give *Tory Tom* an ill word to Judge *Jeffreys*, the Judge would hang him right or wrong with the rest of the Prisoners, or condemn him at least; so, upon his Submission, the Major discharged him, and did not leave him to the Mercy of his own *Tory Judge*.

The Trials in the *West* were deferred (for some time after the fatal Blow given to the Duke of *Monmouth* on *Tower-Hill*, which was the 15th of *July* following) because of my Lord's being at *Tunbridge;* but the latter end of *August*, he with a special Commission of *Oyer* and *Terminer*, assisted with four other Judges, set forward with a Party of Horse, he being made by special Commission their General. The first Place he came at, was *Winchester*, where were divers Prisoners on Suspicion; but here began the Tragedy; for the Lady *Lisle* was there Arraigned for High-Treason, in harbouring Mr. *Hicks* and Mr. *Nelthrope*, that had been concerned with the Duke; the Lady being on her Trial, the Jury were dissatisfied once and again, but my Lord's Threats and other Managery, so disposed the Jury, that at last they brought the Lady in Guilty; on which he pronounced the Sentence of Death on her, as usual in such

Cases; but she had the Favour of being beheaded; their other Prisoners were carried to *Salisbury;* and this was the most remarkable Thing at that Assizes.

From thence they set forward for *Salisbury*, where were many Prisoners that had been pick'd up and down the Country, then in the Goal, the which, with those that were brought from *Winton*, were ordered to be carried to *Dorchester*, there not being Evidence enough to accomplish what was then designed by my Lord; so that little of Moment passed there, but to pursue the Matter, proceeds from thence to *Dorchester*, where he with his Assistants, Gown-men and Sword-men, arrived on the 3d of *September*, on which day, being *Thursday*, the Commission was read. *Friday* Morning was an Excellent Sermon preached before their Lordships, by a worthy Divine, Chaplain to a worthy Person of that Country, much tending to Mercy: It was observed, that while my Lord Chief Justice was in Church at Prayers, as well as at Sermon, he was seen to laugh; which was so unbecoming a Person in his Character, that ought in so weighty an Affair as he was then entering upon, to have been more serious, and have craved the Assistance of God Almighty.

The Sermon being over, their Lordships repaired to the Court, which by Order of the Lord Chief Justice was hung with Red Cloth, a Colour suitable to such a succeeding Bloody Tragedy, being accompanied by a numerous Company of the Gentry of that County, as well as the Flower of the Neighbouring Counties of *Somerset* and *Devonshire*, and then proceeded to give his Charge; in which Charge, by Reason of the Severity of his Sentiments, and Positions laid down to make Discoveries of all such as were Abettors, Aidors, or Assisters to the late Duke of *Monmouth*, on Pain of High-Treason, which was a great Surprise to all the Auditors, and so vehemently urged, and so passionately expressed, as seemed rather the Language of a *Romish Inquisitor*, than a *Protestant Judge;* and then Adjourned until Eight of the Clock next Morning, when was a Bill found against thirty Persons charg'd for High-Treason, for aiding and assisting the late Duke of *Monmouth;* who put themselves on their Trials, notwithstanding my Lord's Threatning, *That if any did put themselves on Trial, and the Country found them Guilty, they should have but a little Time to live.*

And at the same time insinuated, *That it were better to plead Guilty, if they expected any Favour.*

These thirty being on Trial, the Evidences being sworn and examined before the Jury: Upon the whole, by the violent Deportment of the Lord Chief Justice, and Sharpness of the Jury, they found twenty nine Guilty, though some of them were very hardly dealt with, and not so Criminal as my Lord and the Country imagined. Particularly amongst the twenty nine, were Mr. *Matthew Bragg* of *Thorncomb*, and *Joseph Speed* of *Culliton*, in the County of *Devonshire*, and Mr. *Smith*, Constable of *Chardstock*, in the said County, and *George Steward* of *Culliton* aforesaid. The Circumstances of each of these, and the Severity of their being found Guilty, *&c.* shall be shewed in his proper Place, before we take Leave of this Town, and proceed on in this *Western* Expedition.

The said twenty nine being found (as before) Guilty, my Lord immediately pronounced Sentence of Death on them all, as usual in Cases of High-Treason, and did the same Night give a Warrant to the Sheriff for the Execution of thirteen of the twenty nine on *Monday* following; which accordingly was done, notwithstanding great Application was made to the Lord Chief Justice by Gentlemen of the best Quality, in this and the neighbouring Counties, for a Reprieve of Mr. *Bragg*, to all which he was deaf, and not to be prevailed upon, though he was assured of his Honesty, and true Conformity to the Church of *England*, yet it availed nothing. At last it was only requested for ten Days Respite, yet that had no better effect; but on *Monday* he with twelve more of that Number were accordingly executed at *Dorchester*.

In the mean time this Proceeding was design'd to shorten Business, and to wheedle the rest that were to follow to a Confession, which without it the tenth Part of them could not be proved Guilty. A Method was also taken without President, to entrap many poor ignorant People, by a couple of Officers that were sent into the Gaol, to call over, and to take the Names of the Prisoners, on Promise, if they confest, they might expect Mercy, otherwise not; which many did. And this was written so, that had they pleaded Not Guilty, these two were designed to have been Evidences against them from their own Confes-

sions, which so disposed the remaining great Numbers, that all, except a very few, pleaded Guilty, which put an End to any further Trial.

The only Thing remaining, was the pronouncing of Sentence on them, which were in Number 292, who received Sentence of Death all at once. One Mr. *Lawrence* put himself on Trial, but by the Jury found Guilty, whose Case was heard, his Circumstances being so small to be condemned to die; and had actually suffered, had not Application been made to my Lord's Favourites, and with the Payment and securing of 400*l.* preserved him from Execution.

This Matter being adjusted, and Execution awarded to about eighty, which were executed, and their Quarters set up and down the Country to the Dread of the Spectators, as well as the Annoyance of the Travellers. His extraordinary Whippings, tho' unmerciful, are not to be taken Notice of. So we leave this Place, and proceed towards the City of *Exon.* In their Way thither, lying at an Honourable Gentleman's House, divers of the neighbouring Parishes made their Petitions to the Lord Chief Justice in the behalf of some Relations concerned. It happened, that thro' some Disorder amongst his Servants, some Pistols were fired that Night, which gave him a Suspicion, or at least he took it, of some Design upon him; on which at parting he said, *Not a Man of all those Parishes that were of that Vicinitude, if found Guilty, should escape.* And so we proceed, and arrive at *Exon*, where to the Number of 243, Prisoners being in Custody for assisting the said Duke of *Monmouth;* one amongst the rest, Mr. *Fower Acers*, pleading Not Guilty, he being found by the Jury, the said Lord Chief Justice immediately pronounc'd Sentence upon him, and immediate Execution, which was done to terrifie the rest, who all pleaded Guilty; so that these unfortunate People had not time to have the Fairness of Trials allow'd them, which is a Right due by the laws of God and Man. The remaining Number he all condemned; and here was a little sparing; not so many order'd Execution as was in the other County, but those that were executed, were hung up and down in most Towns of the County, and their Quarters and Heads scatter'd up and down the High-ways and publick Places. An extraordinary Sentence of severe Whipping

was pronounced against Mr. *Samuel Staple* of *Thorncomb* in the said County; but these are Trifles, and we shall endeavour to pursue our Design, and make as quick Dispatch as we can, that Time may not be lost, the King served, and this Miscreant's Thirst quenched with Protestant Blood, which is always well pleasing to Inquisitors, and so proceed to the town of *Taunton*. At which Place being arrived, it was thought fit by the Lord Chief Justice to be as expeditious as might be; so that late in the Afternoon the Court sat, where the Commission being read, he proceeded to give the Charge, which was so very keen and full of sharp Inventives, as if the Country itself had not been able to make Expiation to his Lordship, to quench his Thirst in the Blood of those that ventured their All in Defence of the *Protestant Religion;* and here we enter upon the bloodiest Part of the Tragedy; in this town, and at *Wells* in the said County, were more than 500 Prisoners.

To begin at *Taunton:* The next Morning after the Charge given, the Assizes began, where some few put themselves on Trial, who were found Guilty, and immediately order'd to be executed; of which Number one Mr. *Simon Hamlin* was one, who was a zealous worthy good Man, and his Case no way dangerous, but on the contrary, had he had to do with a Judge of another Stamp. To proceed to the rest: This first Cruelty caused the rest to plead Guilty in Hopes of Favour, which was only a few Days to live, which those that pleaded had not. Amongst these at *Taunton* were divers eminent Persons that had been taken in the *West*, and carried to *London*, and brought down there to compleat the bloody Tragedy in those Parts: Mr. *Parrot*, Mr. *Hewling*, the Elder, Mr. *Lisle*, Mr. *Jenkins*, Mr. *Hucker*, and divers others were very eminent. To take Notice of every Particular in this Matter, will alter our Design, and swell the Book to too great a Bulk, being only designed for a Pocket-Companion, and useful it may be to see the Cruelty of Men when in their Power, and how the Devil stirreth up his Instruments, to pursue those that adventure for the Cause of God and Religion. Here were in this Country executed 239. The rest that were condemned were transported, except such as were able to furnish Coin, and that not a little; for an Account was taken of Mens Abilities, according to which the Purchase

for Life must be managed by two of his Favourites, who had a small Share, the rest went into his Lordship's Pocket; according to the Actions of *Rome*, where Sins of any kind may be pardoned for Money. This indeed was a Glorious Design in the Eye of *Mother Church*, to root out Heresie by Executions and Transportations, to make Room for a Pack; here Expedition must be made, to conclude at *Wells;* for that a great Man being fallen, our great Judge designing his chair, which in short he had, as the Reward of so eminent and extraordinary a Piece of Service as he did for the Advancement of the *Roman Catholicks* Interest, which is cruel always where it prevails.

Thus we leave the town of *Taunton*, after awarding Execution to many there, and their Quarters to be scatter'd up and down the Country, and so we proceed to *Wells*, where divers Prisoners that had been carried from Goal to Goal, in Expectation of Evidence against them, were in Carts removed to *Wells;* in which Place, to finish this Expedition, the same Method as was at the former Assizes, was also taken here by a severe Charge, affronting the Gentlemen of this County, as he had done in all the Counties before, terrifying the Juries (when any pleaded) to make them to bring in the Persons Guilty; some of which being over-awed, and it is doubted, contrary to their Judgments; which if so, *the Lord forgive them.*

Here were many eminent and worthy Persons that received the Sentence of Death, but the Executions of the County being put together, as you have before seen, we make no particular Division of the Number here, and the number at *Taunton*, the whole being recited before: We shall therefore endeavour to be as brief as we can, to give you what we think material, and truly Matter of Fact; my Lord now being come to conclude this extraordinary Commission, and in haste to be elevated, maketh all manner of Dispatch to repair to the King then at *Windsor*, to give an Account of his Transactions, and to receive the Reward of his meritorious Service in this Butchering of Protestants, which is so acceptable to his Holiness and his bigotted Disciples, as nothing can be more; and indeed, if you will belive them, a Work that merits Heaven at last, besides what Temporal Preferments are thought fit in this World. If this cruel Judge were a true Protestant, his Case is much the

worse, being made Use of as a Tool to destroy, and carry on Popish designs. Thus the Affairs being ended, the Country filled with Heads and Quarters of those that were executed, the rest that had not wherewith to purchase their Lives, left in Custody in Order to Transportation.

I shall next add the Charge given by the Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys, *at the City of* Bristol, *Monday,* September 21, 1685. *In his Return from his* Western *Campaign.*

GENTLEMEN,

I am, by the Mercy of God, come to this Great and Populous City, a City that boasts both of its Riches and Trade, and may justly indeed claim the next Place to the Great and Populous Metropolis of this Kingdom. Gentlemen, I find here are a great many Auditors, who are very intent, as if they expected some formal or prepared Speech, but assure your selves, we come not neither to make set Speeches, nor formal Declamations, nor to follow a couple of *puffing Trumpeters;* for, Lord, we have seen those Things Twenty times before : No, we come to do the King's Business ; a King who is so Gracious as to use all the Means possible to discover the Disorders of the Nation, and to search out those who indeed are the very Pest of the Kingdom : To this End, and for this Purpose, we are come to this City. But I find a special Commission is an unusual Thing here, and relishes very ill ; nay, the very Women storm at it, for fear we should take the *Upper-hand* of them too ; for by the by, Gentlemen, I hear it is much in Fashion in this City for the Women to Govern and bear Sway. But, Gentlemen, I will not stay you with such needless Stories, I will only mention some few Things that fall within my Knowledge ; for Points or Matters of Law, I shall not trouble you, but only mind you of some Things that lately hath happened, and particularly in this City, (for I have the Kalender of this City in my Pocket) and if I do not express my self in so formal or set a Declamation, (for as I told you, I came not to make Declamations) or in so smooth

Language as you may expect, you must attribute it partly to the Pain of the Stone, under which I labour, and partly to the Unevenness of this Days Journey.

Gentlemen, I may say that even some of the youngest amongst us may remember the late horrid Rebellion, how Men, under Colour of Law, and Pretext of Justice, after they had divested a most Gracious and most Merciful Prince of all his Royal Power, by the Power of the Sword; they, I say, under Colour of Law, and Pretext of Justice, (which added the more to the Crime, that it was done under such pretended Justice) brought the most Mild and Meekest Prince (next to our Ever-Blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, if we may but compare him to a Man) to die a Martyr, the first Blessed Martyr, (pardon the Expression; besides our most Blessed Jesu, who suffered for us on the Cross; I say, besides that Blessed Son of God) this, I say, was the first Royal Martyr; not suffering him to speak for himself, or make his Defence; a Liberty which is given to the vilest Traitor; and this was done (not to descant on the Number) by Forty One. The Rebels not resting here, for Rebellion is like the Sin of Witchcraft, divested the Lineal, Legal, and Rightful Heir of the Crown of all his Power and Prerogative, till the mighty God of Heaven and Earth, God Almighty, restored him to his Just Right: And he, as if begot in Mercy, not only forgave all Offences, and pardoned voluntarily, even all that had been in actual Arms against him (except those accursed Regicides), but made it a Crime for any one that should but remember or upbraid any of their past Crimes and Rebellions. Good God! O Jesu! That we should live in such an Age, in which such a Prince cannot be safe from the seditious Contrivances of pardoned Rebels! Had we not the *Rye* Conspiracy, wherein they not only designed to have murthered that most Blessed (for so now we may conclude him to be with God Almighty) and Gracious King, but also his ever Dear and Victorious Brother? Had we not the Bill of Exclusion, which our most Gracious King told us he could not, without a manifest Infringement of the Royal Prerogatives of the Crown, (which are too sacred for us to touch) consent to? Had we not the cursed Counsel of *Achitophel?* Kings are God's Vice-Regents on Earth, and are indeed Gods on Earth, and we represent them. Now when God

Almighty had of his Infinite Goodness, called this Blessed Prince unto himself, he sends a Prince, who assures us he will imitate his Royal Brother and Renouned Predecessor in all Things, especially in that of his Clemency and Mercy, and that too upon the Word of a King; a King, I will assure you, that will not be worse than his Word; nay, (pardon the Expression) that dare not be worse than his Word. Which of you all that had a Father murthered by another, (and that deliberately too, under Colour of Justice, which added to the Crime; and your Brother, nay, your selves thrust out from your Inheritance, and banished from your Country; nay, that sought your Blood like-wise) would not, if it was in your Power, revenge such Injuries, and ruin such Persecutors? But here our most Blessed Prince, whom God long preserve, hath not only forgiven, but will venture his Life for the Defence of such his Enemies. Has he not ventur'd his Life already as far as any Man, for the Honour of these Kingdoms? Nay, I challenge this City to shew me any one Man of it, that perchance may not be worth a Groat, that has ventured his Life so far for the Safety of these Kingdoms, as this Royal Prince hath done. Good God! What an Age do we live in! Shall not such a Prince be secure from the Sedition, Rebellion, and Plots of Men? He is scarce seated on his Royal Throne, (where God Almighty grant he may long Reign) but on the one Hand he is invaded by a condemned Rebel, and Arch-Traitor, who hath received the just Reward of his Rebellion; on the other Hand up starts a Poppet Prince, who seduces the Mobile into Rebellion, into which they easily are bewitched; for I say, Rebellion is like the Sin of Witchcraft; this Man, who had as little Title to the Crown as the least of you (for I hope all you are Legitimate) being overtaken by Justice, and by the Goodness of his Prince brought to the Scaffold, he has the Confidence (Good God! That Men should be so impudent) to say, *That God Almighty did know with what Joyfulness he did die;* (a Traitor) having for these two Years last past lived in all Incontinency and Rebellion, notwithstanding the Goodness of an Indulgent Prince so often to pardon him; but it is just like him. Rebellion (as I told you) is like the Sin of Witchcraft. For there was another, which I shall not name, because I will not trample on the Dust of the Dead, but you may remember him by these Words of his Speech; he tells you, *That he thanks*

his God that he falls by the Ax, and not by the Fiery Trial. He had rather (he had as good have said) die a Traitor than a Blessed *Martyr.*

Great God of Heaven and Earth! What Reason have Men to rebel! but as I told you, Rebellion is like the Sin of Witchcraft; *Fear God, and Honour the King*, is rejected by People for no other Reason, as I can find, but that it is written in St. *Peter.* Gentlemen, I must tell you, I am afraid, I am afraid that this City hath too many of these People in it. And it is your Duty to search them out: For this City added much to that Ship's Loading; there was your *Tyly's*, your *Roe's*, and your *Wades*, Men started up like Mushrooms, Scoundrel Fellows, meer Sons of Dunghils: These Men must forsooth set up for Liberty and Property. A Fellow that carries the Sword before Mr. Mayor, must be very careful of his Property, and turn Politician, as if he had as much Property as the Person before whom he bears the Sword; though perchance not worth a Groat. Gentlemen, I must tell you, you have still here the *Tyly's*, the *Roe's*, and the *Wades:* I have brought a Brush in my Pocket, and I shall be sure to rub the Dirt wherever it lies, or on whom soever it sticks. Gentlemen, I shall not stand complimenting with you, I shall talk with some of you before you and I part: I tell you, I tell you, I have brought a Besome, and I will sweep every Man's Door, whether great or small. Must I mention Particulars? I hope you will save me that Trouble; yet I will hint a few Things to you, that perchance I have heard of. This is a great City, and the Magistrates wonderful Loyal, and very forward to assist the King with Men, Money, and Provisions, when the Rebels were just at your Gates: I do believe it would have went very hard with some of you if the Enemy had entered the City, notwithstanding the Endeavours that was used to accomplish it. Certainly they had and must have great Incouragement from a Party within, or else why should their Design be on this City? Nay, when the Enemy was within a Mile of you, that a Ship should be set on fire in the midst of you, as a Signal to the Rebels, and to amuse those within; when if God Almighty had not been more Gracious unto you than you was to your selves (so that Wind and Tide was for you) for what I know, the greatest Part of this City had perished; and yet you are willing to believe it was an Accident.

Certainly here is a great many of those Men which they call *Trimmers*. A *Whig* is but a mere Fool to these; for a *Whig* is some sort of a Subject in Comparison of these; for a *Trimmer* is but a cowardly and base-spirited *Whig;* for the *Whig* is but the Journeyman-Prentice, that is hired and set on in the Rebellion, whilst the *Trimmer* is afraid to appear in the Cause; he stands at a Doubt, and says to himself, I will not assist the King until I see who hath the best of it; and refuses to entertain the King's Friends for fear the Rebels should get the better of it. These Men stink worse than the worst Dirt you have in your City; these Men have so little Religion, that they forget that he that is not for us is against us. Gentlemen, I tell you, I have the *Kalender of this City* here in my Hand; I have heard of those that have searched into the very Sink of a Conventicle to find out some sneaking Rascal to hide their Money by Night. Come, come, Gentlemen, to be plain with you, I find the Dirt of the Ditch is in your Nostrils. Good God! Where am I? In *Bristol?* This City, it seems, claims the Priviledge of Hanging and Drawing amongst themselves: I find you have more need of a Commission once a Month at least. The very Magistrates, which should be the Ministers of Justice, fall out one with another to that Degree, they will scarce dine with each other, whilst it is the Business of some cunning Men that lye behind the Curtain to raise Divisions amongst them, and set them together by the Ears, and knock their Logger-heads together; yet I find they can agree for their Interest, or if there be but a Kid in the Case; for I hear the Trade of Kid-napping is of much Request in this City, they can discharge a Felon, or a Traitor, provided they will go to Mr. Alderman's Plantation at the *West-Indies*. Come, come, I find you stink for want of Rubbing. Gentlemen, what need I mind you of these Things? I hope you will search into them, and inform me. It seems the Dissenters and Phanaticks fare well amongst you, by Reason of the Favour of the Magistrates; for Example, if a Dissenter, who is a notorious and obstinate Offender, comes before them to be fined, one Alderman or other stands up, and says, He is a good man, (tho' three Parts a Rebel) well then for the Sake of Mr. Alderman he shall be fined but 5*s*. Then comes another, and up stands another Goodman Alderman, and says, I know him to be an honest Man (though rather worse than the former)

well, for Mr. Alderman's sake he shall be fined but half a Crown; so *Manus manum fricat:* You play the Knave for me now, and I will play the Knave for you by and by. I am ashamed of these Things: And I must not forget to tell you, that I hear of some Differences amongst the Clergy, those that ought to preach Peace and Unity to others: Gentlemen, these Things must be looked into. I shall not now trouble you any further; there are several other Things, but I expect to hear of them from you. And if you do not tell me of some of these things, I shall remind you of them. And I find by the Number of your Constables, this is a very large City, and it is impossible for one or two to search into all the Concerns of it; therefore mind the Constables of their Duties, and call on them for their Presentments; for I expect every Constable to bring in his Presentment, or that you present him. So Adjourn, *&c.*

Upon Affidavits read, and other Evidence against Sir *W*—— the Mayor, Alderman *L*——, and others, for Kidnapping, there being Bills preferred to the Grand Jury by *J*—— *R*——, and being found, he made the Mayor and the Aldermen concerned to go from the Bench to the Bar, to plead to the Informations; using many Expressions, saying of the Mayor, *See how the Kidnapping Rogue looks*, &c.

My Lord, after he had left *Bristol*, being come to the King to give an Account of his Affairs in the *West*, the Great Seal being to be disposed of, by the Death of the late Keeper, he kiss'd the King's Hand for it, and was made Lord Chancellour, which was only an Earnest of his Desert for so eminent and extraordinary a Piece of Service; for now that which remains, is to give an Account of divers that had fled, and hid themselves up and down in Holes and Privacies, whose Friends made all Application to some great Men or other to procure their Pardons; some to this, and others to such as they thought Favourites of the King; but the Rewards must be ascertained before any Application could be made: Divers Lists being sent up, and the Rewards ascertained, which amongst many of them put together, did amount to considerable; so that it was now who could find a Friend to relieve his distressed Relations, which were forced to wander up and down in Caves and Desarts for fear of being taken: But this Misfortune attended the Agents, that unless my Lord Chancellour were used, by

his Creatures, that were allowed by him so to do; other Applications commonly met with Disappointments, which caused an Emulation among the great Men; one supposing to have deserved the King's Ear as well as the other, which caused other Measures to be taken, tho' some were weedled out of their Money. At last came out a General Pardon, with Exceptions, very few if any of those that were sollicited for, not being excepted, were of Course pardoned; but however, divers Sums of Money having been paid, no Restitution to be had, for *from Hell is no Redemption.* A *Western* Gentleman's Purchase came to fifteen or sixteen hundred Guineas, which my Lord Chancellor had. Amongst the Exceptions, were a Parcel of *Taunton* Girls, some of which were Children of eight or ten Years old; however something was to be made of them, if these Ladies were judged guilty of Treason, for presenting the Duke of *Monmouth* with Colours, *&c.* and for to preserve these from Trial, they were given to Maids of Honour to make up their *Christmas-Box;* so that an Agent of theirs was sent down into the Country to compound with their Parents, to preserve them from what might after follow, if taken; so that some, according to Ability, gave 100*l.* others 50*l.* all which however did not answer the Ladies first Expectations; yet it did satisfie, and they were accordingly pardoned. Thus we have given you an Account of what hath happened on this Occasion, being in every Point Truth: We might have farther enlarged, but that would have spoiled the Design, and swoln our Pocket-Companion to a volume too big.

We shall therefore next proceed to give you a true and exact List of all them that were condemned, and suffered in the *West*, in the Year 1685, under the Sentence of my Lord Chief Justice *Jeffreys*, with the Names of the Towns where every Man was executed.

LYME 12.	BATH 6.	John Caswell
Col. Holmes	Walter Baker	Thomas Hayward
Mr. Batiscomb	Henry Body	John Hellier
Mr. William Hewling	Gerrard Bryant	Edward Beere
Mr. Sampson Lark	Thomas Clotworthy	Henry Portridge
Dr. Temple	Thomas Collins	George Pether
Capt. Madders	John Carter	Thomas Peirce
Capt. Matthews	PHILIPSNORTON 12.	John Richards
Mr. Joseph Tyler	Robert Cook	John Staple
Mr. William Cox, *&c.*	Edward Creaves	John Smith.

FROOME 12.
Francis Smith
Samuel Vill, *alias* Vile
Thomas Star
Philip Usher
Robert Beamant
William Clement
John Humphrey
George Hasty
Robert Man
Thomas Pearl
Laurence Lott
Thomas Lott.

BRUTON 3.
James Feildsen
Humphrey Braden
Richard Bole.

WINCANTON 6.
John Howel
Richard Harvey
John Tucker
William Holland
Hugh Holland
Thomas Bowden.

SHEPTON-MALLET 13.
Stephen Mallet
Joseph Smith
John Gilham, Jun.
Giles Bramble
Richard Chinn
William Cruise
George Pavier
John Hildworth
John Ashwood
Thomas Smith
John Dorchester, Sen.
John Combe
John Groves.

PENSFORD 12.
Roger Cornelius
John Starr
Humphrey Edwards
William Pierce
Arther Sullway
George Adams
Henry Russel
George Knight
Robert Wine
William Clerk, *alias* Chick
Preston Bevis
Richard Finier.

WRINGTON 3.
Alexander Key
David Boyss
Joshua French.

WELLS 8.
William Mead
Thomas Cade
Robert Doleman
Thomas Durston
John Sheperd
Abraham Bend
William Durston
William Plumley.

UIVELSCOMB 3.
William Ruscomb
Thomas Pierce
Robert Combe.

TUTON-UPON-MENDIP 2.
Peter Prance
William Watkins.

CHARD 12.
Edward Foote
John Knight
William Williams
John Jervis
Humphrey Hitchcock
William Godfrey
Abraham Pill
William Davy
Henry Easterbrook
James Dennett
Edward Warren
Simon Cross.

CROOKERN 10.
John Spore
Roger Burnoll
William Pether
James Evory
Robert Hill
Nicholas Adams
Richard Stephens
Robert Halfwell
John Bushel
William Lashly.

SOMERTON 7.
William Gillet
Thomas Lissant
William Pocock
Christopher Stephens
George Cantick
Robert Allen
Joseph Kelloway.

YEOVIL 8.
Francis Foxwell
George Pitcher
Bernard Thatcher, for concealing Bovet
William Johnson
Thomas Hurford
Edward Gillard
Oliver Powel.

NETHERSTOE 3.
Humphrey Mitchel
Richard Cullverell
Merrick Thomas

DUNSTER 3.
Henry Lackwell
John Geanes
William Sully.

DULVERTON 3.
John Basely
John Lloyd
Henry Thompson.

BRIDGEWATER 12.
Robert Fraunces
Nicholas Stodgell
Joshua Bellamy
William Moggeridge
John Hurman
Robert Roper
Richard Harris
Richard Engram
John Trott
Roger Guppey

Roger Hore
Isaiah Davis.

RATCLIFFE-HILL AT BRISTOL 6.
Richard Evans
John Tinckwell
Christopher Clerk
Edward Tippot
Philip Cumbridge
John Tucker, *alias* Glover.

ILLMINSTER 12.
Nicholas Collins, Sen.
Stephen Newman
Robert Luckis
William Kitch
Thomas Burnard
William Wellen
John Parsons
Thomas Trooke
Robert Fawne
Western Hillary
John Burgen
Charles Speake.

STOGERSEY 2.
Hugh Ashley
John Herring

WELLINGTON 3.
Francis Priest
Philp Bovet
Robert Reed.

SOUTH-PETHERTON 3.
Cornelius Furfurd
John Parsons
Thomas Davis.

PORLOCK 2.
James Gale
Henry Edny

GLASENBURY 6.
John Hicks
Richard Pearce
Israel Briant
William Mead
James Pyes
John Broome.

TAUNTON 19.
Robert Perrot
Abraham Ansley
Benjamin Hewling
Pierce Murren
John Freake
John Savage
Abraham Matthews
William Jenkyns
Henry Lisle
John Dryer
John Hucker
Jonathan England
John Sharpe
William Deverson
John Williams
John Patrum
James Whittom
William Satchel
John Trickey.

LANGPORT 3.
Humphrey Peirce
Nicholas Venton
John Shellwood

ARBRIDG 6.
Isaac Tripp
Thomas Burnell
Thomas Hillary
John Gill, Senior
Thomas Monday
John Butcher.

CUTHERSTON 2.
Richard Bovet
Thomas Blackmore

MINEHEAD 6.
John Jones, *alias* Evens
Hugh Starke
Francis Bartlet
Peter Warren
Samuel Hawkins
Richard Sweet.

EVILCHESTER 12.
Hugh Goodenough
Samuel Cox
William Sumerton
John Masters
John Walrand
David Langwell
Osmond Barret
Matthew Cross
Edward Burford
John Mortimer
John Stevens
Robert Townsden.

STOGUMMER 3.
George Hillard
John Lockstone
Arthur Williams.

CASTLECARY 3.
Richard Ash
Samuel Garnish
Robert Hinde.

MILTON-PORT 2.
Archibald Johnson
James Maxwel.

KEINSHAM 11.
Charles Chepman
Richard Bowden
Thomas Trock
Lewis Harris
Edward Haswell
Howel Thomas
George Badol
Richard Evans
John Winter
Andrew Rownsden
John Phillelrey.

Suffer'd in all 251.

Besides those Hanged and Destroyed in Cold Blood.

This Bloody Tragedy in the *West* being over, our Protestant Judge returns for *London;* soon after which Alderman *Cornish* felt the Anger of some Body behind the Curtain; for it is to be

noted, that he was Sheriff when *Best* prayed an Indictment might be preferred, and was, as well as Sheriff *Bethel*, earnest in promoting it; in alledging, that it was no ways reasonable that the Juries of *London* should lye under such a Reproach, *&c.* But passing this over, we now find this Person arrived at the Pinnacle of Honour; the Purse and Mace were reserved for him, vacant by the Death of the Lord Keeper *North*, and he advanced to the Lord Chancellourship of *England;* rais'd by this Means, as one might think, above the Envy of the Crowd; and it might be wished, in so dangerous a Heighth he had looked better to his Footsteps; for now being created *Baron of Wem*, we find him in a High Commission, or Ecclesiastical Court, Suspending the Honourable Lord Bishop of *London* from performing the Episcopal Office and Function of that *See*, and for no other Default, than not readily complying with the King's Letter in Suspending Dr. *Sharp*, Dean of Norwich, for Preaching a Sermon in the Parish Church of *St. Giles* in the Fields, at the Request of the Parishioners, showing the Errors and Fallacies of the *Romish* Religion; the better to confirm them in the Faith and Doctrine of the Church of *England.* Nor was it this good Bishop alone that was aimed at; for *Magdalen* Colledge at *Oxford* was next attempted, and in that very Mother of Learning, and Chief Seminary of our Church, such Alterations were made as startled the Kingdom; by whose Counsel I undertake not to determine; but in the midst of Liberty of Conscience, as twice declared. The Church of *England* had a Test put upon her Sons, which seem'd such a Paradox that has been rarely heard of, *viz.* To Read the King's Declaration for Liberty of Conscience in the Churches, during the Time of Divine Service, and a Mark, and Penalties threatned to the Refusers; which was evidently demonstrated by the Imprisonment of those Pious Patriots of their Country, and Pillars of the Church, His Grace the Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*, the Lord Bishops of *Bath* and *Wells*, *Ely*, *Peterborough*, *Chichester*, *St. Asaph*, and *Bristol;* who for shewing their Reasons, why they could not comply with this Command, by way of humble Petition, were sent to the Tower, and afterwards tried upon Information of High Misdemeanour, at the Court of *King's-Bench;* where their Innocency appearing in a large manner, they were acquitted, to the Scandal of their Accusers: Yet Orders were sent into all Parts of *England*, to return an Account to the Lord Chancellor, of those that refused to Read the Declaration, that they might be proceeded against, for a Contempt of what their Consciences would not permit them to do; and for a Time they were extremely hot upon it. Much about this Time there was a considerable Suit depending before him in Chancery, between a great Heiress and others, which

was sufficiently talkt of in the World, not without loud and deep Reflection on his Honesty and Honour; for having given the Cause for the young Lady, he very speedily afterwards married her to his Son; with this remarkable Circumstance, she being a Papist, to make sure Work, he married them both Ways, both by a Priest of the Church of *Rome*, and a Divine of the Church of *England*. And here, I think, we may place the Heighth and Acme of his Honour and Happiness, where he's not like to tarry long; for on the News of the great Preparations in *Holland*, and that the Prince of *Orange* were certainly design'd for *England*, the determined Councils cool'd, and then quite ceas'd, so that the Church of *England* Men, whose Cause the Prince had espoused, were restored again to the Commissions and Trusts they had (by what Justice I know not) been lately deprived of; and amongst other Charters that were on this Occasion restored, was that of the City of *London;* and that which makes it more memorable, was, that it was brought to *Guild-Hall* by this Person, tho' he was not attended by the Shouts and Acclamations he expected, nor seemed so florid or frolicksome as heretofore, which some looked upon as a bad Omen; and it's reported, soon after he being ask'd by a Courtier, *What the Heads of the Prince's Declaration were?* He should answer, *He was sure his was one, whatever the rest were.*

When the late King *James* was secured at *Feversham*, he desired to see his Landlord, and demanded his Name, who proved a Person who had turned himself over to the *King's-Bench*, for a Fine which fell upon him (and Captain *Stanbrooke* in *Westminster*) by the Lord Chancellour's Means at the Board, which King *James*, calling for a Pen and Ink, bid the Gentleman write the Discharge as effectually as he would; which he signed: Adding, *That he was now sensible my Lord Chancellour had been a very ill Man, and done very ill Things.* If he was thus censured by his Master for his former Services, and he had a bad Opinion of him; without Prophecy any Man might predict his Service and Interest was ceased; and his Life would have been like the *Scape-Goat*, he must have born all their Crimes, and been beheaded for his own, for no less Indignation than Death was couched in the Words. Thus may be seen what would have been his End.

The Court by this Time beginning to scatter, and the Prince of *Orange* approaching, the King thought fit to withdraw himself; upon Notice of which the Lord Chancellor betook himself to *Wapping*, disguised like a Sea-man, in Order to his Escape to *Hamborough* in a Collier; but being * discovered, he was brought before Sir *J. Chapman*, Lord Mayor of the City of

* *And behold thou art taken in thy Mischief, because thou art a bloody Man.*—2 Sam. 16. *v.* 8.

London, in a strange Disguise, very different from the Habit in which he formerly appeared: And by Reason of the Lord Mayor's Indisposition, he not being able to Commit him, he offered to go to the Tower, to be out of the Hands of the Rabble, who there in great Numbers with Clubs and Staves, threatned him with present Destruction; but having a Guard of the Train'd-Bands to conduct him, he got thither safe, and soon after was charged in Custody by a Warrant of Commitment from the Lords at *Whitehall*, where he continued under much Affliction and Indisposition; having since moved for his *Habeas Corpus* to be bailed, but was not able to attain it. He had not been in the Tower many Days, but as 'tis said (whether true or no, I cannot affim) he had a Barrel of Oysters sent him, upon sight of which he said to the Bearer, *I see I have some Friends left still;* but upon opening the Barrel, he found them to be only Friends that were impatient till they gave him a *Prospect of his future Destiny*, for verily the mighty Present was nothing but a good able Halter. Now, as I said before, whether this Passage be true or no, I cannot say, but this I am sure (if we consider his Lordship's Life and Cruelties), the Moral of it is very good.

The Humble Petition of the Widows and Fatherless Children in the West *of* England.

We, to the Number of a Thousand and more, Widows and Fatherless Children, of the Counties of *Dorset*, *Somerset*, and *Devon*, our dear Husbands and tender Fathers, having been so Tyrannously Butcher'd, and some Transported, our Estates Sold from us, and our Inheritance cut off by the Severe and Harsh Sentence of *George* Lord *Jeffreys*, now, we understand, in the Tower of *London*, a Prisoner, who has lately, we hear, endeavoured to excuse himself from those Tyrannical and Illegal Sentences, by laying it on Information by some Gentlemen, who are known to us to be good Christians, true Protestants and *Englishmen*, We your Poor Petitioners, many Hundreds of us, on our Knees have begg'd Mercy for our Dear Husbands and Tender Parents, from his Cruel Hands, but his Thirst for Blood was so Great, and his Barbarism so Cruel, that instead of Granting Mercy to some, which were made appear to be Innocent, and Petitioned for by the Flower of the Gentry of the said Counties, he immediately caused them to be Executed; and so Barbarously, that a very good Gentlewoman at *Dorch*, begging on her Knees the Life of a Worthy Gentleman, to Marry him, and make him her Husband; this vile Wretch, having not Common Civility with him, and laying aside that Honour and Respect due to a Person of her Worth, told her, *Come, I know your Meaning, some Part of your Petition I will grant, which shall be, that after he is Hang'd*

and Quartered, you shall have that Member you best like when living, and soe I will give Orders to the Sheriff. These, with many Hundred more Tyrannical Acts, are ready to be made appear in the said Counties, by Honest and Credible Persons; and therefore your Petitioners desire, that the said *George Jeffreys*, late Lord Chancellour, the Vilest of Men, may be brought down to the Counties aforesaid, where we, the good Women in the *West*, shall be glad to see him; and give him another manner of Welcome than he had Three Years since.

And your Petitioner shall ever Pray, &c.

Thus he continued for some Months in the Tower, his Chronical Indispositions, the Stone, *&c.* encreasing very fast upon him.

The Ingenious Dr. *Lower* was his Physician: But Nature being now tired out by a tedious Combat with his Disease, and the Guilt of his former Bloody Life, we hope it touched his Conscience. He having, besides by his Intemperate Life, notoriously known, contracted an Ill Habit of Body, he at last very happily for himself, if not his Relations too, dy'd in the Tower——the——Morning, about Nine of the Clock, *An. Dom.* 1689.—Thus, Reader, you have seen the Rise and Fall of this Unfortunate, Great Ill Man; and so, at present, after we have endeavoured his Character, we take our Farewel.

Jeffreys's *Character.*

He was of Stature rather above a Middle Sort than below it; his Complexion inclining to Fair; his Face well enough, full of a certain Briskness, though mixt with an Air a little malicious and unpleasant. He was a Man of tolerable Sense, and had, as of Necessity he must, by so long Practice, and going through such Publick Places, got some Law, though, as little as 'twas, more than he had Occasion to make Use of; since the Dispensing Power having as good as seared all Law in the King's Breast, he by that found out a more compendious Method of attaining it, than was formerly known. He had a pretty large Stock of Ill Nature and Witt, in which lay his greatest Excellency, though a very unenvy'd one. But in fine, his Brow and his Tongue were the two best Accomplishments he was Master of. —By the Help of which, and that before mentioned, by his brisk, sudden, and sharp Interrogatories, he sometimes put Falshood, and perhaps oftner the Truth out of Countenance. But that ill-favour'd Wit which he had, lay all of the wrong Side; much like that of those unlucky Animals, all whose Wit lyes in Tricks and Mischief. He spoke many pleasant Things, but very few handsom ones, disgracing all with intolerable Railings, mean Passions, and perfect *Billings-gate*, and would commonly, even upon the Bench itself, fall into Heats both as to

Words and Actions, not only unworthy of a Judge, but even of any prudent Man. He seem'd, without wronging him, to have a great deal of Baseness and Cruelty in his Nature, having a particular Delight and Relish in Cruelty and Blood, and such Things as give Horror and Aversion to all the rest of Mankind. He was in this Case even worse than *Nero;* for whereas that Monster had once so much good Nature, or at least pretended it, that when he was to sign a Warrant for the Execution of a Malefactor, he is said to have wish'd *He had never learn'd to write: Jeffreys* on the other side, then only seem'd in his Element when in the midst of Destruction and Murther. For his Religion—What a Sort of one 'twas, his Life past sufficiently tells us; though he and his good Brother Commissioner, the *Belswagger* of *Chester*, maliciously persuade the World, that they were of the Church of *England;* that after they could do it no more Mischief with their Lives, they might disgrace it by their Death, pretending both to die in that Communion.—But 'tis mean to follow 'em any further, unless with a Wish, somewhat like that handsome one History leaves us, *That all King* William's *and Queen* Mary's *Enemies were as honourably buried*,—Or, in the Inspired Words of a great Person,—*So, O Lord, let all thine Enemies perish!*

A Letter to the Lord Chancellour, *exposing to him the Sentiments of the People, with some pertinent Advice in the Conclusion.*

My Lord,

I'd praise your Lordship, but you've had your Share
Of that before, if not too much by far;
And now a nobler Field for Curses are:
Yet I'll not curse, but leave you to the Croud,
Who never baulk their Rage, but speak aloud:
In all the Lab'rinths of your Crimes they'll track ye,
Worse than ten thousand Furies they'll attack ye.
We talk not here of *Penal Laws* or *Test*,
Nor how you, King of Terrors, in the *West*,
With more than humane Cruelty, opprest
Those whose Shades now stab through your anxious Breast.
To these I leave you, each with brandish'd Dart
Throughly revenge his Quarrel at your Heart.
For me, I'll only let your Lordship see
How they resent your chang'd Felicity.
Now may you hear the People as they scoure
Along, not fear to damn the Chancellour:
The Women too, and all the tender Crew,
That us'd to pity all, now laugh at you.

The very Boys, how do they grin and prate,
And giggle at the Bills upon your Gate !
Nay, rather than be frustrate of their Hope,
The Women will contribute for a Rope :
And those fine Locks that no bless'd Spark might touch,
On this Account *Ketch* may, they love my Lord so much.
Oh for Dispensing now ! Ah ! Now's the Time !
Your Eloquence will hardly blanch the Crime ;
And all the Turnings of Your *Proteus*-Wit,
With all your little Tricks, won't help a bit :
Ev'n that fine Tongue, in which your Lordship's Trust is,
Now won't, although sometimes it baffled Justice :
No *Ignoramus* Juries shall perplex ye,
But with their *Billa Vera't* now they'll vex ye.
From their dire Claws, no Hiding-hole you'll find ;
They speak their own now, not a Party's Mind :
Not now, as heretofore, when on the Bench
Flattery and Daubing had such Influence,
And *Jeffreys* for a Gift would with the Laws dispence.
But granting all our Laws be out of Joint,
Why yet they do not fear to gain the Point :
A High Commission may the Cause decide,
Your Lordship by a Butcher may be try'd,
When by Commission he is dignify'd.
His Power you must not doubt, if he be satisfy'd.
This 'tis they mean, 'tis this they would have done ;
But I wou'd chouse 'em ev'ry Mother's Son ;
Troth I'd 'en hang my self, and soon have done.
If you've no Halter, never make a Pother ;
Take but a Greater, one's as good as t'other :
For, Lord ! Should such a Man as you submit
To be the publick Laughter of each grinning Cit !
Else, my Lord, take a Razor, never fear,
And cut your Lordship's Throat from Ear to Ear :
'Tis feasible enough ; you know who did it ;
Cut both the Jug'lar Veins thro' if you can,
Else you'll say *Essex* was the stouter Man.

I am your Lordship's, in any Thing of This Nature.

From the little House over-against *Tyburn*,
where the People are almost dead with
Expectation of you.

Jeffrey's *ELEGY*.

I very well remember on a Night,
Or rather in the *peep* of Morning-Light,
When sweet *Aurora* with a smiling Eye
Call'd up the Birds to wonted Melody.

Dull *Morpheus* with his Weight upon me leant,
Half waking, and yet sleeping thus I *Dream'd.*
Methoughts I saw a Lawyer at his Book
Studying *Pecunia, but never Cooke*;
He scorned *Littleton* and *Plowden* too,
With mouldy Authors he'd have nought to do.
Next Stage I saw him on was *Hicks's-Hall,*
And heard him mightily to roar and bawl,
Never did City-Cryer louder yaul.
The People star'd at such a Noise uncouth,
Who is't, cries one? Why 'tis the *City's Mouth.*
Then straight I saw him plac'd, the more's the Pity,
To be the *Speaking Trumpet* of the City;
Knight and Recorder he was made together,
This Man, thought I, will live in any Weather:
Money came in, he then grew mighty rich,
And to climb higher had a deadly *Itch.*
Then presently a Popish Priest came to him,
That *Square Cap Curr,* thought I, will sure undo him.
Wilt thou now be preferr'd, come hither, come.
And be but reconciled unto *Rome,*
And for Advancement thou may'st rest upon her,
None of her Sons e'er wanted Wealth or Honour.
Do but declare against the *Whigs,* and say,
Thou hat'st the Ill-contriv'd *Fanatick Way.*
With that, me thoughts I saw him tack about,
And straight he courted that curs'd *Romish* Rout;
Esteem'd it Happiness enough to go,
And kiss his Holiness's stinking Toe.
Next Place I saw him in was Justice Chair,
Who fled away, because she saw him there.
He with Commission rid the Land about,
But still he aim'd to keep fair Justice out;
With angry Look he brow-beat Rightful Cause,
And his bold Hand did sacrifice the Laws,
Tore 'em, or trampled on 'em with his Paws.
Poor Justice, being frighted, fled from Earth
To Heaven, whence she did derive her Birth;
To the Eternal Justice she did go.
And made Report what Monsters sate below.
Inquisitors, like *Spain,* in *England* sate,
And at their Pleasure steer'd the Helm of State.
He rid the *Western* Circuit all around;
But where he came, no Justice cou'd be found:
He improv'd his Talents Martrys to condemn,
Hang, Draw and Quarter was his daily Theam.
He bid 'em to confess, if e'er they hope

To be reprieved from the fatal Rope.
This seem'd a Favour, but he'd none forgive,
The Favour was, a Day or two to live ;
Which those had not that troubled him with Trial,
Blood was his Business, and he'd have no Denial;
His Entrails Brass, his very Heart was Steel,
Poor Souls he made his Judge's Courage feel.
How valiant to condemn, when in his Power,
Two Hundred he could sentence in an Hour.
Guilty, or not, to him was all a Case,
On Martyrs Bodies he did Honour raise,
And to destroy by Retail thought it base.
The Blood of Protestants for Vengeance cry,
And will, I fear, to all Eternity.
Although kind Death had made him scape Man's Doom,
And quietly hath hurl'd him in his Tomb.
Then next methought I saw him placed higher,
O wither will this *Canibal* aspire?
The *Purse*, the *Mace*, and all the Honour that
Belongeth to Lord Chancellor of State ;
Made fat with Treason, he did daily thrive,
Till to his highest Pitch he did arrive.
The Church of *England* saw a Traitor lurch,
Who went about to undermine their Church ;
Witness else *Maudlin Colledge*, and the rest,
He was the *stoutest Stickler* for the Test,
But could not help it 'cause he was so high ;
He soar'd above the Sight of humble Eye,
Abhorr'd Petitioners, as heretofore,
Such Varlets still was banisht from his Door :
Now being on the Top of Fortune's Wheel,
The giddy Goddess did begin to reel.
A Warning 'tis to all depending on her,
Of Ice is made the Pinacle of Honour,
Or Glassy Substance, brittle shinning Hew,
That afar off doth make a Golden Shew.
Those that are low admire it, and would climb,
Although they break their Necks the very Time.
And now methoughts he hearing Preparations,
That were a forming in the *Neighbour Nations*,
Prepares for his own Safety now in Time.
Thinking the Thunder would on him incline ;
Therefore being ask'd what were the Prince's Heads
Of's Declaration, feelingly he said,
His Head was one, aim'd at 'mongst many others,
Knowing in Villany he'd many Brothers.
With that betook him to his Heels, and run,

Thinking by Bribes he could not Ruin shun :
He took a *Collier's Coat* to Sea to go ;
Was ever Chancellour arrayed so !
But like to like, he'd needs anticipate,
Devil Incarnate, *Collier of State.*
He dealt in Deeds of Darkness, black as Night.
Such a Black Habit needs must fit him right.
Brave Sight to see him in a Collier's Skin ;
Come, Pence a Piece, my Masters enter in.
My Lord Mayor swooned, and was stricken dumb,
To see his metamorphos'd Lordship come.
A Countryman he flouted once, I hear,
Ask'd what he had for swearing, 'Twas too dear,
You Bumpkin in the Leather Jacket there ;
To whom the *Hobnail* quickly did reply,
Had'st thou no more for lying, than poor I
Have here for swearing, thou might'st quickly wear
A Leather one, instead of *Plush Thread-bare.*
Now had he seen my Lord in *Colliers Buff,*
Bumpkin had past for Prophet sure enough.
The *Mobile* and *Rout* with Clubs and Staves,
Swore that his Carcass ne'er should lye in Graves.
The'y eat him up alive within an Hour,
Their Teeth should tear his Flesh, and him devour ;
Limb him they would, as Boys on *Shrovetide* do,
Some cryed, *I am for a Wing and Arm* ; for what are you ?
I am for his *Head,* says one ; for his Brains, says t'other,
And I am for his *Sowse* ; his *Ears,* another ;
Oh, cries a third, I am for his *Buttocks* brave,
Nine Pound of Stakes from them I mean to have ;
I know the Rogue is fleshy, says a fourth ;
For *Sweet-breads, Lungs,* and *Heart* they're nothing worth ;
Yes, quoth another, but not good to eat,
A Heart of Steel will ne'er prove tender Meat.
But we must them dispose another Way,
A good *Rich Lawyer* will a round Sum pay,
For such a Set of loud and *bellowing Lungs,*
Enough to serve a *Hundred Stentors* Tongues.
We'll sell his Heart to th' *Pope* to make a Show,
A Relique on't, and he'll get Money too.
But whilst they were *dividing* them in Thought,
The Lord Mayor order'd Soldiers to be brought,
Who rescued him from out the Rabbles Power.
And straight away they took him to the Tower,
With much ado he there was brought at last,
To think on all his wicked Actions past.

AN ALPHABETICAL TABLE

OF THE

CHIEF MATTERS CONTAINED IN THIS BOOK.

Ansley's (*Abraham*) Last Speech 247
—His last Letter 248
Argyle (Earl), his Sufferings... 171
—His last Speech 172
Armstrong, his Sufferings and Dying Words 86
—His Elegy 90
Arnold, a brief Account of his Sufferings 17
Askew's Letter to his Father.. 248
—Another Letter to his Friend 249
—The Account his Friend gives of him 249
Author's Sentiments concerning the *Western* Sufferers ... 279
Axminster and *Honiton*, an Account of those executed there 218

Bateman's Sufferings..... 96
Battiscomb, his Life and Sufferings..... 144
—The Account given of him by his Relations..... 145
—His last Words 146
—A further Account of his Behaviour 147
—A Poem on a Lady that came to *Jeffreys* to beg Mr. *Battiscomb's* Life 147
—His Character 148
Blanchard, a cruel Parson, reviles a Goaler for not whipping a Boy half enough, with the Goaler's Answer... 276
Boddy's last Speech 229
Bragg's Dying Speech and Behaviour 200
Bridport and *Lyme*, an Account of those that suffered there 205
Burd, General Relations written by him and other *West-Country* Gentlemen 263
—His Letters from *Beckington* with a remarkable Account of *William Hussey* and *Tho. Paul*, who suffer'd in the *West* 265
—His Postscript to his Letter, giving an Account of his own Sufferings and Deliverance 268

Civilities of the Citizens of *Exon* to the *Western* Sufferers ... 279
Colledge, his Life, Trial, and last Words 19
—The Verses upon his Picture 27
—Poem written by himself ... 27
Cornish's Sufferings 91
—A hint at the Occasion of his Martyrdom 92
—Passages before his Death... 93
—An Account of a Poem made in his Time 95
—His Character 96
Cox's Sufferings and Triumphant Death 211
Clerk of the Arraigns, his Speech to *Jeffreys* at Mr. *Tutchin's* Sentence 272

Dangerfield, his Life and Sufferings..... 105
—His Character 107
—His Elegy 107
—His Ghost to *Jeffreys* 115

Essex (Earl) his Life and Martyrdom..... 28
—His Character 41
—His Elegy 42
Evans (Minister) his Behaviour and Sufferings 219

Gaunt's Sufferings..... 166
—Her Dying Speech 167
—Her P. S. to the said Speech 170
Gatchet's Sufferings 182
Gatchil's Behaviour and Dying-words 258
Glisson of *Yeovil*, his Sufferings 216
Godfrey (Sir *Edmond-bury*), his Life and Martyrdom ... 1
—Anagram upon his Name... 16
—Poem on his Death 17

Hall (*Richard*) of *Culliton*, his Sufferings 216
Hamling's Case 220
Hewlings (both *Benjamin* and *William*), an Account of their Behaviour both before

and at their execution, with several letters to divers of their Relations 128
—Further Account of Mr. *W. Hewling* 129
—A short Letter written just as he was going to Execution.. 134
—He is executed with Dr. *Temple*, Mr. *Madders*, and others 140
—A Letter of his Sister to her Mother 136
—Further Account of Mr. *B. Hewling* 136
—His last letter before his Execution 142
—Their Characters 143
Hicks (*John*) last Speech..... 231
—His Letter to his Nephew the Day before his Death... 242
—His Letter to his Wife 243
—Another Letter to his Wife 244
Hymns made by several Sufferers 111
Holloway, his Life, Sufferings, and Dying-words 82
Holway of *Lyme*, his Behaviour before and at the Place of Execution 250
—His last Words 251
Holmes (Col.) his Sufferings .. 207
—His Dying-words 207
—His last Prayer 208
—A further Account of his Behaviour 209
Hone's Accusation..... 70
—His Dying-words 70
Hucker's Letter to the Bookseller concerning his Father 259
—His Letter to his Friend ... 260

Jeffreys (*George*, late Lord Chancellour), his Life and Death 291
—His Speech to the Jury at the Trial of a Parson in the *West* 264
—Dedication to *G.* L. *Jeffreys* 285
—Poem to the Memory of the Lord *Jeffreys* 287
—His Birth and Parentage ... 292
—His Behaviour at School ... 292
—His Father Prophecies that he'll die with his Shoes and Stockings on 293
—His Dream 293
—His entring himself in the Inner Temple..... 293
—His Marriage and Early Son 294
—Is made Recorder of *London* 294
—His Speech about the King's Psalter..... 295
—He is turned out of his Recordership 296
—His Abhorrence of Petitioning 297
—His being on his Knees before the House of Commons 297
—His ill Practices whilst Recorder 299
—Being curb'd by Baron *Weston*, he weeps for Anger 300
—The Answer of one in a Leather Doublet 300
—His Question to a Musician, with his Repartee 300
—How he got a Gentleman his Wife's Fortune out of *Guild-Hall* 301
—His Speech to one with a great Beard, and his Repartee 301
—His barbarous dealing with Mr. *Moses Pitt* 301
—His Speech to the Ladies upon Mr. *Tutchin's* Sentence 272
—His vehement Discourse to the Jury against the Lord *Russel* 304
—His sordid treatment of Mr. *Baxter*..... 304
—A Narrative of *Monmouth's* whole Expedition while in the *West*, which was the Prelogue to *Jeffreys's* Cruelties there..... 305
—His secret Villanies 314
—His Bloody Practices in the *West* 314
—The Charge given by the Lord *Jeffreys* at *Bristol*, in his Return from his *Western* Campaign 319

—He calls the Mayor of *Bristol* Kidnapping Rogue 324
—He is made Lord Chancellour for his Cruelties in the *West* 324
—How he raised Money by procuring Pardons..... 324
—He is made Baron of *Wem* 328
—What followed thereupon... 328
—The Pr. of *Orange* approaching, he flies to *Wapping* in a Disguise 329
—He is taken and brought before the Lord Mayor..... 329
—Is committed to the Tower 330
—The *Western* Widows' Petition against him while in the Tower..... 330
—He dies in the Tower 331
—His Character..... 331
—A Letter sent to him there 332
—His Elegy 333
Jenkyn (*William*) his Behaviour both before and after his Execution, with several Letters to divers of his Relations 149
—His Letter to his Sister *Scott* 152
—His Letter to his Mother ... 153
—His Letter to his Sister *Gourden* 154
—His Character..... 155
Jervaise, a Hatter, cruelly whipt, and why..... 276
Introduction to this *Western Martyrology*, shewing the Reasons why this Work is undertaken .....
Johnson, Accusation against him 103
—His Address to all *English* Protestants in the Army ... 103
—His Character..... 104

Kirk's Cruelties related by an Eye and Ear-witness, who also gives an Account öf other *Western* Barbarities... 261
King (*John*), an Account of his last Speech at the Place of Execution at *Edinburgh* ... 178
Kidd (*John*) his last Speech at the place of Execution at *Edinburgh* 182
Kidd (Capt.) his dying Speech in the *West of England*..... 224
Larke (*Sampson*), his Sufferings 210
—His last Words 210
—Some further Passages relating to Mr. *S. Larke*, with his Prayer when Executed 213
—His Letter to his Friend just before his Execution..... 215
Lawrence (*Thomas*), his Case and Sufferings 221
Lisle (Lady), her Sufferings... 156
—Her last Speech..... 156
List of all them that were condemned and suffered in the *West*, 1685 325
Lyme, an Ale-house Woman of that Town cruelly whipt, and why 277
Madder's Sufferings 222
—His last Words upon the Ladder 223
—His last Prayer 224
Matthew's last Speech and Prayer at the Place of Exec. 251
Monmouth (*Duke*) his Sufferings and Death 187
—His Declaration in the *West* 188
—A brief Abstract of his true Speech 197
—His Elegy 198
Monmonth and *Argyle* being both defeated, what followed 199

Nelthrope (*Richard*) his Sufferings 158
—His Letter to his Parents, Brothers, and Sisters..... 159
—His Letter to his Children.. 161
—His last Speech 163
Noise's Sufferings 116
—He engages in the Prentices' Petition to the Lord Mayor 118
—A Copy of the said Petition 118
—An Account of 30000 Prentices that signed it..... 110
—The Speech that was made at presenting this Petition... 120

—The Lord Mayor's Answer to the Prentices' Speech ... 121
—The Names of the 20 Presenters of this Petition 122
—A Poem dedicated to 'em... 122
Oates, an Account of his Life and Sufferings 98
—His Character 102
Parrot's Sufferings..... 229
—His Behaviour at the Place of Execution 229
— His last Speech 229
Poem to the Memory of those who suffered in the *West*, next the Title.
Pott's Sufferings, Courage and Dying-words 219
Parson, one tried by *Jeffrey* for looking on *Monmouth's* Army 265
Review of what has been written in this *Western Martyrol.* 279
Robin of *Charmouth's* Sufferings 226
—His last Sayings..... 227
Rose's Sufferings and Courage 218
Rosewell's Trial and Acquittal 171
Rouse's Trial and Accusation 68
—His Dying-words 69
—His Behaviour at his Death 69
Rumbold, his Sufferings 174
—A larger Account of his Sufferings with his last Speech, and several things that past at his Trial..... 175
Russel (Lord), his Life, Trial and Martyrdom 44
—Names of his Jury..... 48
—His Elegy 59
—His Character 60
—An Account of his last Speech 61
Sandford's last Speech at the Place of Execution 254
Satchel's Behaviour and Dying Words..... 253
Sherborn, an Account of those Executed there, with their Dying-words 216
Sidney (*Algernon*), his Sufferings, Trial, and Martyrdom 72
—His Petition to his Majesty 76
—An Account of the Paper he delivered to the Sheriff on Tower Hill..... 79
—His Epitaph 81
—His Character 82
Smith of *Chardstock*, his Behaviour and Dying-Speech 202
Speak (*Charles*), his Sufferings and last Words 227
Speed of *Culliton*, his Behaviour and Dying Speech ... 204
Sprague and *Cleg* executed at *Culliton*, with their Dying-words 218
Sprague (*John*), a further Account of him 205
Temple (Dr.) his last Speech 225
Tyler's Sufferings 211
—He is executed with some other Persons..... 211
—His last Speech 211
—A Hymn made by him a little before his Execution 212
Tripp (*Jacob*) his Sufferings and Barbarous Execution ... 268
Tutchin (Mr. *John*), his Case and Trial 270
—His Cruel Sentence 272
—His Petition to the King to be Hang'd 273
—How he avoided his Sentence 273
—He is popt into a Pardon... 274
—He visits *Jeffreys* in the Tower, with the Disc. between 'em 275
Walcot, his Life, Trial, and Martyrdom 64
—An Account of his Speech 68
—His last Prayer 69
Western Transactions, the Introduction to 'em, with general Observations upon' em... 123
—The Lives and Dying Speeches of those that suffered in the *West* 199
Whippings in the *West*..... 222
—Mr. *Stayle* whipt 222
—Mrs. *Brown* whipt 222
Wiseman, a Barber's Boy of *Weymouth*, of 14 or 15 Years of Age, cruelly whipt, and for what 276

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